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MEMOIRS OF MADAME JUNOT,

DUCHESSE D'ABRANTÈS.

General Buonaparte.

Photo-Etching. — After Painting by Appiani.

NAPOLEON, VOLUME XI.

MEMOIRS

OF

MADAME JUNOT

(DUCHESSE D'ABRANTÈS)

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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THE NAPOLEON SOCIETY
1895

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PREFATORY REMARKS

BY THE DUCHESSE D'ABRANTÈS.

As the Commentaries of Cæsar, the military Memoirs of Marshal Villars, the Reveries of Marshal Saxe, etc., relate solely to military affairs — sieges, battles, etc. — so, I think, should contemporary memoirs render a faithful account of those incidents which are passing immediately around the author at the period of which he is treating, for the benefit of those who come after him. Every object should take its proper form and colouring, and that colouring should arouse in the mind of the reader a vivid impression of the event and its attendant circumstances; not the ball only should be described, but the ball-dress.

To be exact in such matters is a duty, for if the author be not expected to paint like Tacitus the vices of governments, corrupt, despotic, or declining, his pencil should trace the general outline of all that he has seen. In this picture the daily scenes of the drawing-room should especially have their place; to speak of them is to portray them. To dress the personages in the coat or the gown they wore on the occasion under review, if one be fortunate enough to remember it, is to lay on those

fresh and lively colours which give to the whole the charm of reality.

This appears to me to be the grand attraction of the Memoirs of Madame de Motteville, of Mademoiselle! They are almost always badly written, frequently guilty of the grossest faults of style, yet what truth in their descriptions! We become acquainted with the individuals we read of; and when Madame de Motteville speaks of the cambric sheets of Queen Anne, and the violet robe embroidered with pearls which she wore on the day when she sat in Council for the registering the edicts of toleration; and when Mademoiselle describes the form of her own shoes on the day when, according to the expression of M. de Luxembourg, she established the fortune of a cadet of good family, I imagine myself in the Parliament of 1649 with the Queen, M. de Beaufort, M. the Coadjutor, and all the great men of the Fronde, or I fancy myself in the orangery of Versailles with Mademoiselle, in her white satin robe trimmed with carnation ribands and tassels of rubies.

The writer of memoirs must give life to the scenes he represents, and that excess of detail which would destroy any other work can alone produce the desired effect in this. Therefore it is that I have given a catalogue of my *corbeille* and *trousseau*. We should rejoice in these days to find in Philip de Comines a description of a *corbeille* of the time of Louis XI. or Philip the Good; happily, he gives us better things.

THE AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION.

EVERYBODY nowadays publishes Memoirs; everyone has recollections which they think worthy of recording. Following the example of many others, I might long ago have taken a retrospective view of the past; I might have revealed a number of curious and unknown facts respecting a period which has riveted the interest of the world; but the truth is, I was not, until recently, infected with the mania which is so universal of memoir writing, yet I felt a certain degree of vexation whenever I observed an announcement of new memoirs.

I commenced my life at a period fertile in remarkable events, and I lived in habits of daily intimacy with the actors of the great political drama which has engrossed the attention of Europe for thirty-five years.

I have witnessed, or have taken part in, many of the exciting scenes which occurred during an epoch of wonder and horror; and though I was at the time very young, every incident remains indelibly engraven on my memory. The importance of events on which the fate of a great nation depended could not fail to influence the bent of my mind. This influence, I imagine, must have been felt by all women who have been my contemporaries.

With regard to myself, at least, I can confidently affirm that I retain no recollection of the joys of early childhood — of the light-heartedness which at that period of life annihilates sorrow, and leaves behind an imperishable impression.

No sooner did my understanding begin to develop itself than I was required to employ it in guarding all my words and gestures; for at the period to which I allude, the veriest trifle might become the subject of serious investigation. Even the sports and games of childhood were vigorously watched, and I shall never forget that a domiciliary visit was made to our house at Toulouse, and my father was on the point of being arrested because, while playing at the game called *La Tour, prends garde!* I said to a little boy of five years old, "You shall be *Monsieur le Dauphin.*" Continual danger imposed on every individual the obligation of not only guarding his own conduct, but observing that of others. Nothing, however trifling, was a matter of indifference to the heads of families and those who surrounded them; and the child of ten years old became an observer.

It was in the midst of these anxieties that my first years were passed: later on our lives resumed their normal course, and a mother of a family ceased to tremble for the fate of a father and a husband. At the period to which I refer, the misfortunes of France were at their height. The impressions which I then imbibed are perhaps the strongest I ever experienced.

The private interests of my family became linked with public events. Between my mother and the Bonaparte family the closest friendship subsisted. He who afterwards became the master of the world lived long on

a footing of intimacy with us. He used to frequent my father's house when I was yet a child, and he scarcely a young man. I may almost say that I have witnessed every scene of his life; for being married to one of those men who were devotedly attached to him, and constantly with him, what I did not myself see I was accurately informed of. I may, therefore, fearlessly affirm that of all the individuals who have written about Napoleon, few are so competent as myself to give a detailed account of him. My mother, who was the friend of Lætitia Bonaparte, knew him from his earliest youth. She rocked him in his cradle, and, when he quitted Brienne and came to Paris, she guided and protected his younger days.

Not only Napoleon, but his brothers and sisters formed part of our family. I shall presently speak of the friendship which arose between myself and Napoleon's sisters, a friendship which one of them has entirely forgotten. When my mother quitted Corsica to follow my father to France, the friendly relations which subsisted between her and the Bonaparte family suffered no change by absence or distance. The conduct of my parents towards Bonaparte, the father, when he came to Montpellier with his son and his brother-in-law, to die far from his country and all that was dear to him, should never be forgotten by either of the two families. It should be remembered by the one with gratitude, and by the other with that feeling of satisfaction which the performance of a good action creates.

The other members of the Bonaparte family were also favourites of my mother. Lucien found in her more than a common friend. When he formed that strange union

with Mademoiselle Boyer my mother received his wife as her own daughter. Of our intimacy with Madame Joseph Bonaparte and Madame Leclerc the details into which I shall enter in the course of these volumes will afford an accurate idea. My husband's connection with Bonaparte commenced with the siege of Toulon, and from that time they continued united until Junot's death. Thus, I may say that, without having been always near Bonaparte, I possessed the most authentic means of being accurately informed of every action, private or public.

It will be understood by what I have here stated that while I profess to be the only person who perfectly well knew every particularity of Napoleon, it is not mere presumption that prompts me to say so; the details which will be found in the following pages I derive from other sources than those which usually feed biographical sketches.

In preparing these Memoirs how many past recollections have revived! how many dormant griefs have awakened! In spite of the general fidelity of my memory, I occasionally met with dates and facts the remembrance of which, though not effaced, had faded by the course of time. They were speedily restored; but I must confess that my task has been a laborious and painful one; and nothing could have urged me forward to its execution but the conviction that *it must be done.* It may, perhaps, be alleged that I could have answered in a pamphlet of fifty pages all that has been said in the attacks directed from hostile quarters against my husband and myself: I at first thought of doing so, but I found this impracticable. In taking up the pen my object was to make a complete, not a summary, refutation of the untruths that

have been advanced. This could not be done in a few lines. It is not my intention to criminate anyone; I shall merely state facts, and all shall be supported by *written* evidence. The autograph documents which I have deposited in the hands of my publisher will be open to those who may wish to examine them.

Among the attacks aimed at the Duc d'Abrantès, there is one of a very absurd nature. The assailant's memory betrayed him, and by a fortunate chance a letter in his own handwriting falsifies what he has said in his book: there is, perhaps, nothing more venomous than the sting of ridicule.

With regard to what concerns me and my family in the *Mémorial de Sainte Hélène*, I conceive myself in duty bound to reply to it. I have always viewed as the height of absurdity that pride which is founded on an origin more or less illustrious. But if that pride be ridiculous, the usurpation of a great name, a false pretension to noble descent, is the extreme of baseness. Such being my opinion, it will readily be conceived that I am not inclined to pass over in silence that chapter in the *Mémorial de Sainte Hélène* which treats of the family of my mother. My grandfather and my uncles, far from setting up false claims to family greatness, wished, on the contrary, to extinguish a noble name, which, when stripped of the splendour with which it ought to be surrounded, becomes to its possessors a source of annoyance and humiliation. Such was the intention of my grandfather, the last privileged chief of the Greek colony in Italy, a shadow of sovereignty and a toy with which he wished to have no more concern.

He had but one daughter, my mother, and he made her

promise never to reassume her family name, a vow which I am sure my mother would have religiously kept to this day had she lived. My grandfather died a young man. He was Captain of cavalry in the French service (in the regiment de Vallière), a noble Corsican, and not *a farmer*, as the *Mémorial de Sainte Hélène* asserts. As to obtaining an acknowledgment of the dignity of the Comnena family, he entertained no such idea. My grandfather died in 1768, and the family was acknowledged in 1782; the letters patent are dated 1783 and 1784.

I consider the publication of these Memoirs to be a duty to my family, and, above all, to the memory of my husband. Often during political storms a veil is thrown over some part of an illustrious life: the arm of Junot, which for twenty-two years defended his country, is now in the grave, and cannot now remove the veil with which jealousy and envy would envelop his fame. It remains, therefore, for me, the mother of his children, to fulfil that sacred duty, and to furnish the materials which can permit him to be fairly judged.

LAURE JUNOT.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

THIS new edition of a work which has been scarce for some years has been carefully revised, and is now presented to the public in a form which, it is hoped, will meet with favour.

The interest of the recollections of Madame Junot is undoubted. Her patriotic feelings may sometimes betray her into exaggeration and even occasional inaccuracy, and her satirical vein may lead her at times into misrepresentation, but in the main her Memoirs are a valuable contribution to the history of the inner life of the Court of Napoleon; while the unaffected naturalness of her descriptions, and her very minute details, render her narrative as charming and as interesting as the liveliest romance.

The Napoleonic period will ever remain one of transcendent interest. The upheaval of society caused by the French Revolution; the rise of Napoleon, his marvellous successes, the manner in which all Europe became implicated in the great struggle he made for empire over it, the Nemesis at Moscow and in Spain, and the fall at Waterloo, are so many scenes in a drama which interested and still interests the whole world.

LONDON, September 1, 1893.

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MEMOIRS OF MADAME JUNOT,

DUCHESSE D'ABRANTÈS.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS born at Montpellier on the 6th of November, 1784. My family was then temporarily established at Languedoc, to enable my father the more easily to exercise the duties of an official appointment which he had obtained on his return from America. My mother, like myself, was born beneath the tent which her parents had pitched in a foreign land. From the shores of the Bosphorus her family had emigrated to the solitudes of the Taygetes, which they quitted to inhabit the mountains of Corsica.

When Constantine Comnenus landed in Corsica in 1676 at the head of the Greek colony, he had with him several sons, one of whom was named Calomeros. This son he sent to Florence, on a mission to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany. Constantine dying before the return of his son, the Grand-Duke prevailed on the young Greek to renounce Corsica and fix his abode in Tuscany. After some interval of time, an individual named Calomeros came from Italy — indeed, from Tuscany — and fixed his abode in Corsica, where his descendants formed the family of Buonaparte; for the name *Calomeros*, literally Italianised,

signified *buona parte* or *bella parte*.[1] The only question is, whether the Calomeros who left Corsica, and the Calomeros who came there, have a direct filiation. Two facts, however, are certain; namely, the departure of the one, and the arrival of the other.

It is a singular circumstance that the Comneni, in speaking of the Bonaparte family, always designate them by the names *Calomeros*, *Calomeri*, or *Calomeriani*, according as they allude to one individual or several collectively. Both families were united by the most intimate friendship.

When the Greeks were obliged to abandon Paomia to escape the persecutions of the insurgent Corsicans, they established themselves temporarily in towns which remained faithful to the republic of Genoa. When, at a subsequent period, Cargesa was granted to the Greeks for the purpose of forming a new establishment, a few Greek families continued to reside at Ajaccio. Among these was the family of the privileged chief; and my mother lived alternately at Ajaccio and Cargesa.

At this time she contracted a friendship with Lætitia Ramolini, the mother of Napoleon. They were about the same age, and both extremely beautiful. Their beauty, however, was of so different a character that no feeling of jealousy could arise between them. Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was graceful and pretty; but without any filial vanity I may truly say that I never in all my life saw so fine a woman as my mother. At fourteen she was the gayest and most sprightly young girl in the whole colony, and it might be said in the whole island, but for Lætitia Ramolini.

Lætitia was indeed a handsome woman. Those who knew her in advanced life thought her countenance some-

[1] Napoleon omitted the *u* in Buonaparte while General-in-Chief in May, 1796.

what harsh; but that expression, instead of being caused by any austerity of disposition, seemed on the contrary to have been produced by timidity. She was a woman who evinced very superior qualities in all the circumstances in which she was placed, in bad as well as good fortune. Her son rendered her justice, though somewhat tardily. He himself helped to keep up an erroneous opinion respecting her; and though he corrected it, yet the impression was given and received.

Previously to entering into negotiation with the Republic of Genoa, France supplied troops for the purpose of reducing the Corsicans to obedience. Among the French who were connected with the army there was a young man of twenty, possessing an agreeable person. He fenced like the celebrated Saint George, was a delightful performer on the violin, and though distinguished by the elegant manners of a man of rank, he was nevertheless only a commoner.

He had said, "I will risk my fortune, and will advance myself in the world;" and he had said it with that sort of determination which nothing can resist, because it overcomes everything. On his arrival in Corsica he had already an honourable fortune to offer to the lady whom he might wish to make his wife. He fixed his choice on the pearl of the island. He sought and obtained the hand of my mother. This gentleman was M. de Permon, my father.

My parents left Corsica and came to France, where my father's affairs demanded his presence. Some years after he obtained an important appointment in America, whither he proceeded, taking with him my brother, then only eight years of age. My mother, with the rest of her young family, repaired to Corsica, to reside with my grandmother until my father's return. This was before my birth. It was on my mother's return to Corsica that she

first saw Napoleon. He was then a child, and she has often carried him in her arms. He was the playmate of an elder sister of mine, who died a melancholy death. Napoleon recollected her perfectly, and used to speak of her after he came to Paris.

He was fond of conversing about Corsica, and often, after having dined at our family table, he would sit before the fireplace, his arms crossed before him, and would say, "Come, Signora Panoria, let us talk about Corsica and Signora Lætitia." This was the name he always gave his mother when he was speaking of her to persons with whom he was intimate. "How is Signora Lætitia?" he used to say to me — or, when addressing her, he would say: "Well, Signora Lætitia, how do you like the Court? You do not like it, I see. That is because you do not receive company enough. I have given you a handsome palace, a fine estate, and a million a year, and yet you live like a citizen's wife of the Rue Saint Denis. Come, come, you must see more company; but company of another kind from the C——s and Cl——de——s."

My mother and my uncles have a thousand times assured me that Napoleon in his boyhood had none of that singularity of character which has often been attributed to him. He had good health, and was in other respects like other boys.

Madame Bonaparte had brought with her to France a nurse named Saveria. It was curious to hear this woman speak of the family she had brought up, each member of which was seated on a throne. She related a number of curious anecdotes respecting them, and I used to be very fond of conversing with her. I observed that she was less attached to some members of the family than to others, and I asked her the reason of this. As I know not whether she may yet be living, I will say nothing to compromise her with persons to whom her preference might

be offensive. All I shall say is, that she adored the Emperor and Lucien.

She one day described to me several little scenes connected with the boyhood of Napoleon, who remained in Corsica until he was nine years of age; and she confirmed to me one fact, which I had frequently heard from his mother, viz., that when he was reprimanded for any fault he seldom cried. In Corsica, the practice of beating children is common in all classes of society. When Napoleon happened to be beaten, he would sometimes shed a few tears, but they were soon over; and he would never utter a word in the way of begging pardon. On this subject, I will relate an anecdote which I heard from himself. He told it me to give me an example of moderation.

He was one day accused by one of his sisters of having eaten a basketful of grapes, figs, and citrons, which had come from the garden of *his uncle the Canon*. None but those who were acquainted with the Bonaparte family can form any idea of the enormity of this offence. To eat fruit belonging to the *uncle the Canon* was infinitely more criminal than to eat grapes and figs which might be claimed by anybody else.

An inquiry took place. Napoleon denied the fact, and was whipped. He was told that if he would beg pardon he should be forgiven. He protested that he was innocent, but he was not believed. If I recollect rightly, his mother was at the time on a visit to M. de Marbeuf, or some other friend. The result of Napoleon's obstinacy was that he was kept three whole days upon bread and cheese, and that cheese was not *broccio*.[1] However, he would not cry: he was dull, but not sulky.

At length, on the fourth day of his punishment, a little friend of Marianne Bonaparte returned from the country, and on hearing of Napoleon's disgrace she confessed that

[1] A favourite kind of cheese in Corsica.

she and Marianne had eaten the fruit. It was now Marianne's turn to be punished. When Napoleon was asked why he had not accused his sister, he replied that though he suspected that she was guilty, yet out of consideration to her little friend, who had no share in the falsehood, he had said nothing. He was then only seven years of age.

This fact, which would have been nothing extraordinary in any other child, appeared to me worthy of a place among recollections which are connected with the whole life of Napoleon. It is somewhat characteristic of *the man*. I ought to add that the affair was never forgotten by Napoleon. Of this I observed a proof in 1801, at a fête given by Madame Bacciochi (formerly Marianne Bonaparte) at Neuilly, where she resided with Lucien.

The nurse Saveria told me that Napoleon was never a pretty boy, as Joseph had been; his head always appeared too large for his body, a defect common to the Bonaparte family. When Napoleon grew up, the peculiar charm of his countenance lay in his eyes, especially in the mild expression they assumed in his moments of kindness. His anger, to be sure, was frightful; and though I am no coward, I never could look at him in his fits of rage without shuddering. Though his smile was captivating, yet the expression of his mouth when disdainful or angry could scarcely be seen without terror.

But of that forehead which seemed formed to bear the crowns of a whole world; those hands, of which the most coquettish women might have been vain, and whose white skin covered muscles of iron; in short, of all that personal beauty which distinguished Napoleon as a young man, no traces were discernible in the boy. Saveria spoke truly when she said that of all the children of Signora Lætitia, the Emperor was the one from whom future greatness was least to be prognosticated.

During her residence at Ajaccio my mother renewed

her intimacy with her friend Lætitia and her children. Napoleon was then in France. On her return thither my mother promised her good offices in favour of the young Corsican if he should be in want of friends at such a distance from his family. A coldness subsisted between M. Charles Bonaparte and my mother's family, from what cause I know not: however, that is a matter of very little importance.

At the close of the American war my father returned to his country, where he purchased the situation of Receiver-General of departmental taxes. The duties of this situation caused him to fix his abode temporarily at Montpellier; and an event which had wellnigh been attended with fatal consequences detained him there far beyond the period he had fixed upon. My mother was at that time pregnant with me. She was in perfect health, and there was every reason to believe that her delivery would be attended with a favourable result. On the 6th of November, after having supped with Madame de Moncan, the wife of the second Commandant of the province, she returned home quite well and in excellent spirits. At one o'clock she retired to bed, and at two she was delivered of a daughter. Next morning it was discovered that her right side and part of her left were struck with paralysis.

The physicians of Montpellier, a town then celebrated for medical science, prescribed for her in vain. They could neither relieve her disease nor discover its cause. My poor mother spent three months in agony: she was scarcely able to articulate. At length she was cured, and her cure was no less extraordinary than her illness.

A countryman who brought fruit and vegetables for sale to the house one day saw the female servants weeping in great distress. He inquired the cause, and was informed of the situation of my mother. He requested to be conducted to my father. "I ask for no reward," said he, "but

from what I have heard from your servants I think I know the nature of your lady's illness, and if you will permit me I will cure her in a week."

My father was at that moment plunged in the deepest despair; for he had that very morning heard from the physicians that my mother was in great danger, and they afforded him no hope of her recovery. In that hour of anguish he very naturally seized at anything which could afford the slightest chance.

"What effect does your remedy produce?" said he to the countryman. The man replied that it was topical, and, therefore, unattended by any danger to the organs of life; but he admitted that its application would be attended with the most excruciating pain. My father summoned the doctors who were in attendance on my mother. All were men of acknowledged talent. "Nature is unbounded in her benefits," said M. Barthès; "how do we know what she may have in reserve through the hands of this man? Let him try his remedy." My mother was asked whether she felt sufficient strength to undergo an increase of pain. She declared she would submit to anything. She had already relinquished all hope of life.

The countryman asked permission to return home. His village was not far off, and he promised to return next morning. My father was alarmed when he heard that the man came from Saint Gilles;[1] but the man appeared perfectly sane. His preparations were rather methodical. He made five little round loaves or rolls: the dough was compounded by himself. The efficient ingredients were of herbs which he gathered, and in which consisted his secret. He boiled these herbs, and with their juice added to a little strong beer, and mixed

[1] A village near Montpellier, remarkable for the prevalence of insanity among its inhabitants. There is scarcely a house in the place which does not contain a padded room.

with maize flour, he made a dough, which he baked into loaves. While they were hot from the oven he cut them into halves, and applied them to the part affected.

I have often heard my mother say that no words could convey an idea of the painful sensation she experienced, and I have seen her turn pale at the recollection of it. This torture was repeated every day for the space of a week. At the expiration of that time the pain ceased, and she was able to move her limbs. A month afterwards my mother was up and in her balcony.

It is an extraordinary fact that during her illness she had lost all recollection of her pregnancy and delivery. My father at first supposed that the agonising pain my mother had suffered had alienated her affection from the infant to whom she had given birth. As soon as he observed my mother's indifference towards me he ordered the nurse to keep me in a distant part of the house. His affection both for his wife and child dictated this order, for my mother was yet in too weak a state to bear any agitation of mind. In the month of March, about four months after her recovery, my mother was seated in her balcony inhaling the balmy freshness of a spring day. My father was with her, and they were arranging a plan for spending a summer which should compensate for all her recent sufferings. They proposed going to Bagnères. In the midst of their conversation she suddenly shrieked, and with one hand seizing my father's arm, she pointed with the other to a child which a nurse was carrying in the street. She did not know that it was her own, but she exclaimed, "Charles, I have an infant! Where is it? Is not that my child?"

My brother, who was seventeen years of age, has often told me that nothing could convey an idea of my mother's joy when her child was placed in her arms. She was to me the fondest of mothers. She insisted on having my

cradle placed beside her bed, and the nurse slept in an adjoining chamber. Every morning when I awoke she pressed me to her bosom, and said, "Oh, my dear child! how dearly must I love you to make amends for five months' banishment from your mother's heart!" My beloved parent faithfully kept her word.

CHAPTER II.

In 1785 we arrived in Paris. My mother could not reconcile herself to a country life were it ever so agreeable, and my father was equally desirous of returning to town. He had long wished to purchase the office of one of the farmers of public revenue, and at this very juncture M. Rougeau was disposed to sell his situation. Negotiations were immediately opened by the friends of both parties. My father resolved to manage this business personally, and that circumstance determined our hasty journey. My father wished to see a great deal of company, and, after the fashion of the time, set a day of the week apart for giving dinner-parties.

My mother possessed the qualifications of an agreeable hostess. Her good temper and frankness of manner made her a favourite with everybody: she united to beauty of person, grace, tact, and, above all, a natural intelligence. She was, however, exceedingly deficient in education. She used to say she had never read but one book ("Telemachus"); but, in spite of that, those who had once enjoyed her conversation never could quit her society without reluctance and regret. How many poets and distinguished literary characters have I seen spell-bound by the charm, not of her person, but of her manners!

No one could tell a story with more piquant originality. Often have my brother and myself sat up until three o'clock in the morning listening to her. But what particularly marked her character was her perfection in that most difficult art of presiding in her drawing-room,

or, as the Emperor used to style it, *l'art de tenir son salon.*

Of the friends whom my mother had made at Montpellier she rejoined one at Paris with great satisfaction. This was the Comte de Perigord, the uncle of M. de Talleyrand, and the brother of the Archbishop of Rheims. He was Governor of the States of Languedoc, wore the *cordon bleu*, and, though as great a dignitary as one could wish to see, was still the most amiable and worthy of men. My parents knew him during his presidency, and the friendship they contracted lasted during their lives. His children, the Duchesse de Mailly and the Prince de Chalais, inherited their father's excellent disposition, and after his death they gave my mother proofs of their friendship and esteem.

Of the Comte de Perigord I retain the most perfect recollection. He was very kind to me, and children are ever grateful for attentions bestowed on them. I remember he used often to give me very expensive things; but had I known their value, which I did not, the presents he made me would not have inspired my regard for him more than for any other of our visitors, all of whom were in the habit of making me presents. It was the notice he took of me, his readiness to praise any just or smart remark I made, and his constant desire to save me from reproof: this it was that made me love him. I can see him even now entering the spacious drawing-room of the hotel we occupied on the Quai Conti, treading cautiously with his club-foot, leading me by the hand, for no sooner was his name announced than I was at his side. He, on his part, was never weary of my company; on the contrary, he always encouraged my prattle. I loved him, and regretted his loss.

It was the fate of his wife, the Comtesse de Perigord, to attract the notice of Louis XV. This degrading dis-

tinction could not but be repugnant to the feelings of a virtuous woman, and the Comtesse de Perigord saw in it nothing but an insult. She silently withdrew herself from Court before the King offered to name her his favourite. On her return the King's attentions were fixed on a new object, and the virtue of Madame de Perigord was all that dwelt upon the memory of the monarch.

The Comtesse's daughter, the Duchesse de Mailly, the lady-in-waiting and cherished friend of Marie Antoinette, died young. The Queen was strongly attached to her. She used to call her *ma grande*.[1] However, notwithstanding this attachment, Madame de Mailly's feelings received a wound sufficiently severe. This was about the period of the rise of the Princesse de Lamballe, and many circumstances combined to mortify Madame de Mailly. She was, moreover, in a bad state of health, and gave in her resignation.

Her brother, the Prince de Chalais, was a nobleman in the literal signification of the term. He was a man of the most scrupulous honour, and a most rigid observer of all the forms which belonged to his rank. When a mere youth he was remarked at the Court of Louis XVI. as one who was likely to distinguish himself in after years. On his return from emigration, when I saw him at my mother's, I could easily discern that all I had heard of his excellent character was correct.

The Comte de Perigord foresaw early the misfortunes which befell the King, and consequently France. He was an enemy to emigration, and used to say that the proper place for men of his order was always near the throne: in peace to adorn it, and in times of trouble to defend it. The refugees at Worms and Coblentz could not seduce him from the path which he considered it his duty to

[1] The Duchesse de Mailly was very tall. She measured five feet four inches (French measure) without her high-heeled shoes.

pursue. The unfortunate gentleman nearly became the victim of his resolution.

One of my mother's first cares on arriving in Paris was to inquire after Napoleon Bonaparte. He was at that time in the Military School of Paris, having quitted Brienne in the September of the preceding year. My uncle Demetrius had met him just after he alighted from the coach which brought him to town. "And truly," said my uncle, "he had the appearance of a fresh importation. I met him in the Palais Royal, where he was gaping and staring with wonder at everything he saw. He would have been an excellent subject for sharpers, if, indeed, he had had anything worth taking!"

My uncle invited him to dine at his house; for though he was a bachelor, he did not choose to dine at a coffee-house. He told my mother that Napoleon was very morose. "I fear," added he, "that that young man has more self-conceit than is suitable to his condition. When he dined with me he began to declaim violently against the luxury of the young men of the Military School. After a little he turned the conversation upon Manea, and the present education of the young Maniotes, drawing a comparison between it and the ancient Spartan system of education. His observations on this head he told me he intended to embody in a memorial to be presented to the Minister of War. All this, depend upon it, will bring him under the displeasure of his comrades, and it will be lucky if he escape being run through."

A few days afterwards my mother saw Napoleon, and then his irritability was at its height. He would scarcely bear any observations, even if made in his favour, and I am convinced that it is to this uncontrollable irritability that he owed the reputation of having been ill-tempered in his boyhood and splenetic in his youth.

My father, who was acquainted with almost all the

heads of the Military School, obtained leave for him sometimes to come out for recreation. On account of an accident (a sprain, if I recollect right) Napoleon once spent a whole week at our house. To this day, whenever I pass the Quai Conti, I cannot help looking up at a garret window at the left angle of the house on the third floor. That was Napoleon's chamber when he paid us a visit, and a neat little room it was. My brother used to occupy the one next to it. The two young men were nearly of the same age; my brother, perhaps, had the advantage of a year or fifteen months. My mother had recommended him to cultivate the friendship of young Bonaparte; but my brother complained how unpleasant it was to find only cold politeness where he expected affection.

This repulsiveness on the part of Napoleon was almost offensive, and must have been sensibly felt by my brother, who was not only remarkable for the mildness of his temper, and the amenity and grace of his manner, but whose society was courted in the most distinguished circles of Paris on account of his talents. He perceived in Bonaparte a kind of acerbity and bitter irony, of which he long endeavoured to discover the cause.

"I believe," said Albert one day to my mother, "that the poor young man feels keenly his dependent situation." "But," exclaimed my mother, "his situation is not dependent; and I trust you have not made him feel that he is not quite at home while he stays here."

"Albert is not wrong in this matter," said my father, who happened to be present. "Napoleon suffers on account of his pride, but it is pride not to be censured. He knows you; he knows, too, that your family and his are in Corsica equal with regard to fortune. He is the son of Lætitia Bonaparte, and Albert is yours. I believe that you are even related; now he cannot easily reconcile all

this with the difference in the education he receives gratis in the Military School, separated from his family, and deprived of those attentions which he sees here lavishly bestowed upon our children."

"But you are describing envy, not pride," replied my mother.

"No, there is a great difference between envy and the feelings by which this young man is disturbed; and I fancy I know the human heart well enough to understand the workings of his. He suffers, and perhaps more keenly in our house than elsewhere. You are warm-hearted, but you cannot comprehend how misplaced kindness may sometimes fail to effect a cure. When you wished to make use of the credit of M. de Falgueyreytes to obtain leave of absence for Napoleon for more than a day or two, I told you you were doing wrong. You would not listen to me. The warmth of your friendship for the mother has caused you to place the son in a continually painful situation; for painful it must be, since the reflection will recur to him: Why is not my family situated like this?"

"Absurd!" cried my mother; "to reason thus would be both foolish and wicked in him."

"He would be neither more foolish nor more wicked than the rest of the world. It is but feeling like a man. What is the reason he has been in a constant state of ill-humour since his arrival here? Why does he so loudly declaim against the *indecent luxury* (to use his own words) of all his comrades? Why? because he is every moment making a comparison between their situation and his own! He thinks it ridiculous that these young men should keep servants when he has none. He finds fault with two courses at dinner, because, when they have their *picnics*, he is unable to contribute his share. The other day I was told by Dumarsay, the father of one of his comrades,

that it was in contemplation to give one of the masters a *déjeuner*, and that each scholar would be expected to contribute a sum certainly too large for such boys. Napoleon's censure is so far just. Well! I saw him this morning, and found him more than usually gloomy. I guessed the reason, and broke the ice at once by offering him the small sum he wanted for the occasion. He coloured deeply, but presently his countenance resumed its usual pale yellow hue. He refused my offer."

"That was because you did not make it with sufficient delicacy," cried my mother. "You men are always such bunglers!"

"When I saw the young man so unhappy," continued my father, without being disconcerted by my mother's warmth of manner, to which he was accustomed, "I invented an untruth, which Heaven will doubtless pardon. I told him that, before his father expired in our arms at Montpellier, he gave me a small sum to be applied to the wants of his son in cases of emergency. Napoleon looked at me steadfastly, with so scrutinizing a gaze that he almost intimidated me. 'Since this money comes from my father, sir,' said he, 'I accept it; but had it been a loan I could not have received it. My mother has already too many burthens, and I must not increase them by expenses beyond my means, particularly when they are imposed upon me by the stupid folly of my comrades.' You see then," continued my father, "if his pride is so easily wounded at the school by strangers, what must he not suffer here, whatever tenderness we may show him? Albert must not be less kind and attentive to him; although I very much doubt whether it will lead to any mutual friendship.

CHAPTER III.

I MUST now recur to some events previous to those detailed in my last chapter; for this little disarrangement of dates I trust the reader will pardon me.

While we were residing at Montpellier, my father, on returning home one day, told my mother a curious piece of news. He said he had just heard that three Corsicans had arrived at a miserable inn in the town, and that one of them was very ill.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed my mother, with her usual animation of manner. "Go and inquire, I beg of you! How can you come and tell me that one of my countrymen is ill at an inn in Montpellier? Charles, this is unkind in you." With these words my mother almost forced my father out of the house. On his return she learned with mingled feelings of grief and joy that her sick countryman, for whom she had felt interested while he was unknown to her, was no other than the husband of Lætitia Ramolini.

"He is very ill," said my father, "and I think he cannot be well attended where he is. We must get him removed to a private house."

"My dear," observed my mother, "recollect how much you suffered when you fell ill at Philadelphia, with no one to attend you but servants and a boy of nine years old. It is our duty to save our friends from such misery." My father did not like the Corsicans. He

was willing to show M. Bonaparte all the attention which his situation demanded, but it required all the influence of my mother to induce him to receive the invalids into his house.

Some of the numerous friends we had at Montpellier, many of whom are still living, have often described to me the praiseworthy conduct of my mother on that occasion. She was young, beautiful, and rich, and surrounded by a circle of admiring friends, and yet she was seldom from the bedside of the sick stranger. All that fortune could procure to alleviate the sufferings of a protracted illness was furnished by my parents with a delicacy which concealed from the invalid and his relations the difficulty which was frequently experienced in gratifying the capricious wishes of a dying man.

I say nothing of pecuniary sacrifices; but kindness of heart certainly deserves gratitude. My mother was at M. Bonaparte's bedside when he breathed his last, like an angel sent from heaven to soothe his dying moments. He strongly recommended to her his young son Napoleon, who had just left Brienne and entered the Military School at Paris.[1]

My mother did not confine herself to her pious attention to the husband of her friend. Joseph Bonaparte and his uncle Fesch received from her and my father all the consolation which friendship can offer to an afflicted heart; and when they departed for Corsica, everything that could contribute to the comfort of their journey was provided by my father. I have seen Joseph Bonaparte often since that time, and he constantly alluded to the infinite obligations he lay under to my family.

Excellent man! For King Joseph I always entertained a high respect. The world has been unjust to

[1] Napoleon left Brienne on the 14th of October, 1784.

him as well as to other members of his family, because he had been guilty of some venial faults which would have been passed over in the chivalrous reign of Louis XIV., applauded in the profligate reign of Louis XV., and tolerated in the degenerate reign of Louis XVI. But he laid his conduct open to censure. And in what place? In Spain. And why? Because, perhaps, the mistress of the Grand Inquisitor became his favourite. Joseph Bonaparte left Montpellier with his uncle, who was about his own age, if, indeed he was not something younger.

My parents removed from Languedoc to Paris. They left Montpellier with regret, for they left behind them many beloved friends. Death, however, deprived them of several in one year. One of these was M. de Saint Priest, Intendant of Languedoc, a man universally beloved and esteemed. Another loss no less profoundly felt by my father was that of M. Séguier, of Nismes.

In one of those daily excursions which he made either to Narbonne or to the environs of Montpellier, my father met M. de Séguier while he was botanizing near the ruins of the temple of Diana. My father had a great taste for botany, and they soon became friends. He used to speak to him of the mountains of Corsica, where he had often lost himself while searching for plants, and of the botanical curiosities which those regions contain. M. de Séguier wished to make a journey thither; but my father wrote to one of his cousins, who, like himself, was a botanist, and the plants were transmitted to France in all their pristine freshness. My father used often to go from Montpellier to Nismes, where he invariably found M. de Séguier either engaged in his favourite science or in antiquarian researches. He died of apoplexy at an advanced age on the 1st of September, 1784.

In the following year the province of Languedoc had to regret the death of its Syndic General, the Marquis de Montferrier, a distinguished friend of art and science, to whom the province of Languedoc is indebted for many of its noblest monuments, particularly the construction of the new Pont du Garde.

These three men were the particular friends of my father or mother, and, being my countrymen, they have a right to this feeble tribute of my respect in a work in which my recollections are the only annals I consult. I have now to notice another friend of my family, whom I cannot pass by without a brief description.

At Saint Roch, near the third pillar of the Chapel of the Virgin, on the left as you enter by the grand portal, a lady may be seen dressed in black, or in silk of a dark colour. On her head she always wears a very large bonnet of black gros-de-naples, over which is a green veil. The children call her "the lady with the green veil," and the poor give her the name of "the good lady." When she enters the chapel it is easy to perceive that she is familiar with the house of God. The beadle, the assistant, and the sacristan respectfully make their obeisance to her.

Formerly she used to bring several prayer-books with her, but now she prays without a book, for she cannot see; but she does not pray with the less fervour. Sometimes she joins in the sacred choir, and then those who are placed near her hear the clear and silvery voice of a young girl singing to the glory of heaven. The projecting brim of her bonnet conceals the face, but two small white hands counting the beads of a rosary reveal to the curious observer that she who prays so devoutly must be of the higher class.

"Who is she?" inquire the surrounding observers. "Is she young?" At length she rises to depart. Her

head, which has hitherto been inclined downwards, once more salutes the tabernacle. Then, beneath her large bonnet is perceived a countenance which must once have been beautiful, and which even retains beauty at the age of seventy-four, and after a life of suffering. She looks calm and resigned, and it is evident that her hope is not in this world. I call her "Mamma," for she was present at my birth. She loved me tenderly, and I cherished for her the affection of a daughter.

The Comtesse de Lamarlière (for that is her real name) was the companion and friend of Madame de Provence, as well as of the Comtesse d'Artois. She therefore had the opportunity of seeing and hearing a great deal that was interesting and extraordinary; and she related a multitude of anecdotes with a grace and animation scarcely to be expected in one of her advanced age.

When Madame quitted France, the Comtesse de Lamarlière could not accompany her, much as she wished to do so. But she was a wife and a mother, and to those ties she was obliged to sacrifice the sentiments of gratitude which animated her heart. She remained in France to suffer persecution and misery. She saw her husband arrested at the head of the troops he commanded, cast into a dungeon, condemned to death, and conducted to the scaffold. She had the courage to implore the mercy of him who never knew mercy; she threw herself even at the feet of Robespierre.

Madame de Lamarlière had then the look of a young woman; a complexion of dazzling brilliancy, a profusion of fair hair, fine eyes and teeth, could not fail to render her exceedingly attractive. Her beauty was perhaps rather heightened than diminished by her despair when she threw herself at the feet of the Dictator, and with a faltering voice implored the pardon of the father of her child. But the axe was in the hand of the executioner,

and amidst a nuptial festival[1] Robespierre pronounced the sentence which made her a widow, and her child an orphan.

During the examinations preparatory to his trial, M. de Lamarlière was confined in the Conciergerie. The Queen was there before him. Madame de Lamarlière had permission to go to the prison to visit her husband, and to take him anything which might comfort him in his captivity. She took the opportunity of conveying to the Queen such things as she thought would be agreeable to her.

Madame Richard, the wife of the head concierge, seeing that the presents thus sent were articles to which there could be no reasonable objection, humanely lent herself to the innocent deception.[2]

"Did you tell the Queen who sent the presents?" said I one day to Madame de Lamarlière.

"No," replied she; "why should I have informed her?"

"To receive the reward of your generosity by a grateful word from the unfortunate Princess."

"Certainly that would have been gratifying to me. But I was then unfortunate myself, and I was actuated

[1] Robespierre that day gave away in marriage the daughter or sister of a carpenter named Duplay, in whose house he lodged in the Rue Saint Honoré. This Duplay was the president of the jury on the Queen's trial. The Comtesse de Lamarlière arrived before the hour fixed for the marriage ceremony, and she was obliged to wait in the dining-room, where the table was laid for the nuptial feast. Her feelings may easily be imagined! However, there she waited, and was introduced to the carpenter's wife, and I believe to Barrère. After she was gone Robespierre said: "That woman is very pretty — very pretty indeed!" accompanying the observation by some odious remarks.

[2] Madame Richard was very attentive to the Queen. When the Marquis de Rougeville dropped a carnation, in which a note was concealed, at the feet of the Queen, he and all Richard's family were thrown into the dungeons at La Force.

by no other motive than that of alleviating the misery of another. However," she added, with a deep sigh, "the Queen did know it, and she addressed to me a few words of kind remembrance." I often broached the subject, but I never could get further than this. My poor friend was like a person grievously wounded, whom one fears to touch, even to dress the wound.

Among the individuals whom my parents left with regret at Montpellier was M. d'Aigrefeuille, President of the Cour des Comptes of that town. He was an excellent man, and those who saw him merely in the office of Arch-chancellor could know little either of his talents or his worth. It happened that he supped with my mother at Madame de Moncan's on the evening before I was brought into the world; consequently he knew precisely the date of my birth, and he made no secret of this fact. Whenever I dined at his own house, or met him in company, be used constantly to repeat: "On the 6th of November, 1784. Come, come, you connot conceal your age from me." As I was at that time a very young woman, I was not much annoyed at this reminder.

I will conclude this chapter with a few words relative to an individual who has played a conspicuous part on the scene of life. I allude to Cambacérès. He was Counsellor of the Cour des Aides at Montpellier. At that time he was a mere acquaintance of my parents, and he subsequently became the friend of Junot and myself; whenever I solicited his assistance upon any occasion I always found him ready to serve me. If the thing were impossible, he told me so candidly, for he never made deceitful promises. Indeed, Cambacérès was an honest man in every sense of the word, and party spirit has vainly endeavoured to assail him. His honour, integrity, and the amiability of his manners made him generally beloved. Cambacérès was in easy circumstances, though

not rich, when he was at Montpellier. He was a relative of the Marquis de Montferrier, whom, as well as D'Aigrefeuille, he remembered when he rose to greatness and power. I shall have occasion to speak of his political life in another place.

CHAPTER IV.

Joseph Bonaparte had addressed a letter to my uncle Demetrius, thanking him for his kind attention to Marianne Bonaparte, who had been placed at the establishment of Saint Cyr. My mother undertook the task of visiting her occasionally, and during the long time which Marianne passed at Saint Cyr, my mother was a kind and affectionate friend to her.

One day my mother and some other members of my family went on a visit to Saint Cyr, and Bonaparte accompanied them. When Marianne came into the parlour she appeared very melancholy, and at the first word that was addressed to her she burst into tears. My mother embraced her, and endeavoured to console her. It was some time before Marianne would tell the cause of her distress.

At length my mother learned that one of the young ladies (Mademoiselle de Montluc) was to leave the school in a week, and that the pupils of her class intended giving her a little entertainment on her departure. Every one had contributed, but Marianne could not give anything, because her allowance of money was nearly exhausted: she had only six francs remaining.

"If I give the six francs," said she, "I shall have nothing left, and I shall not receive my allowance for six weeks to come; besides, six francs are not enough." Napoleon's first movement, as my mother told me when she related this anecdote, was to put his hand into his

pocket. However, a moment's reflection assured him that he should find nothing there; he checked himself, coloured slightly, and stamped his foot.

My mother could not refrain from laughing when she thought of the singular resemblance between the luncheon of Saint Cyr and the breakfast at the Military School of Paris, and she mentioned this in Greek to my uncle. The coincidence was easily explained; both the brother and sister were *boursiers* (free pupils) in the schools, at which there were at the same time the children of many noble and wealthy families.

Now, the Bonaparte family were poor: this fact was openly acknowledged by M. Bonaparte, the father, when he wrote to the Minister of War for the purpose of getting Lucien placed at Brienne. A great deal of discussion has been started on the question of the wealth or poverty of the Bonaparte family. The reproaches which have been founded on their supposed poverty are too contemptible for notice; and in my opinion it matters little what were the pecuniary circumstances of the family before they entered upon that career of greatness which the genius and fortune of Napoleon opened to them.

To return to Marianne. My mother asked her what money she wanted. The sum was small: ten or twelve francs. My mother gave her the money, and her distress was ended. When they got into the carriage, Napoleon, who had restrained his feelings in the presence of his sister, vented violent invective against the detestable system of such establishments as Saint Cyr and the Military Schools. It was evident that he deeply felt the humiliation of his sister. My uncle, who was of a hasty temper, soon got out of patience at the bitterness with which he expressed himself, and made some observations which were not very agreeable to him.

Napoleon was silent immediately, for at that time

young people were educated in the observance of great respect to those who were older than themselves; but his heart was full. He soon brought back the conversation to the same subject, and at length his language became so violent that my uncle exclaimed:

"Silence! it ill becomes you who are educated by the King's bounty to speak as you do." I have often heard my mother say that she thought Napoleon would have been stifled with rage. He was pale and red in the space of a moment.

"I am not educated at the King's expense," said he, "but at the expense of the State."

"A fine distinction, truly!" returned my uncle. "Is not the King the State? I will not suffer you to speak thus disrespectfully of your benefactor in my presence."

"I will say nothing that may be displeasing to you, sir," replied the young man; "only give me leave to add that, *if I were the Sovereign* and had power to alter these regulations, I would change them so that they should be for the advantage of all."

I need not point the reader's attention to the remarkable words *if I were the Sovereign.* When he really did become a sovereign it is well known on what an admirable footing he established his military schools. I am convinced that he long retained the recollection of the painful humiliations he had suffered at the Military School of Paris. He certainly was no favourite there.

Several of the heads of the Establishment, who were acquainted with my father, asssured him that young Napoleon Bonaparte possessed a temper which there was no possibility of rendering even sociable. He was dissatisfied with everything, and expressed his dissatisfaction in a way which could not but be disagreeable to his elders, who regarded him as an ill-tempered, wrong-headed youth. His conduct accelerated his departure

from the college: his removal was unanimously urged.[1] He obtained a sub-lieutenancy in a regiment of artillery, and he went to Grenoble, Valence, Auxonne, etc., before he returned to Paris.

Previously to his departure he came to pass some time at our house. My sister was then at her convent, but she frequently came home while Napoleon was with us. I well recollect that, on the day when he first put on his uniform, he was as vain as young men usually are on such an occasion. There was one part of his dress which had a very droll appearance, — that was his boots. They were so high and wide that his little thin legs seemed buried in their amplitude.

Young people are always quick to perceive anything ridiculous; and as soon as my sister and I saw Napoleon enter the drawing-room we burst into a loud fit of laughter. At that early age, as well as in after-life, Bonaparte could not relish a joke; and when he found himself the object of merriment he grew angry. My sister, who was some years older than I, told him that since he wore a sword he ought to be gallant to ladies, and, instead of being angry, should be happy that they joked with him.

"You are nothing but a child, — a little *pensionnaire*," said Napoleon, in a tone of contempt. Cecile, who was twelve or thirteen years of age, was highly indignant at being called a child, and she hastily resented the affront by replying to Bonaparte:

"And *you* are nothing but a *Puss in Boots.*"

This excited a general laugh among all present, except Napoleon, whose rage I will not attempt to describe. Though not much accustomed to society, he had too much tact not to perceive that he ought to be silent when per-

[1] That is, by getting him posted to a regiment. There was no idea of removal in any other way.

sonalities were introduced and his adversary was a woman.

Though deeply mortified at the unfortunate nickname which my sister had given him, yet he affected to forget it; and to prove that he cherished no malice on the subject, he got a little toy made and gave it as a present to me. This toy consisted of a cat in boots, in the character of a footman running before the carriage of the Marquis de Carabas. It was very well made, and must have been rather expensive to him, considering his straitened finances. He brought along with it a pretty little edition of the popular tale of *Puss in Boots*, which he presented to my sister, begging her to keep it as *a token of his remembrance.*

" Oh, Napoleon," said my mother, " if you had merely given the toy to Loulou it would have been all very well; but the tale for Cecile shows that you are still offended with her."

He gave his word to the contrary; but I think with my mother that some little feeling of resentment was still rankling in his mind. This story would probably have vanished from my recollection had I not heard it often told by my mother and brother. My recollection of it was afterwards useful to me in a curious way.

When Bonaparte indulged in raillery he did not use the weapon with a very light hand; and those he loved best often smarted under the blow. Though Junot was a particular favourite of his during the Consulate and the first years of the Empire, yet he frequently selected him as the object of some rough joke; and if accompanied by a pinch of the ear, so severe as to draw blood, the favour was complete. Junot, who cherished for him a sentiment of attachment which set every other consideration at nought, used to laugh heartily at these jokes, and then thought no more about them.

However, it sometimes occurred that those by whom they had been heard thought proper to repeat them; and it happened that on one occasion this was very annoying to me. One day, when we were at Malmaison, the First Consul was in high spirits. We were dining under the trees which crown the little eminence on the left of the meadow before the castle.

Madame Bonaparte that day wore powder for the first time. It became her very well, but the First Consul did nothing but laugh at her, and said she would do admirably to act the *Comtesse d'Escarbagnas.* Josephine was evidently displeased at this, and Bonaparte added, "What, are you afraid you will not have a cavalier? There is the Marquis de Carabas (pointing to Junot), he will offer you his arm, I am sure."

The First Consul had often before called both Junot and Marmont the Marquis de Carabas; but it was always in good humour. It was, he said, on account of their taste for dramatic representation. They, of course, only laughed at the joke. Madame Bonaparte, however, took it more seriously, and betrayed symptoms of vexation. This was not the way to please Bonaparte. He took his glass in his hand, and, looking towards his wife, he bowed his head and said:

"To the health of Madame la Comtesse d'Escarbagnas."

The continuance of this pleasantry brought tears into Madame Bonaparte's eyes. Napoleon observed this, and he was, I believe, sorry for what he had said. To make amends, he again took up his glass, and, winking at me, he said:

"To the health of Madame la Marquise de Carabas."

We all burst into a fit of laughter, in which Madame Bonaparte joined, but her heart was nevertheless full. The fact is, I was only sixteen, and she was forty.

Thus far the affair did not much concern me; but now

for the sequel. Among the comrades of Junot, and those who surrounded the First Consul, there were many varieties of character. Courage was, to be sure, a virtue common to them all; but among these valiant sons of France there were many who were not gifted with much common-sense. One of these took it into his head to repeat the First Consul's joke about the *Marquis de Carabas*. His folly might have reached the ears of Junot and have led to something more serious than a joke. I wished to put a stop to it, and I consulted my mother as to what I should do. She gave me my instructions, and I returned to Malmaison, where we were then spending a few days.

On the following day, Junot, who was then Commandant of Paris, was prevented coming to dinner, but he came the day after. We were all on the bridge leading to the garden, and the First Consul was sitting on the edge of the parapet.

"My dear," said I to Junot, "the first time we go to *your country seat*, you must not forget one thing which is indispensably necessary in your retinue. If you neglect it, I will not go with you, and so I warn you. I am sure the General will say you ought to have it."

"What is it?" inquired the First Consul.

"A *Puss in Boots* for a running footman." The whole party laughed immoderately; but I shall never forget the look of the First Consul. He was the subject for a caricaturist. "I have preserved," continued I with great gravity, "a plaything which was given me when I was a little girl. You shall have it for a model."

There was a great deal of laughter, but the matter went no further that day. Some days afterwards we had assembled after dinner in the gallery next to the drawing-room, and the individual who had so frequently repeated Bonaparte's joke made the same allu-

sion to the *marquisate.* I fixed my eye on the First Consul; he turned towards his Sosia and said drily:

"When you wish to imitate me, you should choose your subject better; methinks you might copy me in better things."

In about a quarter of an hour after this rebuke he stepped up to me, and, pinching my nose till he made me cry out, he said:

"My dear, you are a clever girl; but you are very satirical. Correct this disposition. Remember that a woman ceases to charm whenever she makes herself feared." The result of all this was that I heard no more about the *marquisate.* My mother, who had certainly been more malicious in the affair than I had, inquired the particulars of the whole scene, and when I described it she laughed heartily, and said, "I was sure that would do."

CHAPTER V.

At the time our family came to Paris the popularity enjoyed by Parliament was immense, and it might have made use of that for the benefit and happiness of all, had it given a right direction to public feeling. France, though she contained within herself all the elements of the commotions which were soon after developed, had not as yet unfurled the flag of revolution: her wounds were sufficiently manifest, and might easily have been healed by proper remedies.

We then saw what we now see, and what will always be seen, viz., views of private interest taking the place of patriotic professions. The desire, too, of shining in a lengthened harangue, stuffed with scraps of erudition, was a universal mania.

About this time Desprémenil had procured, by dint of bribery, a proof sheet of the Ministerial edicts. When he read them to the assembled Chambers, the most profound indignation, and a thirst for vengeance, kindled up the fatal war between the Court and the Parliament. Seeing its interests attacked on all sides, that body became an enemy, and a dangerous one. The rupture became every day more and more serious. The Ministry, irritated at the surreptitious divulgence of their plans, ordered the arrest of Desprémenil in the most arbitrary manner. The Parliament renewed its clamours: Paris was filled with murmurs, and an ominous fermentation prevailed everywhere.

At this juncture M. de Brienne, who neither knew how to yield with grace nor to act with decision when

the occasion required it, prorogued all the parliaments of the kingdom. This was a second appeal to insurrection, which, indeed, seemed too slow in its advances. My brother at that period went to join his regiment, which was then in garrison at Saint Brieux; but having many letters of recommendation at Rennes, he spent in that town all the time he had at his disposal, before he joined his comrades.

Rennes was then in such a state of ferment and irritation as threatened an immediate explosion. The magistracy and *noblesse* had united to protest in anticipation against every infringement of their rights. The *noblesse*, indeed, were most violent: they declared that all who accepted any of the new posts were scoundrels, and they conveyed this protest by deputies, who were arrested on their route by order of the Ministry.

One morning my brother was awakened by a great tumult. He soon learned that Bertrand de Molleville and the Comte de Thiars[1] were in imminent danger, in consequence of endeavouring to register the edicts. He immediately dressed himself, seized his sword and pistols, and ran to the barracks of the Rohan-Chabot regiment, which was then in garrison at Rennes.

My brother had friends there, and naturally was anxious on their account, though he was aware of their honourable sentiments. The excitement was at its height when he arrived at the scene of action. The soldiers, irritated and insulted by the people, had lost all patience, and the business would in all probability have terminated in bloodshed, had not an individual, whose name is not sufficiently celebrated, that day immortalized himself by his admirable conduct. The people were proceeding to acts of violence; the soldiers only waited for the order to fire, when M. Blondel de Nouain-

[1] The former the Intendant, the latter the Commandant, of the province.

ville was commanded to execute the painful duty of directing an attack on the people. Throwing himself into the midst of the crowd, he exclaimed:

"My friends, what is it you do? Do not sacrifice yourselves! Are we not all brothers? Soldiers, halt!" The troops and the people suspended their advance; at the same instant tranquillity was restored, and M. de Nouainville was carried about the town in triumph.

My father, whom confidential relations placed in communication with M. Necker, introduced my brother to him, in order that he might hear from his mouth the recital of the *émeute* at Rennes. My father was decidedly of opinion that, in a province like Brittany, such a proceeding was more likely to add fuel to the flame than to extinguish it.

My brother was then twenty-two years of age, and his judgment, ripened by much travelling, and a solid education directed by an able father, enabled him, in spite of his youth, not only to observe, but to draw useful inductions from his observations. M. Necker perceived this as he listened to his narrative, and he mentioned it to my father.

Alas! how desirable it would have been if M. Necker, who possessed a mind of such rectitude, had but listened to my father, and used his influence with the Queen, who was all-powerful, to arrest that fatal proceeding, which, as she said, would reduce Brittany to the condition of *a conquered province!* What torrents of French blood were shed in Brittany! and yet the Revolution had not then commenced; for many date that event from the taking of the Bastile. M. de Loménie's burlesque and tragi-comic Ministry was still inundating us with its errors and its follies. Although the devotion of a true citizen had stopped the effusion of blood at Rennes, Grenoble was steeped in gore.

An admirable address conveyed to the foot of the Throne a statement of the grievances which pressed on the people of Dauphiny. For an answer it received an insult, dictated to Louis XVI. by the delirium of an insane Ministry. One false step was the parent of another, and error succeeded error, without the means of providing a remedy. Finally, after trying over and over again the dangerous experiment of a *coup d'état*, — after the patience of the nation was exhausted, — the Archbishop made the fatal promise of assembling the States-General.[1]

It is certain that the hopes of the Archbishop of Sens, in the distressing situation into which his imprudence and folly had thrown him, rested upon a fragile edifice of Machiavellian conception, which assuredly the wily Italian would never have avowed under similar circumstances.

Monsieur de Loménie's project was to embroil the two privileged Orders, and reconcile them again through the medium of the King and the Third Estate; the object of this fine plan was to destroy the influence of the first two Orders. What infatuation! and it was to such a man that the destinies of a great people were, for fifteen months, entrusted! Truly it is difficult to determine which is most strange, — his absurdity, or the people's toleration of it!

But even patience must have its term. The Treasury was drained; famine and bankruptcy stared us in the face; all was ruin around us! The public indignation at length overwhelmed M. de Loménie, and he retired from the Ministry, pursued by the execrations of all parties.

On the day that terminated his administration, some young men prepared an effigy, the size of life, and

[1] The King promised they should meet on the 1st of May, 1789.

dressed, like the Archbishop, in a crimson robe, of which three-fifths were composed of satin, and the two others of paper (by way of allusion to the decree of the 16th of August preceding). This effigy they burned with all due ceremony in the Place Dauphine, with every demonstration of extravagant exultation.

There was at that time in Paris a Chevalier Dubois, who commanded the guard called the *guet*, or patrol. This *guet* was the *gendarmerie* of the time. The burning of the effigy displeased M. Dubois; and next day, when an attempt was made to renew the ceremony, he presented himself in person to forbid it. The demonstrators desired him to go about his business; he refused, and some altercation arose. He then desired his men to employ their arms, and they did so without mercy. At sight of the killed and wounded the people became furious; they attacked and drove away the *guet;* several guard-houses were forced and the arms seized. The riot continued to increase. It was now night. A detachment of the French guards, concealed under the arcade of Saint Jean and in the Rue Martrois, fired on the crowd, and killed a great number. The dead bodies were thrown into the Seine, and tranquillity was for a time restored.

But on the resignation of the Keeper of the Seals, who was as much disliked as the Archbishop of Toulouse, the discontent of the people again broke out. Great rioting ensued in the streets of Paris, and numbers of people were killed by the military.

M. Necker was called to the head of the department of finance, and affairs took a favourable aspect. The finances of the country acquired confidence, the prisoners were released from the Bastile, and the Parliament was reassembled. The double representation of the Third Estate was the wish of every just and reasonable man. It was found necessary to adopt it; and on the 27th of

December, 1788, at a Royal Council at which the Queen was present, it was determined to grant the additional representation.

This measure produced enthusiastic joy throughout all France, the demonstration of which was attended by considerable disturbance at Montmartre, Rennes, and other towns in that part of the country.

It seemed, indeed, as if the whole of France was included in the provinces of Dauphiny, Brittany, and the Franche-Comté. Hence it was that the people constantly insisted on the revival of their old rights and prerogatives; hence those perpetual contests between the States, the Parliaments, and the King's Council. For example, in Franche-Comté, thirty-two members of the *noblesse* protested against the decree of the majority of the States. The Parliament cancelled the protest, and the King's Council in its turn cancelled the decree of the Parliament.

The fact is, Louis XVI. might have been competent to govern in ordinary times; his virtues might have shed lustre over a peaceful throne; but the storm could only be allayed by a degree of courage and decision in which he was wanting. The King had near him a perfidious enemy in his Privy Council.

The Queen, too, exercised great influence over him, and was a most dangerous guide. She was passionate, full of prejudices, and ready to make any sacrifice to revenge herself when her private interests were wounded. But her misfortunes, and those of the King, must throw a veil over their faults.

As to the other members of the Royal Family, they were so divided that they could afford no rallying point. The King's aunts, one of whom had previously possessed great influence over the royal couple, had been superseded by other favourites. Madame Victoire had no power;

and as to the pious Madame Elizabeth, she conceived she had no other duty to perform than to offer up prayers for the safety of those about her.

Monsieur had set up a sort of opposition, which in France was infinitely more dangerous than it would have been in England, where it seems to be quite orthodox that the heir to the throne should head an opposition. Monsieur, however, did his brothers great injury without perhaps intending it,[1] and the conduct of Madame was even more mischievous.

As the Comte d'Artois, his claim might have been void, though he stood on the steps of the throne, had he not considered it a point of honour to disavow any other law than the established authority of the Crown. Such was the situation of France and the Royal Family in 1789, just before the opening of the States-General.

[1] Among his most serious faults may be ranked the assumption of the title of Regent in 1791. Louis XVI. felt this keenly, and immediately wrote to Vienna to Baron Breteuil, desiring him to disavow, not only to the Emperor of Austria, but to all the other Powers, the authorized existence of the Regency. "This proceeding," said the unfortunate monarch in his letter, "may be fatal to me, as it will only serve to irritate my people against me. I am master of my actions." The Queen added a few lines to this letter. The Baron de Breteuil showed it to several individuals with whom I am acquainted; among others to the Abbé Junot and Cardinal Maury.

CHAPTER VI.

On the 5th of May, 1789, the States-General were opened. I was then too young to understand the solemnity of the spectacle presented by the States when they proceeded to the church of St. Louis at Versailles to hear Mass on the day preceding their sitting; but I well recollect the immense and joyful crowd which thronged the three avenues, and lined the road along which the deputies passed.

The States commenced their labours. Had union prevailed throughout all the parts of the great whole, that admirable work would have brought to a favourable issue. Unfortunately, there was not only a want of union, but there was no wish to establish it. The Third Estate grew tired of not being heard, or rather of receiving, by way of answer, demands made by the clergy and nobility, in a tone of authority ill-suited to prevailing circumstances. At length came the separation of the Third Estate from the two privileged orders. This was the finishing stroke; the grand contest between the throne and the nation was now about to be decided.

The retreat of the Third Estate into the Tennis Court produced an effect which years would not have brought about. The deputies, by declaring themselves to be the representatives of a great nation, acquired new power: the people began to measure their strength, and they found that they might venture very far in attempting the great work of their deliverance.

One of the causes which contributed to overthrow the throne of France, at this disastrous period, was under-

ground intrigue. Napoleon, when one day conversing about the Revolution with Comte Louis de Narbonne, said: "But you had great influence, had you not?" M. de Narbonne observed that nothing could be more unfounded than that supposition. His constitutional opinions withheld him alike from advocating or opposing the Revolution. M. de Narbonne added that it was the Queen herself who insisted on the double representation of the royal authority, though without any hostile feeling towards France, which she loved and regarded as her adopted country. Many absurdities have been advanced on this subject; for example, what could be more ridiculous than to suppose the Queen to have been more attached to her brother than to her husband, her children, and her crown?

"I believe, however," said M. de Narbonne, "that in 1792 the Queen was so irritated by all she had suffered for three years previously that her love for France was naturally very much diminished." As to the hidden government, the Baron de Bretueil is the individual who is most to be reproached on that score. While he declared it to be his wish to establish the English Constitution in France, he would have introduced the Constitution of Constantinople if there had been such a thing. That man did a great deal of mischief in France, with his loud voice and narrrow ideas.

My mother described to me the enthusiastic admiration with which the Queen was received on one occasion when she appeared at the opera soon after her marriage. The performance was *Iphigénie en Aulide.* The Queen arrived very late, and the fine chorus, *Chantons, célébrons notre Reine,* had just been sung. As soon as the Queen entered, the repetition of the chorus was unanimously called for, and it was sung by the whole audience with such affectionate ardour that the Queen melted into tears. Alas!

Madame Junot.

Photo-Etching. — From a rare old print.

unfortunate princess, how soon was this love changed to hatred!

The following is one of the many circumstances which combined to effect that change. While M. de Vergennes was in the department of Foreign Affairs, he was one day summoned by the Queen on some very singular business. The Queen's brother, the Emperor, had requested her to obtain a loan of twelve millions for him. Of course, it was understood that the money was to be repaid; but, in the public ferment which then existed, it was necessary that both the loan and the repayment should be kept a profound secret.

The matter was very difficult; for, on the Queen's own acknowledgment, the King was decidedly opposed to it. The Queen informed M. de Vergennes that she wished him to devise some means of raising the money, and, above all, of inducing the King to consent to it.

"With all the respect I entertain for your Majesty," replied the Minister, "I am unfortunately obliged to disobey your commands. The State Treasury is empty; we are approaching a terrible crisis, and I should consider myself very culpable were I, by my advice, to urge the King to a step which cannot but be fatal to your Majesties and to France."

"Sir," said the Queen, haughtily, "I sent for you to request your intercession, not to ask for your advice. But I shall, without your aid, prevail on the King to do what will strengthen the links of friendship between France and Austria. I shall merely trouble you to procure the funds; and I will, if necessary, be the security. The Queen of France may love her adopted country without forgetting that she is an Austrian Archduchess. I want no new taxes. I do not even wish that the department of Finance should be applied to in this affair; but a loan may be raised, and let it be done."

M. de Vergennes returned home much disconcerted. The Queen's determination seemed to be positive, and the Minister plainly saw that the King would yield to the entreaties of the woman he loved. That very evening the King sent for him, and informed him, with an embarrassed air, of the promise, which the Queen had extorted from him, and expressed his wish that the sum, or at least half of it, should be raised.

It was not easy at that time to raise money for the Government itself, and great address was requisite to attain that object. There was in Paris an immensely rich banker named Durhuet. He was commissioned by M. de Vergennes to raise the loan. After a great deal of trouble and one or two journeys, he at length succeeded. The courier who was to convey to Vienna the intelligence that the King had given his consent to a loan of twelve millions, when France wanted bread, was ready to start. M. de Vergennes delivered to him his despatches with secret instructions. The courier set out; but when he had got about twenty leagues from Paris he was suddenly taken ill, and was obliged to suspend his journey for forty-eight hours.

This interval was well employed by the Minister. He threw himself at the King's feet, and so earnestly implored him to consider that the step he was about to take would be attended by fatal consequences, that Louis XVI. consented to the recall of the courier. The money was restored to M. Durhuet, and the King's refusal was sent to Vienna instead of the loan.

After the separation of the Third Estate from the two privileged Orders, but few means of reconciliation really remained, though at first there appeared many, and among them was to win over Mirabeau. This astonishing man was, without doubt, the greatest political character of our Revolution. His portrait has been drawn in every atti-

tude, under all possible lights; and yet they have but little understood this wonderful orator who think they have said enough when they echo the expressions:

"What inimitable talent! he was surely inspired! but then, the immorality of his writings!" and so on.

I am, indeed, far from wishing to represent Mirabeau as an estimable character; but the brilliancy of that colossal talent with which nature had gifted him still remains to elicit admiration, and make us overlook, by the contrast, the shades which darken so splendid a picture. It would be the height of absurdity in me to lay a tint upon the portrait of Mirabeau which would in any degree diminish its truth to nature.

I merely contend that, in speaking of him, we ought not to take for granted all the errors which have been laid to his charge. It matters little to us that the old magisterial peruke of the President Le Monier was compromised in the tribunals. What business have we with the matrimonial squabbles of M. and Mme. de Mirabeau?

I cannot class Mirabeau with the rest of the men who figured in the Revolution. I flatter myself I knew more of his real character than those who were acquainted with him at the epoch of his brilliant existence. The fact is, that I was in the habit of seeing regularly, almost every day, for at least seven years of my early life, the two individuals who were best able to give me an accurate opinion of Mirabeau.

The first was his dearest friend, the man he cherished above all others, and who in return almost worshipped his memory. This man, who followed the political path of Mirabeau, and who, by means of his intimacy with him, and subsequently with Dumourier, obtained a sort of influence in the Government, was Bonnecarère. He lived at Versailles at the time I resided there.

The other individual was Cardinal Maury, who, when

only an abbé, was the opponent of Mirabeau, by whom, however, he was constantly defeated. From the sentiments of these two men, and likewise from some documents which have been placed at my disposal, I have drawn my inferences. I have formed an opinion which is, I trust, divested of prejudice. Excluded from the rank to which his birth entitled him, Mirabeau determined to recover it at any price.

He vowed vengeance against his enemies, and with this bitterness of feeling did Mirabeau take his seat in the assembly of the States-General. As he entered the Hall on the day of opening, he cast a threatening glance on the ranks which he was not allowed to approach. A bitter smile played on his lips, which were habitually contracted by an ironical and scornful expression. He proceeded across the Hall, and seated himself upon those benches from which he was soon to hurl the thunderbolts which shook the throne.

A gentleman strongly attached to the Court, but likewise a friend of Mirabeau, the Comte de Réb——l, who had observed the rancorous look which he darted around him when he took his seat, entered into conversation with him the same day, and pointed out to him that his peculiar position in the world closed every salon in Paris against him.

"Consider," said the Count, "that society when once wounded is not easily conciliated. If you wish to be pardoned, you must ask pardon."

Mirabeau listened with impatience to what the Count said, but when he used the word "pardon" he could contain himself no longer, but started up and stamped violently on the ground. His bushy hair seemed to stand on end, his little piercing eyes flashed fire, and his lips turned pale and quivered. This was always the way with Mirabeau when he was strongly excited.

"I am come hither," cried he in a voice of thunder, "to be asked, not to ask for, pardon." These words were reported that very evening to the Queen. Her Majesty used to note in her memorandum-book those deputies whose talents were worthy her notice. We may conclude that Mirabeau stood at the top of her red-ink list.

That Mirabeau was corruptible, all the world knows. To manage a negotiation with him was, however, a difficult and delicate task. Nevertheless, intrigue and cunning afforded hopes of success at a moment when fears and misgivings were becoming more and more acute and deeply seated.

On the 7th of May, 1789, the Queen was informed of Mirabeau's hostile intentions.[1] M. Necker was consulted, and his opinion was that Mirabeau was possessed of extraordinary talent, but wanted judgment; and he considered him not very formidable.

But M. Necker ought to have known enough of our nation to be aware what might be produced by brilliant oratory and an eloquence teeming with facts. Now, the cause that Mirabeau had undertaken to defend was in itself the most just of all causes, and that M. Necker knew better than most people. He, however, declined to have anything to do with the negotiation, and merely yielded to the Queen's wish to place at her disposal a sum of money to assist the execution of her designs.

Furnished with his instructions and a well-stocked purse, the Comte de Réb——l went one morning to Mirabeau, plied him with much art, and finally made him offers which he felt confident he would not hesitate

[1] That is to say, that it was known *by his own avowal* what he intended to do, and what he required for pursuing a directly contrary line of conduct. The documents relating to this *have been in my hands*, and are still in existence.

to accept. But fate ordained that the man who had always been needy, and tormented by creditors, was at that moment well supplied with money.

What was the result? He rejected the proposition of Comte de Réb——l, and asked him for whom he took him. Mirabeau dismissed the Count with the dignity of an ancient Greek, telling him that offers of money could not be listened to. The Count, though chagrined at his disappointment, did not lose hope. He knew Mirabeau well enough and was sure he would not remain long in his present frame of mind.

That same evening a man who served Mirabeau in the capacity of a *pacolet* called upon the Count. This man, like Joulevet, was a kind of factotum to the tribune of the people. He had been implicated in the trial of Madame Lemonnier, and since that period had served, though indirectly, his dangerous patron, whom he loved. He was a practised intriguer, and had been attracted to Paris by the assembling of the States-General, reasonably presuming that there his talents would find occupation. He waited on his old patron, and through the medium of M. de Bonnecarère, from whom I had these facts, was introduced to Mirabeau. Obscure as this man was, he was of singular assistance to Mirabeau. Of this I have seen written proofs.

Joulevet opened the conference with the Comte de Réb——l, by announcing to him that Mirabeau consented to place his influence at the disposal of the Court, but required, he said, an honourable treaty, and not a paltry bargain;[1] that he did not wish to supersede M. Necker, whose talents he respected (this, by the way, is not true,

[1] My memory is rather in doubt with regard to the amount of the sum stipulated,— I think 100,000 francs. I have forgotten whether this sum was part of the personal property of M. Necker. But M. Necker's honourable character would lead to that inference.

for Mirabeau made him the constant butt of his raillery),[1] but that any other department of the Ministry would suit him. On these terms he would devote his services to the Court.

The Comte de Réb——l, who was a simple man, thought, on hearing this, that ambition had wrought this change in Mirabeau. He went to him, and was this time well received, and heard all the reasons he gave for his readiness to *sacrifice* himself by entering the Ministry at such a moment. The same day the Count saw the individual who was to speak to the Queen, and he, on the first intelligence of the capitulation of Mirabeau (for he was really a stronghold), ran immediately to acquaint the Queen with the happy news. The Count followed, and when he entered the Queen's cabinet, her Majesty advanced towards him, her countenance beaming with pleasure.

"The King will be gratified by your zeal, monsieur," said she to the plenipotentiary. "Well, had you a good bargain of this man? How much has he cost?" The Comte de Réb——l then said that Mirabeau, with true magnanimity, had rejected all propositions of a pecuniary nature. He then mentioned the appointment to the Ministry.

At the mention of this the Queen reddened, and then turned deadly pale. She closed her eyes, and, striking her forehead with her hand, exclaimed:

"A minister! Make *Riquetti Mirabeau* a minister! Never! never will I allow the threshold of the King's Council to be sullied by the footsteps of such a man."

She trembled with rage. "Let him have money!

[1] Since writing the above, I have seen a work of Madame de Staël, in which she states that Mirabeau had a high opinion of M. Necker. In this she is certainly deceived. I know that Mirabeau used among his intimate friends to call him a fool and a political Cassandra. Madame de Staël's filial affection carries her too far.

Give him all he asks for! But to make him a Minister! — Is it possible that my friends can give me this advice?" She then paced the room with every mark of violent agitation, repeating the words, "A Minister, forsooth! a Minister!"

The sequel of the story is curious. The sum offered to Mirabeau might be regarded as considerable at a period when money, being distributed in every direction, was not very abundant at Versailles. After Mirabeau had refused it three times, the Queen desired the individual employed in the negotiation to return it. This individual departed for Germany, and after he was gone Mirabeau became pressed for money, and did not know how to raise it. He had missed the opportunity, and the channel of communication was gone.

When the intermediary returned it was too late: Mirabeau had entered the lists, he had thrown down the gauntlet, and now wanted both *money* and *office*. It is curious that Mirabeau earnestly solicited an interview with the Queen. But the Queen would consent to it only on condition that it should be in the presence of M. de Réb——l or Monsieur. Mirabeau, however, would not accede to that condition.

What could be Mirabeau's object in so urgently pressing this interview? Did he not believe the truth of the story of the necklace? Did he found any hopes on the powers of captivation with which nature had endowed him, in spite of his personal disadvantages?

It is not surprising that Mirabeau should have maintained profound silence on this affair. It was a point of the utmost importance that members of the States-General should preserve, in the opinions of the citizens, a character for purity, independence, and disinterestedness. All and each of the deputies pledged themselves on their honour not to solicit or accept any pension or favour

directly or indirectly. These considerations rendered Mirabeau circumspect, and whatever might be his habitual imprudence, he acted with no indiscretion in this affair, the details of which were not known until some years afterwards.

CHAPTER VII.

When, after the 14th of July, the King was conducted to the Hôtel de Ville to sanction the Revolution against himself, my father informed me that his deep distress and calm, dignified deportment inspired respect from all who surrounded him. The King had long seen the storm gathering in the horizon; it had now burst upon his head. The danger was before him. My father said that the pious expression of the King's countenance showed how he viewed his situation. He judged it as a Christian if he did not judge it as a King.

Before the Revolution of the 14th of July M. Necker had been dismissed. He was recalled after that event. From this indecision it was clear that the ship had no pilot. At this period a report which had long been circulated assumed a semblance of truth. The Duc d'Orléans had been accused of being the head of a party, and the newspapers of the day employed his name in the hints which they daily set forth that France should follow the example of England.

The Duc d'Orléans was fixed upon, because, in the English Revolution, the direct line of the Royal Family had been expelled in favour of the Prince of Orange. The thing was so often repeated that the Duc d'Orléans began at last to believe that he might place himself at the head of a party and become the leader of a faction without the qualification for such an office. Robespierre and others set the Duc d'Orléans forward, because they

wanted something that would please the moderate and reasonable party. That party allowed itself to be caught in the snare.

I recollect, as though they were terrible dreams, the 14th of July, the 6th of October, the 21st of June, and several other days which formed the most fatal in the calendar. On the 6th of October, in particular, I remember seeing my mother, at three in the afternoon, ordering the servants to shut the drawing-room shutters which looked on the quay. My father wished to go to Versailles; but she wept and held him by the arm, entreating him not to leave us.

My father, alarmed at the aspect of affairs, which was every day becoming more threatening, converted his property into English stock, and set off with my brother to London. There he remained for some weeks, and then returned to France, leaving my brother in England to await his further instructions.

Many events occurred in our family during the absence of my brother. My father's constitutional principles were well known, and yet his attachment to the King led him into several disputes. He fought a duel with M. de Som——le, an officer in my brother's regiment, who, in my father's presence, made some remarks on the opinions of Albert. M. de Som——le was slightly wounded in the arm, but my father escaped unhurt.

At that period a family who kept many servants could not be sure of all. My father took all possible precautions. The duel was not known, it is true; but the quarrel which gave rise to it was repeated with various commentaries. This was attended by dangerous consequences.

In the preceding year a man, who said he was an upholsterer, established himself in a little shop in the neighbourhood of the Mint. He came to request my

mother's custom; but he was informed that she had already an upholsterer, whom she was not inclined to discard for a stranger. He was insolent, and a dispute arose between him and the servant. The noise drew my father to the door, and the result was that M. Thirion was turned out of the house. My father and the rest of the family thought no more about this affair, but Thirion remembered it, and he vowed deadly hatred against us. The Sections were formed. This man acquired some influence in ours. He became secretary, clerk, or I know not what. A few days after my father's return from England a domiciliary visit was made to our house. It was under the direction of Thirion, who had probably instigated it.

My father had just risen and was shaving, when, to his surprise, Thirion entered his dressing-room and informed him that he had come to inquire his age, his qualifications, and the object of his recent journey. My father insisted on seeing his authority, and Thirion refused to show it. My father flew into a violent rage, and, seizing on a large stick, would probably have insisted on inflicting a severe chastisement on Thirion but for my mother's intercession; Thirion took his departure, after declaring that he should make a report against my father.

In the midst of the agitation into which this scene threw my mother and me, Napoleon Bonaparte happened to call. On being informed of what had taken place he expressed great indignation, and immediately repaired to the Section, the club, the committee, or whatever might be the authority which at that time ordered domiciliary visits. Thirion had already made his report; but Napoleon, nevertheless, animadverted strongly on Thirion's refusal to produce his order. "If," said he, "M. de Permon had fired a pistol at that man, he would only have

been defending his house against an insolent intruder, and no one could have blamed him."

This happened on the 7th or 8th of August. The 10th was a day which I shall never forget. It was the day of my *fête*, and hitherto I had always spent it happily. Some of my young friends had been invited to visit me, and my little chamber was filled with flowers, toys, and sweetmeats. But our festival day proved a day of mourning.

In the streets the cries of the people mingled with the thundering of artillery and the groans of the wounded. About noon my brother entered with one of his companions-in-arms, who was wrapped in a great-coat. The young man had tasted nothing for forty hours, and he had just escaped from the pursuit of those who would have massacred him if they had found him. His family lay under great obligations to the Queen. His duty and his opinions happened to coincide. In the course of a few days he had fought three duels, two of which had terminated fatally.

One of his deceased adversaries was a relation of Manuel; consequently there was everything to fear. The young gentleman was concealed in my little apartment, and I received instructions as to the answers I should give in case of the house being searched. The cautious prudence I had then to observe in behalf of a stranger afterwards became useful to me when those I most dearly loved were in similar danger.

My father was out, and my mother had anxiously expected his return for several hours. My brother went frequently to the gate to look for him. He even ventured as far as the quay, where he heard of the deposition of the King, but could see nothing of my father. The storm seemed to be subsiding, but the firing of musketry was still heard at intervals. Night was drawing in, and my

father had not yet returned. My brother again went down to the gate to look for him, and he saw a man quickly turn round the corner of our hotel.

He immediately recognised the figure of my father. He called to him, and my father advanced, looking cautiously behind him. He desired my brother to leave the door open, observing that he was merely going round the corner to fetch a person who was in the colonnade of the Mint. He returned bringing with him a gentleman who was scarcely able to walk. He was leaning on the arm of my father, who conducted him silently to a bed-chamber.

Alas! when the wounded man threw off the large military cloak which enveloped him, what was our distress to recognize M. de Bevy! He was pale and faint, and the blood was flowing copiously from his wounds. Tranquillity was not restored during the whole of the night. Owing to the situation of our house, we were in greater safety than many of our neighbours, for we were less in sight, and more out of hearing of the threats and imprecations uttered by the crowds who paraded Paris during the whole of the night.

On the morning of the 11th a message was sent by the *valet-de-chambre* of my brother's young friend, informing him that he was in great danger, as Manuel was making strict search for him. A strange idea then occurred to my brother, though in its result it proved very fortunate. M. de Condorcet lodged at that time in an *entresol* in the Mint. My brother had occasion to see him several times, and he had always treated him in a very friendly way. My brother went to him. I do not know what passed in the interview, but Albert's friend was saved.

My father entertained no fears for his own safety. He was engaged in writing a letter for M. de Bevy, when our butcher, an honest, worthy man, who was a lieutenant or

captain in the National Guards, sent to inform us that my father had been denounced for having harboured enemies of the people.

My father paid little attention to this warning; but in about an hour afterwards he received more positive information that he would be arrested that very night. The individual who brought him this information added to it the promise of a passport for one of the cities in the South of France, and undertook to conduct my father, accompanied by my mother (but my mother only), out of Paris. She was almost distracted at the thought of leaving her children behind her at such a moment; but there was no alternative.

After long deliberation as to what would be the best way of disposing of myself and my sister, it was determined that we should be placed at a boarding-school, and that my brother should have a lodging near us. This plan was no sooner resolved on than executed, and before night my sister and I were installed in a boarding-school in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, kept by Mesdemoiselles Chevalier.

CHAPTER VIII.

My sister and I were wretched during the time we remained at the boarding-school. Our only intervals of happiness were when my brother came to see us, which he did as often as he could. One day, when my brother came to pay us a visit, he perceived as he came along groups of individuals whose sanguinary drunkenness was horrible. Many were naked to the waist, and their arms and breasts were covered with blood. They bore tattered garments upon their pikes and swords. Their countenances were inflamed, and their eyes haggard; in short, their appearance was hideous. These groups became more frequent and more numerous.

My brother, in his uneasiness about us, determined to come to us at all risks, and drove rapidly along the Boulevard until he arrived opposite the house of Beaumarchais. There he was stopped by an immense mob, composed also of half-naked individuals besmeared with blood, and who had the appearance of demons incarnate. They vociferated, sang, and danced. It was the Saturnalia of Hell! On perceiving Albert's cabriolet they cried out:

"Let it be taken to him! Let it be taken to him! He is an aristocrat!"

In a moment the cabriolet was surrounded by the multitude, and from the middle of the crowd an object seemed to arise and approach. My brother's troubled sight did not enable him at first to perceive long auburn tresses clotted with blood, and a countenance even still lovely.

The object came nearer and nearer, until it was opposite to him. My unhappy brother uttered an involuntary shriek. He had recognised the head of Madame de Lamballe![1]

We received a letter from my mother, dated Toulouse. She and my father had fixed their temporary abode in that city, and they desired us to join them. We accordingly left Paris for that purpose. We lodged in the house of M. de Montauriol, President of the Parliament of Toulouse. It was situated in the finest part of the town, and was divided between four families. We were no sooner established in our new abode than my father was summoned to appear before the President of the Section, or district. My father was in such a state of irritability that my mother would not suffer him to go, and my brother went in his stead.

[1] During the horrible massacres of September, 1792, the Princesse de Lamballe was seized and carried, in the first instance, to the prison of La Force. She was afterwards removed to the Abbey, to be questioned before two ferocious men, of the name of Hébert and L'Hullier, appointed to sit as judges. The following is the whole of her trial: *Question.* Who are you? — *Answer.* Maria Louisa, Princess of Savoy. *Q.* Your quality? — *A.* Superintendent of the Queen's Household. *Q.* Had you any knowledge of the plots of the Court on the 10th of August? — *A.* I do not know that there were any plots on the 10th of August; but this I know, that I had no knowledge of them. *Q.* Will you swear to liberty, equality, and a detestation of the King, the Queen, and Royalty? *A.* I shall readily swear to the two first, but I cannot swear to the last, as I have no such sentiment in my heart. A bystander whispered, "If you do not swear, you are a dead woman." She was led into a court of the prison already strewed with dead bodies, where, on receiving the blow of a dagger, she fell, fainting with the loss of blood; and soon afterwards her body was pierced by a lance, and her noble spirit fled. We dare not relate all the horrors and indignities that were heaped on her. Her head was cut off, and carried through Paris to the Palais Royal, and exposed beneath the window of the Duc d'Orléans, who gazed on it for a while without uttering a syllable. He was charged with being privy to this murder by the double motive of revenge and interest; for, by her death, he gained her jointure of a hundred thousand crowns, which she received out of the fortune of the Duchesse d'Orléans, who was her sister-in-law.

It was some time before my brother could make the worthy magistrate comprehend that the citizen Permon he saw before him was not citizen Permon *the elder*, and that the latter was too ill to attend. When at length this was explained to him after considerable difficulty, he exclaimed: —

"And what do you do here? coward! aristocrat! why are you not with the army?"

My brother replied that he was not with the army because, his father being ill, his mother and sisters required his protection. However, this explanation was not considered satisfactory, and my brother narrowly escaped being arrested on the spot. When he returned home he was in great distress and alarm. He consulted my mother on the means of securing my father's safety; and she, with the admirable spirit and presence of mind which never forsook her, determined to write to her countryman, Salicetti, who was then in Paris awaiting the King's trial.

My father had been intimately acquainted with M. Durosoi, who edited a journal entitled *L'Ami du Roi*. M. Durosoi, who was firmly wedded to his own opinions, happened to meet Salicetti one day in my father's house, and a warm discussion arose between them, my father supporting the arguments of Durosoi, and my mother those of Salicetti. The latter left the house out of humour, and the course of events obliged my mother and father to quit Paris before they had an opportunity of seeing him again.

My mother feared that he might bear in mind the part my father had taken in the discussion above mentioned; and this fear was not so unfounded as it may appear. My father's opinions might be expected to influence his conduct as well as his language; and this reflection would naturally occur to the man who was asked to be a

sort of security for him. My mother felt this difficulty, but she nevertheless determined to write. The letter was that of a wife and a mother. She appealed to his past friendship, to the remembrance of their common country, and concluded by assuring Salicetti that she should owe to him the lives of her husband and her children.

The danger was no doubt great, but perhaps not so great as my mother's fears led her to imagine, — at least, as far as regarded my father. My brother was really in much greater danger; for he was required to join the army, and to do that would have been to march to certain death, for the fatigues he had already undergone had brought on a pulmonary inflammation.

By the next courier, Salicetti returned an exceedingly kind answer to my mother's letter. After thanking her for giving him an opportunity to serve her, he informed her that he had placed her husband under the immediate protection of the authorities of Toulouse. As to my brother, he appointed him his secretary, and sent him his nomination, together with leave to spend three months with his family.

My brother accepted the offer of Salicetti, though without the knowledge of my father, whose feelings were at that time so deeply wounded that we did not think it advisable to add to his distress by requiring him to consent to such a step. In a very grateful letter, my brother informed Salicetti that he should join him in the month of March following. He was then twenty-four years of age.

Meanwhile the King's fate was decided. This was a great blow to my poor father, who was greatly attached to his Sovereign. American liberalism had had an influence upon him as well as upon all who had served in the American war; his opinions were fixed, and he was never happier than on the day when the King

accepted the Constitution. On this point my father's opinions coincided with those of the great majority of the nation; and while the illusion lasted, that we had or could have a constitutional Sovereign, joy and satisfaction predominated.

When the fate of the King was made known in the provinces, the grief it excited was sincere and profound, for, as a man, Louis XVI. was universally beloved. My father owed much to the King, and much also to Madame Elizabeth. He trembled for his benefactress, and the blow he had already received became mortal when he saw the death of Madame Elizabeth announced in the journals. He had already been partially confined to his chamber; but he now shut himself up entirely, and kept his bed for whole days together.

We had brought with us from Paris only my father's *valet-de-chambre*. My mother was therefore obliged to hire domestics at Toulouse. These servants gossiped to their acquaintances about my father, and the most ridiculous stories respecting the cause of his supposed disappearance were soon circulated about the town.

There was a shoemaker, named Couder, who exercised great influence in the Commune. This man, whose name I never utter without gratitude, warned my mother of the reports which were circulated respecting my father. He was to be summoned and interrogated, and in that case he would have been ruined. We had then a representative of the people who certainly would not have tolerated my father's answers.

At that time my brother was with Salicetti. My mother wrote to him, and the next post brought back a letter in Salicetti's own handwriting, containing testimonials in favour of my father, and recommending him to his colleague.[1] Couder's opinions were those of a

[1] A man named Mallarmé.

stanch and sincere Republican. His merit was therefore the greater in what he did for us, for he was aware of my father's sentiments. "All I want," said he to my mother, "is your promise that you will not emigrate. When I see the French going abroad they appear to me like children abandoning their parents."

My mother had for two years been suffering from a complaint of the chest. She was recommended to try the waters of Cauterets, and she set off, taking me and my sister with her. My father could not accompany us; indeed, he remained behind almost as a hostage. On our return from Cauterets we found him still very ill. Public affairs maintained a gloomy and threatening aspect. Robespierre had perished, but the revolutionary executions still continued. Terror was not yet sufficiently abated to admit of a free expression of the joy which the intelligence of his death excited in the provinces.

CHAPTER IX.

After our return to Toulouse my mother received letters from my brother which much distressed her. They informed her of the arrest of General Bonaparte, and the circumstances which had caused that measure. Albert was very indignant. He thought Salicetti's conduct in that affair was not what it ought to have been to a countryman and an old friend. My mother wrote to Salicetti, expressing the pain she felt on hearing of Bonaparte's arrest. "Do not," she said, "let his mother add this new affliction to those with which she is already burthened."

My brother delivered this letter to Salicetti, and in his mother's name implored a favourable answer. After having read it, Salicetti said to my brother:

"Inform Madame Permon that I am sorry I cannot do what she wishes for General Bonaparte. But you must see yourself that the thing is impossible. The intelligence which I have received from Corsica would dictate the step I have taken, even if the affairs of Genoa did not render it indispensable. Are you not of my opinion, Permon?"

My brother could not answer "Yes," for he was not of Salicetti's opinion. Bonaparte was accused of being a spy, and my brother did not think him guilty. Besides, he thought that, at all events, it did not become Salicetti to accuse him of Jacobinism. He therefore remained silent.

On the subject of the affairs of Corsica, about which so much was said by Salicetti and Albitte, I have been furnished with some details by an eye-witness competent by his intelligence and information to observe all that was passing. They are as follows:

In the spring of 1793, Bonaparte, before he went to Toulon, having obtained leave of absence, visited Corsica. At Ajaccio he lodged near the sea-port in the house of an old lady, the Comtesse Rossi, a friend of his family. A club was formed in a barrack situated without the city, in what is called the Sea-square. In this club several orators distinguished themselves, and Napoleon Bonaparte was a frequent speaker.

Some of the inhabitants at Ajaccio, alarmed at the formidable aspect of this club, established another assembly, which was attended by several persons of my acquaintance; among others by a naval officer, whose ship was lying in the roads of Corsica, and who by his talent and courage was very capable of counteracting the measures of the first-mentioned club should they have become dangerous. This assembly was held in a large house on the opposite side of the square. Its object was to maintain tranquillity and prevent disorder. The club of which Bonaparte was a member at length became so threatening to the public tranquillity that the moderate assembly resolved to send a deputation to it to point out the mischief it was likely to occasion to the country. They advised the club to be peaceable — above all, to wait for the decision of France, and to follow the movement of the Republican Government.

Bonaparte immediately mounted the tribune, and delivered a vehement speech, the object of which was to show that in times of revolution people must be either friends or enemies, that Solon punished with death every man who remained neutral in civil discord, and that the

moderates ought, therefore, to be considered enemies by true patriots. When the sitting was at an end Napoleon went out into the square. He was very much heated, and seemed but little disposed to anything conciliating. However, his violence did not intimidate my friend who was at the head of the deputation. He reproached him for what he had said in the tribune.

"Bah," said Bonaparte, "a mere club speech, nothing else. But, my friend, do you not see the necessity of firmness, and of choosing a wide road instead of a narrow path ?"

"You," replied the naval officer, "will perhaps lose yourself in the road you have chosen; and in the name of friendship I conjure you to alter your course." Bonaparte frowned, turned on his heel, and went off to join some of his turbulent colleagues.

Some days afterwards my friend learned from some of his correspondents in the interior of the island that four thousand peasants intended to make a descent from the mountains, and that their hostility would be especially directed against the families of Salicetti and Bonaparte. My friend warned Bonaparte of the danger. Napoleon wished to know whence he had obtained the information. He was exceedingly angry because my friend would not tell him. At length he said, "No matter, I fear no one."

He parted from him very coolly. Early next morning a man came to inform him that he had just seen Bonaparte in the disguise of a sailor stepping into a felucca for the purpose of proceeding to Calvi. My friend went out to ascertain the truth of this statement, which was corroborated by the sailors of the port. On inquiring what had become of the Bonaparte family, he was informed they had taken refuge at Cargesa.

At the time when these circumstances occurred, Bona-

parte had just received his commission of Captain of artillery. Shortly after he was sent to Toulon to command the works of the siege. About this period of his life Bonaparte was very intimate with Robespierre the younger, with whom Junot was also well acquainted. Young Robespierre was what might be called an agreeable young man, animated by no bad sentiments, and believing, or feigning to believe, that his brother was led on by a parcel of wretches, every one of whom he would banish to Cayenne if he were in his place.

On his arrival at Toulon, Bonaparte had the reputation of being a warm patriot. Junot has frequently told me that the General-in-Chief, who was very moderate, at first entertained a sort of prejudice against the young officer, whose opinions he seemed to regard as much too violent.

The mission given to Bonaparte by the representative Ricord, on the 25th Messidor, year ii., was rather diplomatic than military. In short, it was an order for supervision and inquisition. He was especially instructed to keep a watchful eye upon the French Minister and Chargé-d'affaires at Genoa. It is therefore evident that he enjoyed the full confidence of the Proconsuls, who then had the control of everything, and this confidence could only have resulted from the knowledge of his opinions and sentiments. Bonaparte was then only five-and-twenty years of age. Ricord must therefore have been very confident of his abilities.

Salicetti succeeded Ricord, and it was naturally to be expected that Bonaparte would enjoy the protection of the new representative. They were countrymen, and even friends, in spite of the difference of their age; and though Salicetti came in immediately after a reaction, it is very certain that he entertained what were called *terrorist* opinions.

When Bonaparte was arrested, Junot, who loved him affectionately, determined to save him either by artifice or force. The punishments of the Reign of Terror were not yet at an end, and an individual who was the object of any accusation whatever was in great danger. Bonaparte, however, forbade Junot to resort to any violence. "I am innocent," said he, "and I will trust to the laws." The following is a letter which Bonaparte wrote from his prison to Junot:

I see a strong proof of your friendship, my dear Junot, in the proposition you make to me, and I trust you feel convinced that the friendly sentiments that I have long entertained for you remain unabated. Men may be unjust towards me, my dear Junot, but it is enough for me to know that I am innocent. My conscience is the tribunal before which I try my conduct. That conscience is calm when I question it. Do not, therefore, stir in this business. You will only compromise me. Adieu, my dear Junot. — Yours,

BONAPARTE.

This letter was an answer to one which Junot had sent him by a soldier, within the first twenty-four hours after his arrest, when he was not permitted to see him. I do not know why Junot was refused admittance to him, but I think it was because orders had been given to keep Bonaparte in solitary confinement. Junot, in his letter, proposed to aid him in effecting his escape, and suggested some plans which could only have entered the head of an enthusiastic young man like himself.[1] He declared his determination to share his imprisonment, even if it were doomed to be eternal.

One motive, I do not mean to say the only one, of the

[1] Madame Mère, the mother of Bonaparte, always entertained a grateful recollection of Junot's conduct at this period.

animosity shown by Salicetti to Bonaparte, in the affair of Loano, was, that they were at one time suitors to the same lady. I am not sure whether it was in Corsica or in Paris, but I know for a fact that Bonaparte, in spite of his youth, or perhaps I should rather say on account of his youth, was the favoured lover.

It was the opinion of my brother, who, as I have already mentioned, was secretary to Salicetti, that Bonaparte owed his life to a circumstance which is not very well known. The fact is that Salicetti received a letter from Bonaparte, the contents of which appeared to make a deep impression on him. Bonaparte's papers had been delivered into Salicetti's hands, who, after an attentive perusal of them, laid them aside with evident dissatisfaction. He then took them up again, and read them a second time. Salicetti declined my brother's assistance in the examination of the papers, and after a second examination, which was probably as unsatisfactory as the first, he seated himself with a very abstracted air. It would appear that he had seen among the papers some document which concerned himself.

Another curious fact is, that the man who had the care of the papers after they were sealed up was an inferior clerk entirely under the control of Salicetti; and my brother, whose business it was to have charge of the papers, was directed not to touch them. He has often spoken to me of this circumstance, and I mention it here as one of importance to the history of the time. Nothing that relates to a man like Napoleon can be considered useless or trivial.

What, after all, was the result of this strange business which might have cost Bonaparte his head? — for, had he been taken to Paris and tried by the Committee of Public Safety, there is little doubt that the friend of Robespierre the younger would have been condemned

by Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois. The result was the acquittal of the accused. This result is the more extraordinary, since it would appear that at that time Salicetti stood in fear of the young general.

A compliment is even paid to Bonaparte in the decree by which he was provisionally restored to liberty. That liberation was said to be granted on the consideration that General Bonaparte might be useful to the Republic. This was foresight; but subsequently, when measures were taken which rendered Bonaparte no longer an object of fear, his name was erased from the list of general officers, and it is a curious fact that Cambacérès, who was destined to be his colleague in the Consulate, was one of the persons who signed the act of erasure.

Bonaparte, who was then very unfortunately situated, came to Paris to obtain justice, or to endeavour to put into execution some of the thousand projects which, as he used to tell us, he formed every night when he lay down to rest. He had with him only one aide-de-camp — one friend, whom his adverse fortune attached the more strongly to him. This was Junot, who from that moment gave him abundant proofs of the sincere friendship which never terminated but with his life.

Duroc was not connected with Bonaparte until the latter took the command of the Army of Italy. It has been frequently asserted that they were acquainted at Toulon, but this is a mistake. Bourrienne, who is well instructed in all these details, relates these facts in their true light. Salicetti and Bonaparte were not good friends, for the former feared his young compatriot, and they were never in each other's confidence.

The opinion of Bonaparte, after he became Consul, respecting the men of the Revolution, is well known. He employed in the earlier offices statesmen who had taken part in the Revolution; but, with the exception of Fouché,

whom he never liked,[1] these were not the individuals who made the most distinguished figure in the revolutionary history. It may be remembered that on the occasion of the Infernal Machine, he made a furious attack, in the Council of State, on those whom he denominated the men of blood, — the men of September. "France," said he, "will never be happy until they are driven away. It is they who do all the mischief!"

[1] "Fouché never was my confidant," said Napoleon. "Never did he approach me without bending to the ground. For *him* I never had esteem. As a man who had been a Terrorist and a chief of Jacobins, I employed him as an instrument to discover and get rid of the Jacobins, Septembrists, and others of his old friends. By means of him I was enabled to send into banishment to the Isle of France two hundred of his old associate Septembrists, who disturbed the tranquillity of France. He betrayed and sacrificed his old *camarades* and participators in crime. He never was in a situation to demand my confidence, or even to speak to me without being questioned, nor had he the talents requisite for it." — "Napoleon at St. Helena," by O'Meara; London: Bentley, edition of 1888, vol. ii. pp. 191, 192.

CHAPTER X.

My father had an old friend, an advocate, named Brunetière, who maintained communications with the powerful men of the day, and who informed him of all that was going on in Paris — at least, as far as he could do so with safety. We were not then in the height of the Reign of Terror; but there was reason to fear that the revolutionary flame might be rekindled, and caution was advisable. It was no unusual thing to send letters concealed in pies, and in this manner questions and answers travelled under the protection of gastronomic dainties. News was frequently sent from Paris to the country in the lining of a coat, the crown of a hat, or a box of artificial flowers. It was customary to send with these packets a letter, saying, "In compliance with your request, I send you such or such a thing."

My mother was sometimes very reluctant to pull to pieces the beautiful articles of millinery which came from Paris in this way. I recollect she once wore a hat in which a letter was concealed a whole fortnight, without telling my father where it came from, because she knew he would have had it pulled to pieces without mercy. It was to be sure at a moment when no very interesting news was likely to be communicated!

At length affairs assumed a more serene aspect, and my father received repeated invitations to proceed to Paris. My mother, finding that she could not prevail on him to go, determined herself to set out for Paris, and take me with her; and it was agreed that my father should repair

to Bordeaux, where he had some business to settle, and remain there during my mother's absence. On her arrival in the capital, my mother was to ascertain whether it would be safe for my father to join her, and to determine on his future plans.

On our arrival in Paris, we alighted at the Hôtel de la Tranquillité, in the Rue des Filles Saint Thomas. We were lodged in a very good suite of apartments on the second floor, overlooking a garden. My mother had only two servants with her, a *femme-de-chambre* and a valet. My brother had returned to Paris in company with Salicetti, but he was no longer in his employment; he had given up the situation of secretary two months before. His intention was to go to Holland, and to enter into trade. A day or two after our arrival, my mother received visits from some of her friends who had escaped the terrorist proscription, and who felt as if they were restored to a new life. Among the number was M. de Perigord, who owed his miraculous preservation to his *valet-de-chambre*, Beaulieu.

Before the Revolution my mother had been acquainted with many Corsicans; though their opinions did not coincide with her own, they nevertheless were frequent visitors at her house. As soon as they knew she had returned, they all flocked to see her. Among them were Moltedo, the Abbé Arrighi, Aréna, Malicetti, Chiappe, and, above all, Bonaparte. My brother Albert had informed him of my mother's arrival, and he came immediately to see us.

I may say that it was then I first knew Bonaparte. Previously I had only a confused recollection of him. When he came to see us after our return to Paris, his appearance made an impression upon me which I shall never forget. At that period of his life Bonaparte was decidedly ugly; he afterwards underwent a total change.

I do not speak of the illusive charm which his glory spread around him, but I mean to say that a gradual physical change took place in him in the space of seven years. His emaciated thinness was converted into a fulness of face, and his complexion, which had been yellow and apparently unhealthy, became clear and comparatively fresh; his features, which were angular and sharp, became round and filled out. As to his smile, it was always agreeable.

The mode of dressing his hair, which has such a droll appearance as we see it in the prints of the passage of the bridge of Arcola, was then comparatively simple; for young men of fashion (the *muscadins*), whom he used to rail at so loudly at that time, wore their hair very long. But he was very careless of his personal appearance; and his hair, which was ill-combed and ill-powdered, gave him the look of a sloven. His small hands, too, underwent a great metamorphosis: when I first saw him they were thin, long, and dark; but he was subsequently vain of their beauty, and with good reason.

In short, when I recollect Napoleon entering the court-yard of the Hôtel de la Tranquillité in 1793, with a shabby round hat drawn over his forehead, and his ill-powdered hair hanging over the collar of his gray great-coat, which afterwards became as celebrated as the white plume of Henry IV., without gloves, because he used to say they were a useless luxury, with boots ill-made and ill-blacked, with his thinness and his sallow complexion; in fine, when I recollect him at that time, and think what he was afterwards, I do not see the same man in the two pictures.

My mother, who was the best-hearted and most unaffected of women, frankly expressed all the pleasure she felt at seeing him again. She spoke to him of Salicetti, whom, she said, she had blamed for his treatment of him. A smile passed rapidly over the lips of Bonaparte.

"He wished," said he, "to ruin me, but *my star* prevented him. However, I must not boast of my star, for who knows what may be my fate?"

I never shall forget the expression of his countenance as he uttered these last words. My mother endeavoured to soothe him, and she succeeded better than I could have imagined. I confess that I was much surprised when I saw Salicetti and Bonaparte come next day to dine with us, to all appearance very good friends.

At this period Paris was in a most disturbed state. Immediately after the 9th Thermidor the members of the Committee of Public Safety were accused. It was, I think, Legendre who attacked Collot-d'Herbois, Billaud-Varennes, Barrère, Amar-Vouland, and David. This attack took place about the 10th Fructidor. Carrier was also brought to the Convention, but it was to be condemned. He perished on the 26th Frimaire following, and it must be confessed that his last moments were certainly marked by courage. It is true that courage may be an attendant on crime as well as on virtue.

It was in the midst of these circumstances that we arrived in Paris. On the day of our arrival M. Brunetière told us he was very sorry that he had advised us to come. Bonaparte confirmed his apprehension. He had just then received a letter from his mother, in which she observed that the reaction would probably deluge the South of France in blood.

"It is those Royalist coxcombs," said Napoleon, "who are making all this uproar. They would be very glad to glean after the battle of the patriots. What fools there are in that Convention! I am very glad to see that Permon has not adopted the ridiculous fashion of these young men. They are all worthless Frenchmen."

Those to whom Bonaparte alluded wore gray great-coats with black collars and green cravats. Their hair, instead

of being *à la Titus*, which was the prevailing fashion of the day, was powdered, plaited, and turned up with a comb, while on each side of the face hung two long curls called dogs'-ears (*oreilles de chien*). As these young men were very frequently attacked, they carried about with them large sticks, which were not always merely weapons of defence; for the frays which arose in Paris at that time were often provoked by them.

The scarcity of bread and the necessaries of life now began to be sensibly felt. My sister secretly sent us flour from the South. In so doing she was obliged to resort to various subterfuges, for a serious punishment would have been the result of the discovery. The people who had endured misery under Robespierre, because Robespierre flattered them, now openly threatened to rebel. Every day the bar of the Convention was invaded by the Sections of Paris, and crowds of people traversed the streets exclaiming, "Bread, bread! We at least had bread in 1793! Down with the Republic!"

One day Bonaparte came to dine with us, and after dinner we took a walk out in the direction of the Tuileries. Bonaparte offered my mother his arm, and I walked with my brother. After we had crossed the Passage Feydeau and reached the Boulevard, we heard horrid vociferations against the Convention.

"Madame Permon," said Napoleon, "let me advise you not to go any farther. These are not scenes for women to witness. Let me conduct you home, and I will come and gather what news I can, and return to inform you of what I hear."

We immediately returned home, and Bonaparte and Albert afterwards went out. Neither of them returned that night. They informed us that they had found it impossible to get back, and, besides, they had been to the Convention.

"There they were," said Bonaparte, "roaring for the Constitution of 1793: they were like so many madmen."

"And you, Napoleon," said my mother, "what is your opinion of it? I think the Constitution of 1793 is a good one."

Bonaparte was off his guard, and replied:

"Why, it is good in one sense, to be sure; but all that is connected with carnage is bad."

Perceiving that my mother smiled, he recollected himself, and said: "Ah, Signora Panoria! Signora Panoria! quest' è malissimo! come! mi volete prendere per sopresa?"[1] Then he added with a smile: "Oh no! no Constitution of '93; I do not like it."

That same day Salicetti came to see us. He appeared out of humour, was abstracted, and frequently did not answer to the point when he was spoken to. When he was in this sort of humour and conversing with Bonaparte, the discussion was sure to take an angry tone, so that my mother always tried to turn the conversation from politics.

A few evenings before the first of Prairial[2] my mother had a small party. She told the gentlemen whom she invited that she would have no politics introduced.

"Is it not enough," said she, "to be roused out of one's sleep of a night by your tocsins and your drums, to say nothing of the harmonious choruses of your market-women? Promise me that you will not speak of politics." The promise was given; but the difficulty was to keep it. What was to be talked about? All subjects of conversation were annihilated. The theatres produced nothing, and literature was dead.

Bonaparte for a long time endeavoured to maintain the

[1] "Ah, Madame Panoria! that is very mischievous of you. How? You wish to take me by surprise, do you?"

[2] The 18th of May, 1795.

conversation; but what could he do? Even M. de Narbonne or M. de Talleyrand must have failed. At length it was proposed to tell stories; Bonaparte liked this way of passing an evening, and he began to relate a number of anecdotes which were interesting in themselves, but which were rendered doubly so by his original manner of telling them. He spoke French very badly, frequently committing the greatest mistakes, and his ignorance on certain points of ordinary education was remarkable. Yet in spite of those disadvantages every one listened to him with delight.

However, after a time the conversation flagged, and an inclination to touch upon the forbidden subject soon predominated. I recollect that at that moment Salicetti, who was in none of the best of humours, was walking about the drawing-room, while the creaking of his boots made that monotonous and irritating noise which always annoyed my mother, but which was now quite intolerable to her, for she was vexed by the dulness of the company.

"Salicetti," said she, "can you not be at ease yourself and permit others to be so?"

Salicetti, whose thoughts were at that moment wandering in a world far removed from my mother's tea-table circle, gravely turned round, and, bowing with an air of constrained politeness, said:

"No more, I thank you, I have taken two cups, and I already feel the effect on my nerves." He then resumed his pacing backwards and forwards, while his odious boots creaked more loudly than ever.

Patience was never my mother's prevailing virtue. She hastily rose from her seat and advanced towards Salicetti with that light step which was so peculiarly her own. Seizing his stout arm with her little hand, she turned him completely round, and he stood not a little astonished at his own *pirouette.*

"Salicetti," said she, "I like to be heard when I speak, and when I make a request I wish it to be complied with. This is somewhat despotic, perhaps, but I cannot help it. I am too old to accommodate myself to your new-fashioned customs, and, what is more, I will not. We women are all queens without kingdoms. We are dethroned; I feel this, to my cost; but still, I trust, I retain a little power in my own house. Here, at least, I am a sovereign, and my subjects must obey me. Do you mean to rebel against my authority?"

"No," exclaimed Salicetti, delighted at the graceful manner in which my mother had rebuked him; and, seizing her two little hands, which he kissed alternately, said, "I rebel against your authority! Certainly not. What have I done that could lead you to suppose so?" His answer was repeated to him, and it turned out as the company had already guessed, that he thought my mother was offering him another cup of tea.

CHAPTER XI.

My mother proposed to make a visit to Gascony to settle some business, and afterwards to return to Paris with my father, the state of whose health made her uneasy. She wished to bring him within reach of the best medical assistance; but how was she to return to Paris at a moment when the Revolution, suffering from the crimes committed in its name, could offer no guarantee or security to any one?

The Convention, which at that time included many pure and honest Republicans, beheld its power braved and disavowed; everything seemed to be returning to that unhappy state, the bare remembrance of which excited horror. In spite of this, balls were resumed, and the theatres were filled every evening. It may truly be said of the French that they meet death singing and dancing. Balls, theatres, and concerts were nightly crowded, while famine was staring us in the face, and we were threatened with all the horrors of anarchy.

Bonaparte came daily to visit my mother, and he frequently entered into warm political discussions with persons whom he met at her residence. These discussions almost always led to violent language, which displeased my mother. But Bonaparte was unfortunate; she knew it, and that consideration rendered her indulgent to him.

My mother told me one day that she had learned some particulars respecting General Bonaparte which much

distressed her, the more especially as she could do nothing to assist him. These particulars had been communicated to her by Mariette, her *femme-de-chambre.*

Mariette was a very pretty and good girl; Bonaparte's servant admired her and wished to marry her. She, however, did not like him; and as he was, moreover, poor, she declined his offer. I give these details because they are connected with an affair which I shall presently have to allude to. Bonaparte's servant informed Mariette that the General was often in want of money.

"But," added he, "he has an aide-de-camp who shares with him all he gets. When he is lucky at play, the largest share of his winnings is always for his General. The aide-de-camp's family sometimes sends him money, and then almost all is given to the General. The General," added the man, "loves this aide-de-camp as dearly as if he were his own brother." This aide-de-camp was no other than Junot, who was destined at a later period to be my husband!

On Bonaparte's return to Paris, after the misfortunes of which he accused Salicetti of being the cause, he was in very destitute circumstances. His family, who were banished from Corsica, found an asylum at Marseilles; and they could not now do for him what they would have done had they been in the country whence they derived their pecuniary resources. From time to time he received remittances of money, and I suspect they came from his excellent brother Joseph, who had then recently married Mademoiselle Clary; but, with all his economy, these supplies were insufficient. Bonaparte was therefore in absolute distress.

Junot often used to speak of the six months they passed together in Paris at this time. When they took an evening stroll on the Boulevard, which used to be the resort of young men, mounted on fine horses, and display-

ing all the luxury which they were permitted to show at that time, Bonaparte would declaim against fate, and express his contempt for the dandies with their whiskers and their *oreilles de chien*, who, as they rode past, were eulogizing in ecstasy the manner in which Madame Scio sang *paole pafumée, paole panachée.*[1]

"And it is on such beings as these," he would say, "that Fortune confers her favours. Heavens! how contemptible is human nature!"

Junot, whose friendship for Bonaparte was of that ardent kind which is formed only in youth, shared with him all that he received from his family, who, though not rich, were in easy circumstances. He used sometimes to resort to the gaming-table, but before he did so he invariably deposited in the hands of Bonaparte three-quarters of the allowance he had received from Burgundy: the other quarter was allotted to the chances of *vingt-et-un.* Junot was often successful at play: on those occasions the two friends used to make merry, and pay off their most pressing debts.

One morning Bonaparte and Junot were walking together in the Jardin des Plantes.[2] Bonaparte was always fond of these solitary promenades: they rendered him communicative and confiding, and he seemed to feel himself nearer to the presence of the Deity, of whom he used to say a *faithful friend is the true image!*[3]

About this time the Jardin des Plantes had been greatly improved by the exertions of a man whom France ought

[1] This affected mode of dropping the *r* was common among the dandies of that time, or, as they used to be called, the *incroyables.*

[2] Junot's uncle, the Bishop of Metz, a distinguished naturalist, was the intimate friend of D'Aubenton and Buffon. Junot, therefore, was always kindly received by the former, and often visited the Jardin des Plantes accompanied by the General.

[3] I give this phrase literally; I have often heard it repeated by Bonaparte.

to remember with gratitude. The Jardin des Plantes, which had originally been confined exclusively to the cultivation of medical plants, became, under the superintendence of M. Tournefort, a nursery for all branches of botany.

"There," Junot used to say, "we not only inhaled pure air, but it seemed, as soon as we passed the gate, that we left a heavy burthen behind us. All around us presented the aspect of peace and kindliness. The evening was generally the time for our visits to M. D'Aubenton. We used to find him like a patriarch surrounded by his labourers, whose planting and digging he was superintending. He was actively assisted by the brothers Thouin, whose zeal for the science of botany induced them to work in the plantations like common gardeners."

The eldest of these two brothers was a man of rare acquirements; and Bonaparte used to be fond of walking with him round the extensive hot-houses, which were already beginning to be filled with rare plants, and which subsequently, under his auspices, became the finest temple ever raised to Nature in the midst of a city.

On one of Bonaparte's visits to the Jardin des Plantes, after he had lingered longer than usual in conversation with the brothers Thouin, he strolled with Junot into some of the shady avenues of the garden. It was a delicious evening, and a thousand rose-trees in full bloom scattered perfume through the air.

The two friends walked together arm-in-arm, and in confidential conversation: they were then in closer communion with each other than they ever were afterwards in a gilded cabinet. A lovely night has always a powerful influence on minds susceptible of ardent feeling. Bonaparte was afterwards governed by an overpowering passion, which subjugated every other within him, and reigned paramount: I need not name it. But at this

period he was very young, and his heart beat warmly, for he loved.

He made Junot his confidant, and spoke on the subject with much acerbity, for his love was not returned. Junot has often told me that if Bonaparte had not himself torn asunder the fetters which then bound him, the consequences of his passion might have been terrible. On this occasion his voice trembled while he expressed his feelings, and Junot was deeply affected by his emotion. But it was even then plain that there was within him an extraordinary force which struggled against his weakness. He broke off the conversation himself, and appeared to have forgotten the cause of his agitation.

Confidence creates confidence. Junot had also a heart full of feelings which required to be disclosed to a friend, and the ear of Bonaparte had often heard his story. Junot loved to infatuation Paulette Bonaparte. His youthful warmth of feeling could not withstand so charming a creature as Paulette then was. His passion was a delirium; but his secret was not a week old when it was made known to his General. Honour commanded the disclosure, since his reason had not enabled him to resist his passion.

Bonaparte received his declaration neither with assent nor dissent. He consoled him, however. But what gave Junot more satisfaction than all the words of his friend, was a belief, amounting almost to certainty, that Paulette would say "Yes," with pleasure, as soon as he should be able to offer her an establishment, — not a rich one, as Bonaparte used to remark, but sufficient to be a security against the distressing prospect of bringing into the world children destined to be miserable.

On the very day of which I have been speaking, Junot, emboldened by what Bonaparte had told him in disburthening his own heart, was more than ever urgent

Pauline Bonaparte.

Photo-Etching. — After the Engraving by Mme. Fournier.

on the subject of Paulette. He had received a letter from his father which he showed to Bonaparte. In this letter M. Junot informed his son that he had nothing to give at the moment, but that his share of the family property would one day be 20,000 francs.

"I shall then be rich," said Junot, "since with my pay I shall have an income of 1,200 livres. My dear General, I beseech you, write to Madame Bonaparte, and tell her that you have seen my father's letter. Would you wish him to write to Marseilles himself?"

On leaving the Jardin des Plantes they crossed the river in a boat, and passed through the streets to the Boulevard. Having arrived in front of the Chinese baths, they walked about in the opposite alley. While ascending and descending this part of the Boulevard, Bonaparte listened attentively to Junot; but he was no longer the same man as when under the odoriferous shades they had just quitted. It seemed that on returning to the bustle of life, the tumult of society, he resumed all the fetters and obligations imposed by the State. His manner was, however, always kind. He only pretended to give advice.

"I cannot write to my mother to make this proposal," he said, "for you are to have at last, it seems, 1,200 livres of income — and that is very well: but you have not got them yet. Your father wears well, my good fellow, and will make you wait a long time for your livres. The truth is, you have nothing but your lieutenant's pay; as to Paulette, she has not so much. So, then, to sum up: you have nothing, she has nothing — what is the total? Nothing. You cannot, then, marry at present. You must wait. We shall perhaps see better days, my friend — yes! We shall have them, even should I go to seek them in another quarter of the world." [1]

[1] I have described this conversation fully as Junot related it, because I think the conduct of Bonaparte during the evening in which it occurred

At this period insurrections were things of daily occurrence. That of the 12th of Germinal, which was almost entirely the work of women, had a peculiar character. In the evening and in the course of the following day we saw several deputies who described the events. Some were quite cast down, and constantly exclaimed, "France is ruined!"

The account they gave of what had passed was doubtless alarming. Women had forced their way into the hall in which the representatives of the nation were assembled, and had driven them out. "It was from mere fatigue," said my brother, "that the mob retired."

"And what did the Mountain do during the disturbance?" asked my mother. "It supported the demands of the mob. All that I can further say is, that I was told that the noise made by the female insurgents was so great that nobody could understand what was going on. After their departure the deputies ventured to resume their seats and to proceed to business."

Amidst our conversation Salicetti was gloomy and silent. He made me, as usual, sit down beside him, and spoke of my sister's marriage, or anything else, without paying attention to what I said. However, he thus kept himself in countenance, and avoided a conversation the subject of which was to him too important to allow of his treating it with indifference.

At the epoch of the first of Prairial there were elements in the Convention capable of producing the most terrible effects. The terrorist party sought to save such of its members as were compromised, not only in public opinion, but by the fact of being subject to a regular

was very remarkable. Junot recollected all that passed minutely, and could point out the part of the Boulevard on which they were when Bonaparte spoke those words which later events have rendered so worthy of notice.

charge of impeachment. The contest was terrible, for it was for life or death. Billaud-Varennes, Collot-d'Herbois, and Barrère were the men chiefly dreaded.

From Carnot, Robert Lindet, and others, no evil was to be apprehended, because, though they might perhaps be misled by adopting an erroneous opinion, the public could rely on their honesty. But, good heaven! what a reaction would there have been had the Thermidor party been overthrown! That, however, was the point at issue. The terrorists stirred up the people, who, in a season of scarcity, were easily led astray; and, consequently, we had mobs daily assembled by the cry, "Vive la Constitution de '93!"

Fortunately the seditions were suppressed. During the trials of the terrorists, Carnot was the only one who displayed a noble character; all the others were miserable creatures; and the whole Convention was almost as contemptible. Had not André Dumont moved and urged with energy the banishment of Barrère, Billaud-Varennes, and Collot-d'Herbois, it is not improbable that the whole Convention would have been outlawed.

The sentence of exile was voted by acclamation, and six deputies were condemned to imprisonment in the castle of Ham.[1] But such was the infatuation of the Convention, that if two steps were made forward towards a public good, they were sure to be followed by four backward. The deputies ordered to be arrested walked about Paris, and if they had chosen they might have gone to the theatre on the night of the 13th, for though condemned they were still at liberty: these were indeed the days of anarchy!

It was necessary to act decisively; but at a moment when every journeyman perruquier took the name of

[1] Leonard Bourdon, Hugues, Châles, Faussedoise, Duhem, and Choudien.

Brutus, or Mutius Scævola, there was not in the whole Convention, notwithstanding the great talents which formerly shone in it, a man whom any one would have been simple enough to call a Cicero.

However, Thibaudeau at last arose. In an energetic speech he reminded the Convention of its duty to watch over the public safety. The outlawry of the deputies was decreed. General Pichegru received the necessary orders of the Convention, which were speedily executed. Paris remained tranquil, and three deputies were sent to Rochefort.[1]

[1] Barrère went there with the others, but, as usual, he took care not to make one in a disagreeable party. He contrived to stop at Rochefort, and did not embark. The French, who laugh at everything, said this was the first time that Barrère did not follow the stream. A man of wit has said of him that he is one of those characters who are neither esteemed nor hated.

CHAPTER XII.

The Convention was no longer popular, because it manifested no readiness to alleviate the sufferings of the people, now rendered intolerable. Aversion had succeeded to the attachment which the public once fondly cherished for the Convention, and this was especially the case in Paris. Meanwhile, the enemies of order took advantage of these elements of mischief, and did all in their power to fan the flame.

On the morning of the 20th of May we were awakened by loud shouts in the streets; the tocsin sounded to arms, and another day of blood was added to the calendar which took its date from 1789! Enough has already been said of that dreadful day. I recollect that terror reigned everywhere. The conspirators had promised a day of pillage to the three faubourgs, and particularly to that of Saint Antoine. The whole population of this last district was in arms; they were in the extreme of misery. There was greater reason to dread the issue of this day than that of the 14th of July, the 6th of October, or the 10th of August.

It was not a castle or a court to which the animosity of the people was directed, but everything elevated above the very lowest grade of society was marked out in the list of proscription. This it was that saved France as well as the Convention. All those who had anything to lose united themselves into corps, which were very superior to unorganized masses acting without any plan, and apparently without leaders.

Whilst the most frightful scenes were passing in the Convention, the respectable inhabitants of Paris shut themselves up in their houses, concealed their valuables, and awaited with fearful anxiety the result.

Towards evening, my brother, whom we had not seen during the whole day, came home to get something to eat; he was almost famished, not having tasted food since the morning. Disorder still raged, and we heard the most frightful noise in the streets, mingled with the beating of drums. The Faubourg Saint Antoine, which had been regularly armed in pursuance of the proposition of Tallien, excited the most serious alarm.

My brother had scarcely finished his hasty repast, when General Bonaparte arrived to make a similar demand upon our hospitality. He also told us he had tasted nothing since the morning, for all the restaurants were closed.[1] He contented himself with that which my brother had left, and, while eating, he told us the news of the day. It was most appalling! My brother had informed us of but part. He did not know of the assassination of the unfortunate Ferraud, whose body had been cut almost piecemeal.

"They took his head," said Bonaparte, "and presented it to poor Boissy-d'Anglas,[2] and the shock of this fiend-like act was almost death to the President in his chair. Truly," added he, "if we continue thus to sully our Revolution, it will be a disgrace to be a Frenchman."

Perhaps the most alarming circumstance was the project entertained by Barras of bombarding the Faubourg Saint Antoine. "He is at this moment," said Bonaparte, "at the end of the boulevard, and proposes, so he tells me, to

[1] These establishments were not so numerous in those days as at present.

[2] The admirable conduct of Boissy-d'Anglas on that day will always be mentioned in history.

throw bombs into the faubourg: I have counselled him by no means to do so. The population of the faubourg would issue forth and disperse through Paris, committing every excess. It is altogether very sad work. Have you seen Salicetti during the last few days?" he inquired, after a moment's silence; "they say he is implicated in the affair of Soubrani and Bourbotte. It is likewise suspected that Romme is compromised in that business. I shall be very sorry for it. Romme is a worthy man, and I believe a stanch and honest Republican. As to Salicetti — "

Here Bonaparte paused, struck his forehead with his hand, contracted his eyebrows, and his whole frame seemed agitated. In a voice trembling with emotion, he continued, "Salicetti has injured me greatly. He has thrown a cloud over the bright dawn of my youth — he has blighted my hopes of glory! I say again he has done me much wrong. However, I bear him no ill-will."

My brother was about to defend Salicetti.

"Cease, Permon, cease!" exclaimed Bonaparte; "that man, I tell you, has been my evil genius. Dumerbion really loved me, and would have employed me suitably; but that report spread at my return from Genoa, and to which malice lent its venom to make it the foundation of an accusation, — that report ought, in reality, to have been a source of honour to me! No! I may forgive, but to forget is another matter. Yet as I said before, I bear him no ill-will." While speaking thus, Bonaparte appeared abstracted. About midnight he departed with my brother.

The next day we learned that the Convention had ordered the arrest of several of its members, among whom were Soubrani, Romme, Bourbotte, etc.; Salicetti's name was not mentioned.

"Here are more proscriptions," said my mother. "My dear," said she to Albert, "we are no doubt under great

obligations to Salicetti for what he has done for your father and you; but gratitude cannot make me indifferent to the impropriety of receiving a man who is accused of wishing to bring back the days of 1793. Salicetti is not on the lists of the proscribed, therefore I can, with a clear conscience, give him to understand that his visits are not agreeable. His opinions are becoming every day less and less in unison with mine."

This was on the 21st of May: my mother expected a party of friends to dinner. She was to leave Paris in a few days for Bordeaux, and in four months was to return with my father to Paris. Bonaparte was one of the company invited to dine with us that day. It was six o'clock. One of the guests had arrived, and my mother was sitting in the drawing-room conversing with him, when Mariette came and whispered to her that there was somebody in her chamber, who wished to speak with her alone. The girl added, "I know who it is, madam — you may come."

My mother immediately rose and went to her chamber, and beheld near the window a man, half concealed by the curtain. He made a sign to her with his hand. My mother called me, and, desiring me to shut the door, advanced towards this man, whom, to her astonishment, she discovered to be Salicetti. He was as pale as death; his lips were as white as his teeth, and his dark eyes appeared to flash fire! He was truly frightful.

"I am proscribed," he said to my mother, in an undertone and in breathless haste; "that is to say, I am condemned to death. But for Gauthier, whom I just now met on the boulevard, I was going to that den of brigands, and should have been lost. Madame Permon," he continued, after a pause, during which his eyes were steadfastly fixed on my mother, "Madame Permon, I hope I have not been deceived in relying on your generosity.

You will save me. To prevail on you to do so I need not, I am sure, remind you that I saved your son and husband."

My mother took Salicetti by the hand and conducted him into the next room, which was my bedchamber. Several persons had now assembled in the drawing-room, and she thought she heard the voice of Bonaparte. She was ready to faint with terror. In my chamber she knew she could not be overheard.

"Salicetti," she said, "I will not waste time in words. All that I can grant you may command; but there is one thing more dear to me than life, that is, the safety of my children. By concealing you for a few hours, and this house cannot afford you any longer security, I shall not save you, and I only bring my own head to the scaffold, and probably endanger the lives of my children. I owe you gratitude, but I leave you to yourself to determine whether I ought to carry it thus far." I never saw my mother look so beautiful as when at this moment she fixed her eyes earnestly on me.

"I am not so selfish," replied Salicetti, "as to ask for anything which may expose you to such danger. My plan is this, and on it rests my only hope. This house, being a hotel, will be the last to be suspected. The woman who keeps it has, I presume, no objection to get money; I will give her plenty: let me remain concealed here only eight days. At the expiration of that time you are to set out for Gascony; you can take me with you, and thus save my life. If you refuse me an asylum, even for a few hours, I shall be dragged to the scaffold, there to forfeit my life, while I saved that of your husband and your son."

"Salicetti," said my mother, "this is unkind and ungenerous: you know my obligation to you, and you take advantage of it. I ask you again what I can do for you,

situated as I am in this public hotel, a house which is filled with strangers, and which is the daily resort of your enemies; for you know that Bonaparte is your enemy. Besides, the mistress of this house is hostile to your opinions, and I doubt whether any reward could induce her to hazard her life to serve you. In short, we are surrounded by difficulties."

At this moment the chamber-door opened, and my mother ran towards the person who was about to enter. It was Albert; he came to enquire why dinner was delayed. "All the company have arrived," he said, "except Bonaparte, and he has sent an apology."

My mother clasped her hands, and raised them to heaven: she desired him to go downstairs, and she followed him. "I was just reading a letter which I have received from your sister. She has sent me a *dinde aux truffes*, and if our friends will wait so long for dinner, we will have it cooked for to-day; if not, it will be a reason for another little party."

My mother uttered these words as she entered the drawing-room, holding in her hand a letter which she had snatched up in passing through her own chamber.

Her reason for inventing this long story was that the gentleman whom she left in the drawing-room, when Mariette called her out, was a most notorious gossip, and she took it for granted that he had already told all the company that there was something very mysterious in her disappearance. But her manner was so natural that no one had the least doubt of the arrival of the *dinde aux truffes*, which it was unanimously agreed should be cooked next day. My mother then begged leave to retire for a few moments to finish her letter.

She hastened to her chamber, slipped the bolt of her door, and rejoined Salicetti, whom she found seated in a chair with his head leaning on both his hands. "We

may esteem ourselves happy," said she, "that Bonaparte is not here to scrutinize our words and looks. Now let us settle what is to be done."

"If you are willing," said Salicetti, "the thing is easy: will you consent to save me?"

My mother did not give an immediate reply. Her frequent change of colour betrayed the violent agitation of her feelings. At length she became so pale that I thought she would have fainted away. Salicetti, who interpreted her silence as a refusal, took up his hat, muttered some words which I did not distinctly hear, and was about to leave the room, when my mother caught him by the arm.

"Stay," she said; "this roof is yours. My son must discharge his debt, and it is my duty to discharge my husband's."

"Enough, enough," said Salicetti, "all will be well. Now go and join your guests. Mariette will take care of me. I have said but two words to her, yet those two magic words have power to make her lay down her life to serve me. My dear girl," said he to me, drawing me back as I was about to follow my mother, "I have spoken before you because I know you cannot remain in ignorance of this affair. I need not warn you of the consequences of indiscretion."

"Ah! fear nothing," I exclaimed, throwing myself into my mother's arms, whose eyes were fixed upon me with an expression of despair. My dear mother thought only of her children at that moment when her own head was at stake.

She stayed a minute longer in her chamber to recover herself. Her ardent feelings rendered her agitation extreme; but she was gifted with wonderful self-control, and when she entered the drawing-room nobody would have suspected that she had to conceal an important secret from those who surrounded her.

The dinner was very gay. The company were animated by a feeling of satisfaction at the result of the events of the two preceding days. Brunetière was of the party, and, though never deficient in cheerfulness, his spirits seemed that day to be doubled. As soon as the company had departed, my mother acquainted Albert with Salicetti's concealment. My brother trembled for her and for me; but he saw the necessity of actively adopting some precautions for Salicetti's security.

After some deliberation it was resolved to adopt Salicetti's suggestion and communicate the secret to Madame Grétry, the mistress of the hotel. She readily entered into our views.

"I can manage this affair," said she. "It is only necessary that Madame Permon should change her apartment. There is a hiding-place in her chamber which saved four people during the Reign of Terror. It shall save more. At least, while I live here."

All the necessary arrangements were immediately made. We gave out to our friends that my mother had received a letter from my father, in which he mentioned that he was coming to Paris, and that, consequently, my mother was not to set off. Some time after we were to pretend we had received a second letter from my father, requesting my mother to come to him. It was important to have a reason for everything we did.

Next morning, about eleven o'clock, we received a visit from General Bonaparte, and, as the scene which then ensued made a greater impression on me than almost any event of my life, I will describe it minutely: Bonaparte was at that time attired in the costume he wore almost ever after. He had on a gray great-coat, very plainly made, buttoned up to his chin, a round hat, which was either drawn over his forehead so as almost to conceal his eyes, or stuck upon the back of his head, so that it

appeared in danger of falling off, and a black cravat, very clumsily tied. This was Bonaparte's usual dress.

At that period, indeed, nobody, either man or woman, paid any great attention to elegance of appearance, and I must confess that Bonaparte's costume did not then appear so droll as it now does on recollection. He brought with him a bouquet of violets, which he presented to my mother. This piece of gallantry was so extraordinary on his part that we could not help smiling at it. He smiled too, and said: "I suppose I make but a sorry *cavaliere servente*."

"Well, Madame Permon," said he, after some further conversation, "Salicetti will now in his turn be able to appreciate the bitter fruits of arrest! And to him they ought to be the more bitter, because the trees which bear them were first planted by him and his adherents."

"How," exclaimed my mother, with an air of astonishment, at the same time motioning me to close the drawing-room door, "is Salicetti arrested?"

"What? do you not know that he has been proscribed since yesterday? I presumed that you must know the fact, since it was in your house that he was concealed."

"Concealed in my house!" cried my mother; "surely, my dear Napoleon, you are mad! Methinks before I entered into such a scheme it would be as well to have a place I could call *my house*. I beseech you, General, do not repeat such a joke in any other place. I assure you it would be endangering my life."

Bonaparte rose from his seat, advanced slowly towards my mother, and, crossing his arms, fixed his eyes on her for some time in silence. My mother did not flinch beneath his eagle glance.

"Madame Permon," he said, "Salicetti is concealed in your house; nay, do not interrupt me; I know that yesterday, at five o'clock, he was seen on the Boulevard, speak-

ing with Gauthier, who advised him not to go to the Convention. He then proceeded in this direction; and it is very well known that he has not in this neighbourhood any acquaintance, you excepted, who would risk their own safety, as well as that of their friends, by secreting him. Now, he has not been at the Palais Egalité; he therefore must have fled to you for an asylum."

"And by what right," replied my mother, with unshaken firmness, "should Salicetti seek an asylum here? He is well aware that our political sentiments are at variance; he knew, too, that I was on the point of leaving Paris; for had I not received a letter from my husband I should have been on the road to Gascony to-morrow morning."

"My dear Madame Permon, you may well ask by what right he should apply to you for concealment. To come to a lone woman, who might be compromised for affording some few hours of safety to an outlaw who merits his fate, is an act to which no consideration ought to have driven him. You owe him *gratitude:* that is a bill of exchange you are bound to honour; and he has come in person to demand payment. Has he not, Mademoiselle Loulou?" As he pronounced these words he turned sharply round towards me.

I was sitting at the window at work, and at the moment he spoke I pretended to be looking at one of the pots of flowers which were before me. My mother, who understood my meaning, said: "Laurette, General Bonaparte speaks to you, my dear!"

Thus challenged, I looked up, and my embarrassment might naturally have been attributed to my consciousness of having been unintentionally rude: so I hoped at least; but we had to deal with one who was not to be imposed upon. Bonaparte took my hand, and, pressing it between both his own, said to my mother, "I ask

your pardon, madame, I have done wrong! your daughter has taught me a lesson."

"You give her credit for what she does not deserve," replied my mother; "she has taught you no lesson, but I will teach you one by-and-by, if you persist in an assertion for which there is no foundation, and which, if repeated abroad, would entail very serious consequences to me."

In a tone of considerable emotion Bonaparte replied:

"Madame Permon, you are an excellent woman, and Salicetti is a villain; you could not close your doors against him, he was well aware; and he would cause you to compromise your own safety and that of your child! I never liked him, now I despise him; he has done me mischief enough; but for that he has had his motives, and you have known them. Is it not so?"

My mother shook her head.

"What! has Permon never told you?"

"Never."

"Well, that is astonishing! But you shall know some day or other. Salicetti, in that affair of Loano, behaved like a wretch. Junot would have killed him if I had not prevented him. That spirited youth, animated by friendship for me, wanted to challenge him, and swore he would throw him out of the window if he refused to meet him. Now Salicetti is proscribed, and in his turn will have to experience all the misery attendant on a broken fortune!"

"Napoleon," said my mother, taking him by the hand, and fixing upon him a look of kindness, "I assure you on my honour that Salicetti is not in my apartments; but stay — shall I tell you all?"

"Tell me! tell me!" exclaimed Napoleon, with a vehemence uncommon to him.

"Well, then, Salicetti was under my roof yesterday at

six o'clock, but he left it a few hours after. I pointed out to him the moral impossibility of his remaining with me, living as I do in a hotel. Salicetti admitted the justness of my objection, and took his departure."

Whilst my mother was speaking, Bonaparte kept his eyes fixed upon her with indescribable earnestness; when she had concluded, he began to pace about the room with hurried steps.

"'T is just as I suspected!" he exclaimed. "He was coward enough to say to a woman, 'Expose your life for mine.' But did the wretch who came to interest you in his fate, did he tell you that he had just assassinated one of his colleagues? Had he, think you, even washed his gory hands before he touched yours to implore your protection?"

"Napoleon! Napoleon!" exclaimed my mother in Italian, "this is too much! Be silent; if you are not, leave me! Though the man has been murdered, it does not follow that it is his fault."

Whenever my mother was violently excited she always spoke Italian or Greek, and often to people who understood neither the one nor the other. Salicetti heard the whole of this conversation, for he was separated from us only by a thin partition. As for me, I trembled under the momentary expectation of seeing him issue from his hiding-place. I then knew but little of the world. After some further conversation of the same kind, Bonaparte rose to take his leave. "Then you really believe he returned home?" said he as he took up his hat.

"Yes," replied my mother; "I told him that, since he must conceal himself in Paris, it were best to bribe the people of his own hotel, because that would be the last place where his enemies would think of searching for him." Bonaparte then left us, and it was high time, for my poor mother was exhausted. She beckoned me to go

and bolt her chamber-door, and open that of Salicetti's retreat.

I never liked Salicetti. There was something about him which to me was always repulsive. When I read the story of the *Vampire*, I associated that fictitious character with the recollection of Salicetti. His pale jaundiced complexion, his dark glaring eyes, his lips, which turned deadly white whenever he was agitated by any powerful emotion, all seemed present to me.

When I opened the door after Bonaparte's departure, the sight of Salicetti produced in me a feeling of horror which I shall never forget. He sat on a small chair at the bedside, his head leaning on his hand, which was covered with blood, as was likewise the bed itself, and a basin over which he was leaning was full. He had been seized with a hemorrhage, and streams of blood were running from his mouth and nose. His face was frightfully pallid, and his whole appearance affected me to such a degree that it haunted me in dreams a long time after. My mother ran to him; he had nearly swooned. She took his hand; it was quite cold. We called up Mariette, and on her applying some vinegar to his nose he recovered.

CHAPTER XIII.

Preparations were making for the trial of the parties accused of the proceedings of May. The officers were on the lookout for Salicetti and another representative. Salicetti was not beloved by his colleagues. He was certainly a man of talent, and full of ambition , but the projects he wished to realize were of a nature to bring down on their author severe retribution.

Romme, a distinguished mathematician, was already arrested, as was also Goujon, who, since the opening of the Convention, had rendered himself remarkable for his private virtues and Republican sentiments; Soubrani, Duquesnoi, Duroi, and Bourbotte were also in custody. Each of these individuals was distinguished, as well by his personal character as by his statesmanlike qualities. What reflections were awakened at seeing such men seated on the criminal bench!

My mother received a letter from my father, who, having heard of the danger of Salicetti, desired her to do whatever she could to render him assistance. This letter was delivered to her by M. Emilhaud, of Bordeaux, a gentleman who appeared to possess the full confidence of my father.

One day, when M. Emilhaud called upon my mother, he brought with him a Spanish General, named Miranda. While these gentlemen were in the drawing-room conversing with my mother, I had occasion to pass through the ante-chamber; but no sooner had I entered than I started

suddenly. I thought I saw Salicetti standing before me. Never was resemblance more striking, except that the individual whom I for a moment mistook for Salicetti was not quite so tall as he. The man was a Spaniard, in the service of General Miranda.

By chance I mentioned this resemblance, without thinking it a matter of importance. However, it happened to suggest a lucky idea to my mother.

"We are saved!" she exclaimed. "It will be hard indeed if we cannot find in all Paris a man five feet six inches (French) high, with a face like General Miranda's servant." My brother, Salicetti, and Madame Grétry were immediately summoned to hold a council.

"I must look out for a valet," said my mother; "and when I find one who *will suit me*, I will take him to the Section to get a passport. Having got possession of the passport, I can easily find a pretence to quarrel with my valet, and if I turn him off with a month's wages he will no doubt be very well satisfied." My mother clapped her little hands at the thought of this stratagem. She was quite overjoyed; but, alas! a scene speedily ensued which changed all her happiness to grief and horror.

Meanwhile the trial of the prisoners came on. They had been brought to Paris, and the special court-martial appointed to try them held its sittings in the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs. Salicetti was the only one who had escaped the grasp of justice, and, urged by his anxiety, my brother was constantly on the road from our hotel to the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs during the short time that was expended in deliberating on the fate of the unfortunate men.

One day he returned home dreadfully agitated. He had witnessed an awful scene. Romme, Soubrani, Duroi, Duquesnoi, Goujon, and Bourbotte were condemned. During their trial they had exhibited the most admirable

fortitude, feeling, and patriotism. The conduct of Romme, in particular, is said to have been sublime.

When sentence was pronounced on them they surveyed each other calmly and serenely, and on descending the grand staircase, which was lined with spectators, Romme looked about as if seeking somebody. Probably the person who had promised to be there had not the courage to attend. "No matter," said he; "with a firm hand this will do. *Vive la Liberté!*"

Then, drawing from his pocket a very large penknife, or perhaps it might more properly be called a small poniard, he plunged it into his heart, and, drawing it out again, gave it to Goujon, who, in like manner, passed it to Duquesnoi. All three fell dead instantly, without uttering a groan. The weapon of deliverance, transmitted to Soubrani by the trembling hands of Duquesnoi, found its way to the noble hearts of the rest; but they were not so fortunate as their three friends. Grievously wounded, but yet alive, they fell at the foot of the scaffold, which the executioners made them ascend, bleeding and mutilated as they were. Such barbarity would scarcely have been commited by savages.

My brother stood so near Romme, to whom he wished to address a few words of friendship and consolation, that the blood of the unfortunate man dropped upon him. My brother's coat was stained with the scarcely-cold blood of a man who only a few days before was seated in the very chamber, perhaps in the very chair, in which Albert was then sitting.

The appearance of Salicetti inspired nothing but horror; indeed, I could not bear to look on him, so much did I dread his aspect. Without any consideration for my brother's feelings, he made him repeat, over and over again, the dreadful details of the tragedy he had just witnessed.

Bonaparte had gone to Saint-Maur to spend a few days. He was in the habit of going there occasionally, though I do not know to whom. I have since put the question to Junot, who declared he knew nothing of the matter, and added that Bonaparte was very reserved on some subjects.

When informed of the horrible catastrophe detailed above, he expressed the genuine emotions of his heart; and in spite of all that Madame Bourrienne says,[1] I maintain that at this period he was a very feeling man.

Bonaparte had in general a bad delivery; I mean to say he was not eloquent in his manner of expressing himself. His concise style took from his language that air of courtesy, or at least of elegance, which is indispensable to the most ordinary conversation. The fact is, he was only eloquent at moments when his heart expanded; then it was, as the fairy legends say, that pearls and rubies dropped from his mouth.

[1] "I remarked at this period," wrote Mme. de Bourrienne of Napoleon, in 1795, "that his character was reserved, and frequently gloomy. His smile was hypocritical, and often misplaced; and I recollect that a few days after our return he gave us one of those specimens of savage hilarity which I greatly disliked, and which prepossessed me against him. He was telling us that, being before Toulon, where he commanded the artillery, one of his officers was visited by his wife, to whom he had been but a short time married, and whom he tenderly loved. A few days after, orders were given for another attack upon the town, in which this officer was to be engaged. His wife came to General Bonaparte, and with tears entreated him to dispense with her husband's services that day. The General was inexorable, as he himself told us, with a sort of savage exultation. The moment for the attack arrived, and the officer, though a very brave man, as Bonaparte himself assured us, felt a presentiment of his approaching death. He turned pale, and trembled. He was stationed beside the General, and during an interval when the firing from the town was very heavy, Bonaparte called out to him, 'Take care, there is a shell coming!' The officer, instead of moving to one side, stooped down, and was literally severed in two. Bonaparte laughed loudly while he described the event with horrible minuteness." — Bourrienne's "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte," edited by R. W. Phipps; London: Bentley, 1885, vol. i. p. 31.

The present was one of those occasions, and the unfortunate men who had just suffered found in Bonaparte an admirable panegyrist. Far different was his language towards Salicetti, Fréron, and all those who, he said, wanted to renew the Reign of Terror. The mention of these names led him to speak of himself, and of his blighted hopes and his misfortunes. "Yet I am only twenty-six years old," exclaimed he, striking his forehead — "only twenty-six."

He then regarded my mother with a look so melancholy that she said, after he was gone, "When I think on that young man's unhappiness, I almost reproach myself for w' t I have done for his enemy."

CHAPTER XIV.

We had above thirty applicants for the valet's situation, but none of them would do. When any one presented himself who did not possess the requisite personal qualifications, my mother immediately sent him about his business. What trampling there was up and down the staircase of the Hôtel de la Tranquillité!

At last an overgrown boy, named Gabriel Tachard, made his appearance. He bore, it is true, no resemblance to Salicetti, yet we thought he might pass very well for his proxy at the Section. He was a stupid fellow, who would not certainly have remained in my mother's service a week, but he possessed the conjoined recommendations of being exactly five feet six, with black eyes and hair, a straight nose, round chin, and a sallow complexion, and slightly marked with the small-pox.

The next quality to be combined with all these was the right age, or at least the semblance of it, for Salicetti was, I believe, at that period thirty. However, we went to the Section, my brother, myself, Mariette, Gabriel Tachard, and Madame Grétry, who was to answer for her lodger.

We were supplied with passports, and all returned pleased, my mother and myself at the prospect of leaving Paris, Gabriel at having, as he thought, obtained a good place, and Madame Grétry at getting rid of her lodgers; for, spite of its name, her hotel had been one uninterrupted scene of tumult ever since Salicetti had,

by dint of gold, obtained permission to make it his hiding-place.

For the last eight days my mother had given out to her friends that my father expected her at Bordeaux. She now received another letter, enjoining her instant departure. In consequence, she determined to set off in two days.

"You do well to go," said Bonaparte, taking her hand, and looking at her significantly; "and yet you were wise in not going sooner." "Why so?" "Oh, I cannot tell you now; but you shall know before you return to Paris." "But I cannot wait; you know that we women are curious." "Well, you shall know the reason. At what time do you set out?" "I do not exactly know; but I suppose about eleven or twelve to-night, in order to avoid the heat. It is best in hot weather to travel by night and sleep by day." "Exactly so; an excellent thought, that. Well," continued he, "you shall know my little secret when you arrive at Longjumeau." "And why at Longjumeau?" "It is a whim of mine," replied he. "Well, be it so; but I must tell you *en passant*, my dear Napoleon, that you are a sad teazer."

While this conversation was going on our dinner-hour arrived, and Napoleon stayed and dined with us. During dinner he said to my mother:

"I wish you would take me with you on this journey. I will go and see my mother while you are settling your business at Bordeaux and Toulouse; I will then rejoin you and M. Permon, and we will all return together to Paris. I am quite idle here, thanks to that villain who has ruined me. I am now ready to be anything — a Chinese, a Turk, or a Hottentot. Indeed, if you do not take me with you I shall go to Turkey or to China. There the British power may be most effectively injured by a commercial treaty with the Turks or Chinese."

He then began to talk on politics with my brother, and in less than an hour's time the Emperor of China was converted to Catholicism, and the Grand Calao was superseded by a Minister of Justice.

At length the day of our departure arrived. Several of our friends came to take leave of us, and, among others, Bonaparte. He stepped up to my mother, and, taking her by the hand, said, in a low tone, "When you return, think of this day. We may, perhaps, never meet again. Ere long my destiny will lead me far from France; but, wheresoever I go, I shall ever be your faithful friend."

My mother answered him that he might at all times reckon on her friendship. "You know, my dear Bonaparte," she added, "that I look upon you in the light of my Albert's brother."

Our friends departed; post-horses were procured, and Madame Grétry, though already munificently rewarded, was promised besides a considerable present when Salicetti should have embarked. As to the valet, my mother dismissed him with a month's wages in advance, to his infinite satisfaction. Salicetti then assumed the name of Gabriel Tachard, under which he was to travel into the South of France.

We set out. Salicetti seated himself on the box of my mother's travelling berlin, and we got out of Paris without any other delay than that occasioned by the examination at the barrier. The postilion, on the promise of something to drink, brought us with the speed of lightning to the Croix de Berney. As we were about to start again, the first postilion from the Paris post came to the door of the coach and asked for citoyenne Permon. My mother asked him what he wanted.

"I have a letter for you," said he. "You surely are mistaken!" said my mother; "it cannot be for me!"

"No," rejoined the man; "I do not mistake, if you are citoyenne Permon."

At that instant the recollection of the words of Bonaparte flashed across my mother's memory. She took the letter, and offered the bearer an assignat of five francs; but he refused to accept it, saying that he had been already paid by *the young man.* At the season of the year at which we were travelling the nights were short; my mother's curiosity was not, therefore, kept long in suspense; daylight soon enabled her to peruse the letter. The handwriting neither of us knew. I have since, however, learned that it was Junot's.

This very singular epistle places the character of Napoleon in a light from which his enemies have often sought to exclude it. It was couched in the following words:

(Translation.)

I never like to be thought a dupe. I should seem to be one in your eyes if I did not tell you that I knew of Salicetti's place of concealment more than twenty days ago. You may recollect, Madame Permon, what I said to you on the first of Prairial. I was almost morally certain of the fact; now I know it positively.

You see then, Salicetti, that I might have returned the ill you did to me. In so doing I should only have avenged myself; but you injured me when I had not offended you. Which of us stands in the preferable point of view at this moment? I might have taken my revenge, but I did not. Perhaps you will say that your benefactress was your safeguard. That consideration, I confess, was powerful. But alone, unarmed, and an outlaw, your life would have been sacred to me. Go, seek in peace an asylum where you may learn to cherish better sentiments for your country. About your name my mouth is closed. Repent, and appreciate my motives.

Madame Permon, my best wishes are with you and your

child. You are feeble and defenceless beings. May Providence and a friend's prayers protect you! Be cautious, and do not stay in the large towns through which you may have to pass.

Adieu.

The letter had no signature. My mother, after having read it, remained for some time absorbed in profound reflection. She then handed it to me, desiring me in Greek to read it to myself. I was thunderstruck. The look which accompanied the few words my mother said to me in Greek sufficiently indicated on whom her suspicion lay; and, I confess, I could not help sharing it.

I looked at Mariette, who rode in the carriage with us. She was pale, and her eyes were red with weeping. I had observed that she had been singularly low-spirited, and sighed frequently during the whole of the journey. I was convinced my conjecture was right.

We stopped to breakfast. I think it was at Etampes; and my mother showed Salicetti the letter. He read it over and over at least ten times. At length he exclaimed, "I am lost! I am lost! Fool that I was, to trust to a woman's prudence!"

"Salicetti," said my mother, suppressing her irritation, "you yourself have been the only imprudent person in this affair, and your unjust reproach is a compliment to us — I mean to my daughter and me; for you must rely very confidently on our generosity, when you can venture to reward us thus for all that we have done for you."

Before my mother had ended her reply, Salicetti already repented of his foolish exclamation. He very humbly asked our pardon. He then said he had heard us express some suspicion of Mariette. "Never mind — never mind," said my mother. "You ought rather to admire the noble conduct of Bonaparte; it is most generous!"

"Generous!" repeated Salicetti, with a contemptuous smile. "What would you have had him do? Would you have wished him to betray me?"

My mother looked at him steadfastly, and then said: "I do not know what I would have him do; but this I know, that I should wish to see *you* grateful."

I may here mention that Mariette was really the guilty party. Bonaparte's servant was her lover; his master profited by this circumstance; and the present of a gold cross induced the poor girl to betray a secret which might have compromised the safety of the whole house. As to my mother, her fate was certain.

When we had passed through Tours, Salicetti travelled inside the berlin. As we drove along we heard nothing but imprecations against the Convention, and all those who had wished to bring back the Reign of Terror. The people were in a state of great excitement. "Heavens!" said my mother, "if you were known here, what would become of us!"

We had good reason for alarm in several parts of our journey; but at length we arrived in safety at Bordeaux. There, to our great surprise, instead of finding my father, we found only a letter from him, in which he informed us that he was obliged to depart for the country, but that his friend M. Emilhaud would attend my mother; and he gave her his address, that she might send for him on her arrival.

In a quarter of an hour afterwards M. Emilhaud was with us. We learned from him that my father had made unavailing inquiries for a vessel that would convey a passenger to Italy. None would start for the space of a fortnight. Ships were going to the United States, to St. Domingo, and to England; but Salicetti neither could nor would go anywhere, except to Genoa or Venice. My mother was in despair.

Next day, however, Laudois, my father's *valet-de-chambre*, came to us. He informed us that my father had ascertained that at Narbonne or at Cette a vessel would sail for Genoa, and several for Venice. He had, in consequence, made an arrangement with the master of a yacht to convey us up the Garonne as far as Toulouse, and from thence by the canal to Carcassonne. The carriage could be taken on board the yacht; and from Carcassonne we should only have to travel a few leagues to reach Cette or Narbonne.

My father thought this mode of travelling much safer for us than by land, on account of the rigid orders that had everywhere been issued. Salicetti was quite of my father's opinion; and, with the assistance of Laudois, we were soon on board the yacht and sailing up the Garonne.

We soon arrived at Carcassonne, and from thence reached Narbonne; but here we found no vessel going to Italy. We proceeded to Cette; and there we learned that two vessels were about to sail, the one in two days for Trieste, and the other that same evening for Genoa.

The captain of the latter vessel, which, singularly enough, was named the *Convention*, informed us that he should be under way at nine o'clock; and, as the wind was fair, he should not be long in reaching his destination. Salicetti was inclined to wait for the vessel bound for Trieste, but my mother would hear of no further delay. She observed that the wind might not be fair for Trieste on the day appointed, and that it was best to take advantage of the favourable breeze that was blowing that evening.

We sat down to dinner; and when we had ended our repast Laudois and the servants of the inn conveyed the baggage of the fugitive on board the vessel. Salicetti

stepped up to my mother, and, taking both her hands in his, said:

"I should have too much to say, Madame Permon, were I to attempt to express my gratitude by words. As to Bonaparte, tell him I thank him. Hitherto I did not believe him capable of generosity; I am now bound to acknowledge my mistake. I thank him."

He jumped into a little boat with the captain of the *Convention*, and was soon on board the vessel which was to convey him to the shore where he hoped to find refuge rather than hospitality. We slept that night at the inn at Cette; and next morning, after breakfast, we set out for Montpellier. On our arrival there I discovered that death, emigration, and civil discord had committed melancholy ravages in that city.

CHAPTER XV.

My father's health had suffered from the miseries of the Revolution. His feelings and his interests were alike wounded. The vexations he had suffered brought on a serious illness, which was augmented by the state of seclusion in which he chose to live. My mother was accustomed to mingle with the world, and her quick perception soon enabled her to discover that my father's situation was not without danger.

Couder, the procureur of the commune, whom I have already mentioned as a worthy, honest man, warned my mother of the disagreeable reports which were in circulation at Toulouse respecting my father.

"It is said," observed Couder, "that he is ill of the aristocratic fever; I denied the truth of the report, and contended that the citizen Permon was a stanch Republican. I know very well," replied he, smiling significantly, "that that is not quite true; but there is no harm in a little falsehood sometimes. However, if you will take my advice you will force citizen Permon a little more into society. If he would do me the honour to accept a place in my box at the theatre — if . . . ." Here Couder was a little embarrassed.

"Generous man," cried my mother, as she shook the honest shoemaker's rough hand; "generous man! — yes, we will come to your box; I am sure Permon and I will feel honoured by your kind offer."

"Charles," said she to my father, as soon as the procureur had left her, "do you know what Couder has been

saying?" and she related the conversation which had taken place, without forgetting the proposition about the box. My father turned red and made no reply. But when my mother pressed him for an answer, he shrugged his shoulders and, with a bitter smile, said:

"What a question! What would you have me do? Citizen Couder (and he laid a great emphasis on the word *citizen*) summons citizen Permon to the bar of his box. We must of course go; that is better than to be dragged to a dungeon by gendarmes; I have only that alternative. I believe this is a second Thirion. O Marie, Marie, you might have spared me this insult!"

My mother burst into tears. "Charles," she exclaimed, "you view this matter in a wrong light; you misconstrue the intentions of your friends. Do you believe that I would have listened to an invitation which bore the least appearance of an insult to you?"

"Doubtless, my dear Marie," exclaimed my father, impatiently interrupting her; "let this man make your shoes, but speak to me no more about his box. I am tired of this," said he, throwing himself upon his couch. There the conversation ended; and it may be supposed that my father did not go to the theatre.

Couder was told that my father was ill, and he received the excuse without appearing hurt. Had he listened to the dictates of wounded pride he might have done us a great deal of harm.

Salicetti often wrote to my mother. Shortly after the scene I have just described she received a letter from him which showed that he had heard my father was hostile to the Government.

"Be on your guard, dear Signora Panoria," he said; "I hear that plots are being secretly and silently organized. They say the Royalists are about to rise. Certainly, I am far from suspecting citizen Permon of

engaging in any conspiracy, for *I have pledged my word for him.* But others, dear citizen, will suspect that his wish to remain secluded arises from the desire to conceal some culpable design from scrutinizing eyes. Prevail on him to mix a little more with society; you always had an attractive house. Why should not your drawing-room at Toulouse be as it was in Paris?"

My mother showed this letter to my father, who at length saw the danger of exciting towards us the attention of suspicious authority. My mother knew already almost everybody in Toulouse, and our home was speedily one of the gayest in the town. By a singular chance my mother found in Toulouse one of her cousins, from Corsica, whom I used to call my aunt. Mademoiselle Stephanopoli had married M. de Saint Ange, a distinguished naval officer, who, having quitted the service at the breaking out of the Revolution, purchased at Saint Michael de Lunez, near Castlenaudary, an ancient château, formerly belonging to the Polignacs. There he resided with his wife and seven lovely children. Madame de Saint Ange and my mother were delighted to meet again. Mademoiselle Stephanopoli was, like my mother, the friend of Lætitia Bonaparte.

"Well, Panoria," said she one day, "you see one of Lætitia Ramolini's sons has made his way in the world. That young man is likely to become a General of Division. I confess that I should not have expected it, for Joseph was the one I thought would raise up the family. And the Archdeacon —"

"Oh! do not mention the Archdeacon," exclaimed my mother; "I was tired of hearing his name before we left Corsica."

"But, *figlia mia,*" replied my aunt, who was as lively as a girl of fifteen, "though the Archdeacon is no favourite of yours, he is nevertheless a person of great import-

ance in the Bonaparte family. I think with him that Joseph is the flower of the flock. He is so handsome and so well bred. Napoleon is downright ugly, *figlia mia;* as stupid as a mule, and very ill-behaved — though he is your *protégé, figlia mia!*"

"Ah, cousin," replied my mother, "I see he has done something to offend you, and, like a true Corsican, you will not forgive him." My aunt laughed. The fact was, Bonaparte had offended her only a few months previously. I will relate how.

At that period almost every one endeavoured to increase the little fortune they might have saved from the wreck. Few were such fools as to be too proud to do this. My aunt found that she might earn some money by transmitting to the ports of Provence goods for the Corsican market, and bartering them for others. Sometime after the siege of Toulon she sent to Marseilles cloth and linen to be shipped for Calvi. Her agent, however, wrote to acquaint her that the English maintained the blockade with such vigilance that he was unable to effect the transmission of the goods.

"Take my advice," added he, "and dispose of your goods either at Toulon, at Antibes, or at Nice. There are troops at those places, two-thirds of whom, to my knowledge, have not shirts to their backs. Your cloth is good in quality and reasonable in price;[1] therefore, it will sell well. You know General Bonaparte; write to him, and you will, I make no doubt, realize fifty per cent profit."

My aunt saw that the project would answer; she therefore addressed a letter to Bonaparte, which she took care to write in Italian, sprinkled here and there with a few Corsican words, with the view of reminding him of his

[1] It was made in the Château of Saint Michel; my aunt and cousins spun the hemp and the flax.

country and his friends. This done, she sent the packet under the care of an old domestic of her father, who had settled in the environs of Marseilles.

This man was a Corsican, named Bartolomeo Peraldi. He knew all the Bonaparte family, and of course Napoleon among the rest. The General's epaulettes did not intimidate Peraldi, and, having delivered to him the letter from the Signora Catalina, he seated himself without any ceremony. Though it was early in the morning, and in the midst of winter, Bonaparte was up and dressed, booted, spurred, and ready equipped to mount his horse.

Bartolomeo, who surveyed the General with a scrutinizing eye, remarked that Bonaparte's countenance underwent a sensible change whilst he read Madame Saint Ange's letter. First an ironical smile played over his features, then his forehead lowered into a frown, and, surveying Bartolomeo, he said, "What is all this nonsense?" These words were spoken in French, and in so high a tone that it seemed he wished them to be heard by two officers who were in the next apartment. Bartolomeo perceived Bonaparte's design and felt a little nettled. He replied in Italian, though he could speak French very well, "Signor Napoleon, I do not understand you. You know that in Corsica we poor devils speak only our *patois*, as you call it here. Do me then the favour to speak to me in our dear native tongue."

Bonaparte surveyed the man with a look of surprise. "I left Corsica too young to be able to express myself easily in Italian," said Napoleon, turning on his heel; "besides, I see no necessity to speak your *patois*, as you rightly term it, for Signora Catalina tells me in her letter that you have been living for fifteen years on the coast of Provence." "*Sì, signor,*" replied Bartolomeo. "Surely, then, you can speak French," said Bonaparte,

with impatience. "What do you mean by this insolence, fellow?"

Peraldi was now a little confused, but, speedily resuming his confidence, and putting on his red and blue bonnet, which he had taken off on his entrance, he addressed Bonaparte in the following words: "There is no need for all this jesting and calling me such names, M. Napoleoncino. Tell me what answer I am to take to the Signora Kalli." Bonaparte darted at him an inquiring glance. "Yes, sir, the Signora Catalina and the Signora Kalli are both the same. In short, Madame de Saint Ange. What am I to tell her?" "Know you the contents of this letter?" demanded the General, pointing to my aunt's epistle, which lay on the table at his side. Bartolomeo nodded assent. "Then," rejoined Bonaparte, angrily and in a very loud tone, "you are more impudent than I thought you. Here," continued he, addressing the officers in the next room, "this fellow has brought me a packet from one of my countrywomen, who wants me to get some trumpery cloth sold to the Republic. It is true she allows me a commission. Here, pray read the letter, citizens." So saying, he took my aunt's letter, to which there was attached a small bit of paper, with patterns of the cloth and linen, and their prices marked. "You see," continued he, "that she offers me the piece marked No. 2 as a bribe, and if she seduce me, it will not be, as you perceive, by the splendour of the present."

The two young officers laughed immoderately when they looked on the pattern, which was coarse and brown, and scarcely fit for soldiers' shirts. I cannot conceive what my poor aunt was thinking of when she offered such a present to Napoleon. "Begone!" said he, angrily, to Bartolomeo; "it is lucky for you that you are only the bearer of this impudent message! Begone, I say!"

"I am going — I am going! Good God! what a piece of work! And all for what? Because good Madame de Saint Ange has sent him a few ells of cloth to make him half a dozen shirts. Eh! I have seen the day, and not long ago either," continued he, all at once changing his language, and speaking in good French — "I have seen the day when the half of this piece of cloth would have been gladly accepted by your mother, General Bonaparte, to make shifts for your sisters, though now they have the finest that can be procured in Marseilles — and not much to the credit of one of them." These last words he muttered beween his teeth, and then withdrew.

Napoleon was afterwards sorry for having shown so much ill-humour in this foolish affair. I am sure he never pardoned Bartolomeo Peraldi for the lesson he gave him before two officers, who, as they did not belong to his corps, conceived they had no reason to keep the secret.

CHAPTER XVI.

Tarascon and Beaucaire are, as everybody knows, separated only by the Rhone, and the houses of the two towns line either bank of the river. On seeing those narrow streets, those houses with high Gothic gables, those windows with small sashes and close lattices, the irregular pavement formed of large flints from the river, you fancy yourself in the Middle Ages; for there is nothing about Beaucaire that reminds you of the age in which we are living.

The fair of Beaucaire is one of the most celebrated in Europe; it is on a par with those of Frankfort and Leipzig. Its originality is one of the causes that draw thither so many customers. The merchant of Bagdad there sets up his booth beside the manufacturer of London; the trader of Astracan repairs thither to deal with the weaver of Lyons; and the pearl-fisher of the coast of Coromandel does business with the jeweller of Paris, through the medium of the garlic merchant of Marseilles. This may appear extraordinary at first sight, but it is nevertheless a fact; and whoever has been to the fair of Beaucaire will recollect the immense heaps of garlic.[1]

[1] They are from fifteen to twenty feet high, and proportionably wide at the base. The sum put into circulation for this commodity alone is estimated at upwards of 600,000 francs, or about £24,000; at least, so I have been assured by the inhabitants of the town.

Had I not been formerly at the fair of Beaucaire I could not say that I knew anything about it, for this year was the first since the Revolution had overthrown all the customs of this kind; accordingly, signs of it were to be seen in the singular arrangement of the shops and goods. From the fear with which they displayed their stuffs and exhibited their precious stones, you would have imagined that they dreaded a reaction, and were afraid lest their merchandise should become the property of others without the formality of a sale.

The South was actually in such a state as to excite great uneasiness in those who were merely travelling through it, and who could not hope for any aid from justice and the laws, since both were then absolutely powerless, in case they were attacked by one of those unruly parties which drenched the earth with blood by their quarrels and combats, and by assassinations. These parties assumed all colours, all watchwords were alike to them, and the most atrocious cruelty, the most refined horrors — if I may be allowed the expression — presided over these acts of cannibals, under pretext of avenging the province for the evils inflicted by the days of terror. They fancied that with blood they could wipe away blood — strange baptism! Women, aged men, and children had been thrown from the tops of the towers of the castles of Tarascon. In a cavity formed by the rocks a little below the town of Beaucaire, we saw the mutilated bodies of two women, whom the current had carried into that cavern. There they remained, and the wind at times wafted from the spot a stench that made one sick at heart.

We stopped at Beaucaire no longer than was necessary to see the singular assemblage which the fair brought together. On this occasion, to my great regret, the *tarasque* was not paraded about as usual; it was justly

apprehended that, at a moment when popular effervescence had reached the highest pitch, this procession might be attended with fatal consequences. The precise origin of the *tarasque* is not known, and the manner in which it is conducted throws no light upon this ceremony; still, like the beast of the Gevaudan, it must have had for its primary cause the destruction of some mischievous and dangerous animal.

The remembrance of it is thus perpetuated at Beaucaire: an immense machine of wicker-work, covered with oil-cloth, and held together by large strong hoops, is shaped like a dragon or some other fantastic beast; this machine, from twenty to twenty-five feet long, is filled by a party of young men appointed by the town, when the ceremony of the *tarasque* is decided upon. It was an honour to be admitted into this number. When they were in this strange sort of vehicle they set off, and, darting away at full speed, ran about the town, upsetting everything before them. Woe to the blind and the slow-motioned whom they encounter — they are sure to be thrown down. I saw this exhibition a few years afterwards, and I must confess that I fancied myself among a people of maniacs. It is seldom that it is not productive of serious accidents.

On leaving Beaucaire we returned to Bordeaux. The news which my mother received from my father gave us so much uneasiness as to prevent our compliance with the wishes of several of our friends, who earnestly begged us to go to Marseilles, to Avignon, and to Arles. We returned by the same road we had come, stopping only at Toulouse and Castlenaudary, whence we proceeded to my aunt Saint Ange. We found her still a model for her sex; her virtue had so sincere a character that you were forced to admire it, and this feeling was experienced by all who approached her. My mother, as I have observed, was tenderly attached to her; but, as she her-

self said laughingly, she could never come up to her, if she must, for that purpose, rise at four in the morning and "eat leg of goose more than four times a year."

"If your virtue could permit you to rise at nine, and not eat so much salt, I could accommodate myself to it well enough, cousin; if you will agree to that, I will come hither with Loulou, and we will be your best workpeople."

"*Altro, altro, figlia mia,*" replied my aunt, lifting my mother as she would have taken up a feather. "Let us each go on in our own way."

Dear and admirable woman! I saw her subsequently, when I dwelt in a palace. "Are you happier now than when you went with your cousins to strip the mulberry-trees when you were a girl?" asked she, on seeing me come home at five o'clock to dress in haste, having scarcely time to kiss my children and get into my carriage again to perform what were called duties. I had a place at Court.

On leaving Saint Michel de Lunez we proceeded to Bordeaux. My father awaited us at the Hôtel Fumele, where he had provided apartments for us. Prepared as we were by the accounts of Laudois and M. Emilhaud for the change in my father, we were shocked on seeing him. His paleness, his emaciation, his dim eyes, and his tremulous voice, everything about him indicated a person struck by death. His character had retained that gloomy and melancholy hue which tinged it at Toulouse. The solitude in which he had persisted in living had proved fatal to him.

Our meeting dispelled for a few hours that sullen reverie in which he was always plunged; but he soon relapsed, and seemed to attach no importance to the flight of Salicetti; but, after listening to our narrative of the manner in which we had saved him, he smiled

with most expressive bitterness, and said to my mother: "You could do no less than offer him everything; it was not fit that he should accept, still less ask for anything."

When he was informed of the conduct of Bonaparte, it made such an impression upon him that he rose from his chair and paced the room several times without uttering a word, but with visible emotion. At length he returned to his seat, and, taking my mother by the hand, "My dear," said he, "this conduct is admirable." This admission was a good deal for my father; for I never knew a person more sparing of commendation. "I said the same thing to Salicetti," said my mother, "and what answer do you think he gave me? 'Would you, then, have had him deliver me up?' said he to me contemptuously." My father shrugged his shoulders.

"I have almost always seen," he said, "that persons who regard noble and generous conduct in others as the simplest thing in the world, were themselves the most incapable of it."

My parents, having finished all their business, left Bordeaux at the beginning of September, 1795, and directed their course towards Paris with the intention on settling there again. We arrived the 4th of the same month, and alighted at the Hôtel l'Autriche, Rue de la Loi. My brother hastened to join us as soon as he knew of our arrival. He was deeply grieved on perceiving the state of my poor father, who was so fatigued with the journey as to be almost dying when we reached Paris. Our physician, M. Duchannois, was sent for; he required a consultation. Two days afterwards my poor father was very ill. A dangerous fever was superadded to his previous sufferings. This was too much.

General Bonaparte, apprised by my brother, came immediately to see us. He appeared to be affected by the state of my father, who, though in great pain, insisted on

seeing him. He came every day, and in the morning he sent or called himself to inquire how he had passed the night. I cannot recollect his conduct at that period without sincere gratitude. He informed us that Paris was in such a state as must necessarily lead to a convulsion.

The Convention, by incessantly repeating to the people that it was their master, had taught them the answer which they now made it in their turn. The Sections were in almost avowed insurrection. The Section Lepelletier, wherein we resided, was the most turbulent, and in fact the most to be dreaded; its orators did not scruple to deliver the most incendiary speeches. They asserted that the power of the assembled people was above the laws. "Matters are getting from bad to worse," said Bonaparte; "the counter-revolution will shortly break forth, and it will become the source of fresh disasters."

As I have said, Napoleon came every day; he dined with us, and passed the evening in the drawing-room, chatting in a low tone beside the easy-chair of my mother, who, worn out with fatigue, dozed for a few moments to recruit her strength, for she never quitted my father's pillow. I recollect that one evening, my father being very ill, my mother was weeping and in great tribulation. It was ten o'clock. At that time it was impossible to induce any of the servants of the hotel to go out after nine.

Bonaparte said nothing. He ran downstairs and posted away to Duchannois, whom he brought back with him, in spite of his objections. The weather was dreadful; the rain poured in torrents. Bonaparte had not been able to meet with a hackney-coach to go to M. Duchannois; he was soaked through. Yes, indeed, at that period Bonaparte had a heart susceptible of attachment!

Meanwhile, we became more and more alarmed every

day by the dangers which manifested themselves around us. Paris rang with the tumult of the factions, which drew the sword, and each hoisted its standard. Against the Convention, then the only real authority, were arrayed the Sections, which for some days past had declared war against it. Our Section in particular was in full insurrection. Paris resembled a garrison town. The Sections had even a military organization. At night we heard the sentries calling to and answering one another, as in a besieged town; the strictest search was made for arms and ammunition; and the Section was furnished with lists of all the men capable of bearing arms. This measure even occasioned a distressing incident, of which our house was the scene.

On the 2nd of October, at two in the afternoon, my father was dozing a little. He had been exhausted by the effects of an emetic, and we had taken the greatest precautions to prevent his being disturbed by any noise. The doors were all at once thrown open, and three men, talking loudly, stamping with their feet to make some one hear, and having the manners of porters, entered the apartment, followed rather than conducted by the master of the hotel, who was a worthy, excellent man.

"What a deal of ceremony!" exclaimed one of these wretches with horrid oaths; "and why cannot we go into this room?" "Because there is a sick person in it," said my mother, coming forward to meet him, and shutting the double door of my father's bedroom, for it was necessary to spare him any emotion of this kind. "And who is this sick person?" inquired the same man, with an inflection of voice which showed that he did not believe a word that was said. "My husband." "Your husband. And why," said he, turning over the leaves of a stitched book which he carried with him, "has not your husband given in his name to the Section? He is, in fact, inserted

in the list of arrivals at the hotel, but we have not seen him. What is the meaning of this conduct, at a moment when the nation needs all its defenders?" "And pray who are you," asked my mother, "who come thus to annoy my family? Do you belong to the Convention?" "I have probably sufficient authority to talk to you as I do; but answer my question, and tell me why your husband has not been to the Section?"

My mother was going to cut him short, when the master of the hotel made her a sign which restrained her. "My husband was so ill on his arrival," replied she, "that he took to his bed immediately, as the master of the house can certify." The keeper of the hotel confirmed my mother's assertion, adding some civil words. The man of the Section then looked at the book.

"Why, I see," said he, "that he arrived on the 28th of Fructidor (September 15), that is nineteen days ago. What sort of illness is it? I should have had time to die and come to life again three times over; but that is nothing to the point; where is this citizen Permon? I must see him." "I have already told you that he is ill, citizen." "It is no time to be ill, when the country itself is in danger. Come, open the door." "You are either a madman or a monster!" exclaimed my mother, placing herself before the door of my father's room. "Wretch! stir not a step farther, or the consequences be upon your own head."

At this sharp address the man receded a few steps: my mother's look must have frightened him as much as he had alarmed her. While he hesitated, my mother told me in Greek to go immediately through the other room to my father, and endeavour to counteract the effect which this noise must have had upon him. I found my father much disturbed at the tumult which he had heard; the very cries of the sentries, after dark, had already alarmed him.

The nurse, who had not dared to leave him, told me that for above a quarter of an hour he had been wanting to know what this noise was about. I told him that it was a man belonging to the Section, who had come to set him down in the lists of the National Guard, but that on being informed of his illness he had desisted. I was induced to say so, because I heard no further altercation. My father looked steadfastly at me. "Is that quite true?" he asked. Knowing that a true account of this scene would be liable to cause a fatal crisis, I answered in the affirmative, and my mother's maid, who heard the whole, came in and supported me. My father did not believe it. I heard him utter the words, "Wretches! my poor country!" At length he asked for my mother. I went to fetch her, but in what a state did I find her!

For some years past my mother had been subject to nervous paroxysms, of a character the more alarming inasmuch as she never lost her consciousness, but continued in a dreadfully convulsed state for one or two hours. At such times she disliked to have anybody about her. On reaching the drawing-room I found her in tears, and in one of the most violent spasms.

General Bonaparte was with her, endeavouring to soothe her: he would not call any one, for fear of alarming my father. I hastened to bring a draught, which my mother always took in these fits, and which immediately calmed her. I rubbed her hands — I took her to the fire; and she was soon able to go to my father, who began to be extremely uneasy because she did not come.

General Bonaparte told me that on his arrival he found her on the point of attacking the assistant of the Section, to prevent his entering my father's chamber: fortunately, there was a double door. "I should be glad to spare your mother such scenes," said he. "I have not much in-

fluence; nevertheless, when I leave you, I will go myself to the Section; I will see the president, if possible, and settle the business at once. Paris is in a violent convulsion, especially since this morning. It is necessary to be very cautious in everything one does and in all one says. Your brother must not go out any more. Attend strictly to this, Mademoiselle Laurette, for your poor mother is in a sad state."

This was a dreadful night for my father. The disease made rapid progress, increased as it was by all that he heard, and that we could not keep from his knowledge. The next morning the drums were beat in the Section Lepelletier: it was impossible for us to deceive him in regard to that sound, with which he was but too well acquainted; and when M. Duchannois called to see him, he no longer concealed from us the danger of his situation.

My poor father perceived it before M. Duchannnois had uttered a word: no doubt he felt it too. Be this as it may, he desired to see M. Brunetière, and M. Renaudot, his notary. They were sent for. The streets were already very unsafe, and those gentlemen were not to be found. M. Brunetière was not in Paris, and M. Renaudot was from home. The tumult became very great at dusk: the theatres were nevertheless open. Indeed, we are a nation of lunatics!

On the morning of the 12th, Bonaparte, who had called according to custom, appeared to be lost in thought: he went out, came back, went out again, and again returned when we were at our dessert. I recollect that he ate a bunch of grapes, and took a large cup of coffee. "I breakfasted very late," said he, "at ——.[1] They talked politics there till I was quite tired of the subject. I will

[1] I believe it was at Bourrienne's, but I am not sure.

try to learn the news, and if I hear anything interesting I will come and tell you."

We did not see him again. The night was stormy, especially in our Section. The whole Rue de la Loi was studded with bayonets. General d'Agneau, who commanded the Sections, had called to see some one in the next house to ours, and one of the officers who were with him had expressed the most hostile disposition. Barricades were already erected in our street, but some officers of the National Guard ordered them to be removed.

The National Guard was the principal force of the Sections. Its grenadiers and its chasseurs, shopkeepers, and a few private individuals belonging to the party, these were the elements opposed to the troops of the line commanded by experienced generals such as Brune, Berruyer, Montchoisy, Verdier, and lastly Bonaparte.

On the morning of the 13th my father was very ill. It was impossible to expect M. Duchannois; our gratitude was the more ardent when we saw him arrive. He stayed nearly an hour with us: in anticipation of what might happen, he left directions as to what was to be done in case he should be out of the way when wanted; but he did not conceal from my brother and myself the effect which the events in prepration were likely to have on our unfortunate father.

"A few days ago," said he, "I began to have fresh hopes; but the affair of the day before yesterday, of which he was informed by his nurse" (the silly creature had related it to him after my departure, for the purpose of diverting his mind), "has brought on the fever again with redoubled violence. I dare not indulge the hope that he will be insensible to the commotion about to take place."

For some hours we flattered ourselves that matters would be adjusted between the Convention and the

rebels; but about half-past four the firing of cannon began. Scarcely was the first discharge heard before it was answered from all quarters. The effect on my poor father was terrible and immediate. He gave a piercing shriek, called for assistance, and was seized with the most violent delirium.

To no purpose did we administer the draughts prescribed for him by M. Duchannois. All the scenes of the Revolution passed in review before him, and every discharge that he heard was a blow as if it struck him personally. What a day! what an evening! what a night! Every pane of glass was broken to pieces. Towards evening the Section fell back upon our quarter: the fighting was continued almost under our windows; but when it had reached Saint Roch, and particularly the Théâtre de la République, we imagined that the house was tumbling about our ears.

My father was in the agonies of death: he cried aloud; he wept. Never — no, never — shall I suffer what I did during that terrible night! When we heard barricades forming in the Rue de la Loi, we gave ourselves up for lost. Patrols passed to and fro in all directions: they belonged to all parties; for, in truth, on that disastrous day there were more than two.

We were forced to tell my father all. We had at first thought of passing it off as a festival, as salutes of rejoicing. As he was exceedingly debilitated by his long and painful illness, we should perhaps have made him believe this, but for the indiscretion of his nurse; in short, he knew all. I loved my father with extreme affection; I adored my mother. I saw one expiring from the effect of the thunders of the cannon; while the other, extended on the foot of his deathbed, seemed ready to follow him.

Next day tranquillity was restored, we were told, in

Paris. It was then that we could perceive the havoc which a few hours had made in the condition of my father. M. Duchannois came in the morning. My father wished to speak to him alone. He then desired my mother to be sent for. Suddenly I heard a violent scream. I ran to my father's chamber: my mother was in one of her most dreadful nervous paroxysms. She motioned to me to call Josephine, her maid, to take her away. Her face, always so beautiful, was quite distorted. Till that day she had flattered herself: her hopes had just been utterly destroyed.

I can scarcely give any account of the 14th. My father's state, which hourly grew worse, left me no other faculty than that of suffering and trying to impart a little fortitude to my poor mother. Towards evening Bonaparte came for a moment; he found me in tears. When he learned the cause his cheerful and open countenance suddenly changed.

"I should like to see Madame Permon," said he. I was going to fetch my mother, who entered at that moment; she knew no more than I how important a part Bonaparte had played on that great day. "Oh!" said my mother, weeping, "they have killed him. You, Napoleon, can feel for my distress! Do you recollect that, on the first of Prairial, when you came to sup with me, you told me that you had just prevented Barras from bombarding Paris? Do you recollect it? For my part," continued she, "I have not forgotten it."

I never knew what effect this address had on Bonaparte; many persons have alleged that he always regretted that day. Be this as it may, he was exceedingly kind to my mother in these moments of affliction, though himself in circumstances that could not but outweigh all other interests: he was like a son, like a brother.

My poor father languished for two more days. We

lost him on the 17th of Vendémiaire.[1] To me he was more than a father: he was a friend, such as friendship very rarely furnishes,— indulgent without weakness. My brother was overwhelmed with grief. He, too, had lost a friend still young in my father. He had been educated by him, and owed him a large debt of gratitude for having been so brought up. As for my mother, she was long inconsolable, in the real signification of the word; she had that affection for my father which causes one to mourn sincerely the loss of the person who has been the object of it.

[1] 8th of October, 1795.

CHAPTER XVII.

My brother, as soon as he was certain of our definitive return to Paris, had set about seeking a house where we could all live together, and where we might be able to accommodate my sister when she should come to Paris. All these plans were destined to be cruelly frustrated. As soon as our new habitation was ready my mother hastened to leave the Hôtel de l'Autriche, to escape the painful recollections which are inseparable from a residence in a place where a distressing event has recently occurred. The house to which we removed was situated in the Chausée d'Antin; it was the small hotel, or rather the small house (everybody knows that all the houses in this part of the Chaussée d'Antin were nothing more, anterior to the Revolution), of M. de Varnachan, formerly a farmer-general of taxes; it was commodious, and its small appearance was a recommendation at a time when all were striving to make as little show as possible, and to conceal their wealth.

We now learned with astonishment the good fortune which had befallen Bonaparte. My mother, absorbed by her grief, had not a thought to bestow on any singularity which the conduct of the young General might present when compared with his own words; she even saw him again without having the inclination to remind him of it. For the rest, a great change had taken place in Bonaparte, and the change in regard to attention to his person was

not the least remarkable. One of the things to which my mother had a particular dislike was the smell of wet dirty boots put to the fire to dry; to her this smell was so unpleasant that she frequently left the room, and did not return till the boots had been thoroughly dried and removed from the fire; but this was followed by another, namely, the creaking noise produced by the dry sole, to which I also have a great antipathy.

In those disastrous times, when it was a matter of luxury to ride in a hackney-coach, it may easily be conceived that those who had but sufficient to pay the price of a dinner did not take great delight in splashing others, but retained sufficient philosophy to soil their shoes or boots by walking. My mother admitted the justice of the remark, but she nevertheless held her perfumed handkerchief to her nose whenever Bonaparte placed his little feet upon the fender. He at length perceived this, and, being at that time exceedingly afraid of displeasing my mother, he would prevail upon our maid to brush his boots before he came in. These trifling details, which are nothing in themselves, become interesting when we recollect the man to whom they relate.

After the 13th of Vendémiaire (4th October) muddy boots were out of the question. Bonaparte never went out but in a handsome carriage, and he lived in a very respectable house, Rue des Capucines.[1] In short, he had become a necessary and important personage, and all as if by magic; he came every day to see us, with the same kindness and the same familiarity; sometimes, but very rarely, he brought along with him one of his aides-de-camp, either Junot or Muiron; at other times his uncle

[1] M. de Bourrienne is mistaken. The house, which was long the head-quarters of the division, is by the side of the house which he mentions in the Rue des Capucines. Marshal Mortier lodged there while he commanded the division.

Fesch, a man of the mildest manners and most even temper.

One of the persons who came very often with Bonaparte was named Chauvet. I do not recollect precisely what he was, but this I know, that Bonaparte was very fond of him, and that he was a man of gentle disposition and very ordinary conversation.

At this period famine prevailed in Paris in a greater degree than anywhere else: there was a real want of bread, and other kinds of provisions began no longer to find their way to the city. This was the effect of a plan of insurrection. The distress was dreadful. The discredit of the assignats increased with the general misery. Labouring people ceased to work, and died in their garrets, or went and joined the bands of robbers and vagabonds which began to collect in the provinces. In Paris itself we were not free from them.

Bonaparte was at that time of great assistance to us. We had white bread for our own consumption; but our servants had only that of the Section, and this was unwholesome and barely eatable. Bonaparte sent us daily some ammunition bread, which we very often ate with great pleasure. I know not what Madame de Bourrienne means when she talks of a circumstance connected with a loaf of this sort, which happened at her house; but this I can affirm, because Bonaparte thought fit to associate me with himself in the good which he did, that at the period in question he saved more than a hundred families from perishing.

He caused wood and bread to be distributed among them at their own homes; this his situation enabled him to do. I have been charged by him to give these bounties to more than ten unfortunate families who were starving. Most of them lived in the Rue Saint Nicolas, very near our house. That street was then inhabited only by the

most indigent people: whoever has not ascended to their garrets can have no conception of real wretchedness.

One day, when Bonaparte came to dine with my mother, he was stopped on alighting from his carriage by a woman who held a dead infant in her arms. It was the youngest of her six children. Her husband, a slater by trade, had been accidentally killed, three months before, while at work on the roof of the Tuileries. Nearly two months' wages were due to him. His widow could not obtain payment. Her poor little infant had just expired from want of nourishment; it was not yet cold. She saw a man, whose dress was covered with gold, alight at our door almost every day, and came to ask him for bread, "that her other children might not share the fate of the youngest," she said; "and if nobody will give me anything, I must even take them all five and drown myself with them."

This was not an unmeaning expression, for suicides were then daily occurrences; indeed, nothing was talked of but tragic deaths. Be this as it may, Bonaparte that day came into my mother's with a look of sadness, which he retained all dinner-time. He had, for the moment, given a few assignats to the unhappy woman. After we had left the table he begged my mother to cause some inquiry to be made concerning her. I undertook the office. All she said was true; and, moreover, this poor mother was an honest and virtuous woman.

Bonaparte, in the first place, obtained payment of the arrears due to her husband, and a little pension was afterwards granted to her. Her name was Marianne Huvé. She lived for a long time near our house. She had four girls, whom she brought up like a good mother. Two of them frequently came to do needlework for us: they always expressed the most profound gratitude to *The General*, as they called him. If I have been so particular

in this story, which is of little importance in itself, it is for the purpose of exhibiting this fact in opposition to that recorded by Madame Bourrienne, with reference to a dinner at her house, at which Bonaparte and his brother Louis were present.

It was some time before we were quite settled. My mother was quiet enough when she was in furnished lodgings, and a mere bird of passage, as it were, in a town; but when a permanent establishment was in question she became of all women the most difficult to please. She had formed a plan for furnishing her house, half Asiatic, half French, which was the most delightful of inventions. She had already written to Leghorn for the carpets.

Notwithstanding my youth, my brother talked to me on a subject which could no longer be put off. This was our situation; it was frightful. The seals were removed; my father's papers were examined; nothing was found. My father had left absolutely no money.

"Left nothing!" said I to my brother; "and the money carried to England?" "There is no memorandum of it, no trace whatever. My father, since he came to Bordeaux, always paid for everything; he had money for current expenses. On removing to Paris he did not say a word to Brunetière. My mother, as you well know, never talked to him about money matters. As for me, if he said nothing about them in England, he was not more communicative here." My mother was my first thought. "Good God! Albert," said I, "she will not survive it: this state of destitution will put an end to her life!"

My brother and I then agreed to conceal from my mother, at least for some time, the dreadful state of our affairs. We had still something in the Funds and some ready money. My brother had also some of his own,

given to him by my father, that he might make the most of it. At that period everybody tried this method of making money. "Bonaparte is attached to us," said my brother; "he will get me an appointment. All that I earn shall be for my mother and you; but for the present let us conceal from her what has happened; she has no need of new afflictions."

When the political troubles broke out, and my father proposed to place his fortune beyond the reach of danger, he spoke to my mother, in confidence, on the subject. My mother received the communication in like manner, without comprehending anything of the matter; only, at my father's death, she made sure that, after the payment of my sister's dowry, we should have a decent fortune left; but as she had brought no dowry herself, she did not expect any share in the division of the property. "My children," said she to us, "I had nothing when your father married me; to him I owe everything; of course, all is yours. Only," added she, with her winning smile, holding out her arms to us, "you will give me a place by your fireside?"

It was no easy matter to complete my mother's establishment. She would not have thought herself properly lodged had she not possessed a number of accessories unknown at the present day, notwithstanding the catalogue of gewgaws which people agree to call curiosities. Removed to France at the conclusion of the reign of Louis XV., my mother had begun a new existence amidst numberless luxuries, habits which had become for her wants of a second nature. Never had the French been more inventive than at that period: never had all sorts of gratifications of sense been so multiplied, in order to surround woman with their refined elegance. We fancy that we have made improvements in this way, and we are egregiously mistaken: a lady who had an income of

forty thousand livres fifty years ago lived better than one at the present day who expends two hundred thousand. All that she then had about her cannot be enumerated: there was a profusion of charming trifles, the very uses of which are lost, and for which we have no substitutes.

The establishment of a lady of fashion never comprised fewer than two *femmes-de-chambre,* and almost always a *valet-de-chambre* for indoor service. A bath was indispensable, for an elegant woman did not pass two days without bathing; and then there were perfumes in abundance; the finest cambrics, the most costly laces for every season were on the toilet-table, or in the amber-scented baskets in which the articles requisite for the toilet of a wealthy female were in the first instance deposited. This folly extended to everything.

The furnishing also constituted a material item in the expenses of a woman. The apartments were expected to be very cool, very fragrant with flowers in summer, and very warm in winter. As soon as the cold weather set in, Aubusson carpets, several inches thick, were laid down. A lady, on retiring at night to her bedchamber, found it warmed by a large fire; long draperies fell before the double windows; and the bed, surrounded by thick and ample curtains, was an asylum where she might prolong her night without danger of having her slumbers broken by the return of day.

When my mother was settled in her new habitation she took delight in arranging every object, and in furnishing her bedroom and drawing-room according to her own fancy. In vain did her upholsterer recommend kerseymere and muslin; she told him that she did not wish to look like the wife of a contractor to the Republic, who made up into furniture the bad cloth which he had not been able to dispose of.

I recollect that long after this time much was said in

Paris of a house which Bertaud, I believe, had just fitted up. It was, we were told, the wonder of wonders. People went to see it without being known to the owner of the house. My mother, who was annoyed by this, one day told Admiral Magon, one of our intimate friends, that she was determined to go and see the house in question. The owner was his banker; the thing, therefore, was easy. We chose a day when the beautiful mistress was absent, and the Admiral escorted us. I was lost in astonishment; and I must confess that I admired both the taste and arrangement of all I saw. But my mother had no mercy. She looked round the apartment for those things which constitute the charm of our dwellings, and which are strewn in orderly disorder over the furniture of the room. The value of these objects ought to make you forgive their presence. Thus a Chinese basket of ivory will contain female work. Scissors and thimbles will lie beside it. These must be of gold, surrounded with enamel or fine pearls. "Rich smelling-bottles, beautiful *nécessaires*, ought all to be here," said my mother. "Of course this room is never inhabited."

When we had reached home, I was astonished that, on finding myself in our own convenient habitation, I did not regret the fairy palace which I had just seen. As for my mother, it was never possible to make her confess that this house was an admirable thing. "It is a pretty knick-knack, and that is all," she would reply. But when she was told what it had cost, she was ready to jump out of her easy-chair.

"I would fit up twenty houses like that," cried she, "and you should see what a difference there would be. What matters it to luxury, ornament, and convenience, to all those things indispensable in the furnishing and fitting up of a habitation, that the furniture of a salon, in which you never live, should be of rosewood or mahog-

any? Would it not be better if the money which those arm-chairs have cost had been employed in giving them a richer cover and a new shape, since they must have one, and in rendering them more commodious, and not likely to break one's arms?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

My mother's mourning was deep ; etiquette required absolute solitude, which preyed daily more and more upon her naturally delicate health. M. Duchannois told her one day that, in the circumstances in which she was placed, decorum might require her not to go into company, but that she ought to take some amusement. In consequence, he recommended her to hire a box at one of the theatres, and to go to it in the most profound incognito ; she might listen to good music, surrounded by friends ; and their attentions, and her soul wrapt in a soft lethargy, would cause her to forget her griefs for a few hours at least. My mother accordingly took a box at the Feydeau, where she passed an hour or two every evening. Bonaparte never missed coming thither. He was not fond of French music, and, to confess the truth, the notes of Madame Scio and Gaveaux-Bouche [1] were not calculated to give him a liking for it.

About this time Bonaparte had a strange conference with my mother, so strange, indeed, that even to this day I cannot suppress a smile whenever I think of it. One day Bonaparte told my mother that he had to propose a marriage which should unite the two families. "It is," added he, "between Paulette and Permon. Permon has some fortune." (It was not then known that we had found nothing at my father's death.) "My sister has

[1] He had a very wide mouth, and was so called to distinguish him from Gavaudan.

nothing, but I am in a condition to obtain much for those belonging to me, and I can get a good place for her husband. This alliance would make me happy. You know what a pretty girl my sister is. My mother is your friend. Come, say 'Yes,' and the business shall be settled." My mother said neither yes nor no; she replied that my brother was of age, that she should not influence him either one way or the other, and that all depended on his own will.

Bonaparte confessed that Permon was so remarkable a young man that, though only twenty-five, he had maturity and abilities which would qualify him for public employments. Thus far what General Bonaparte said was natural and suitable. It related to a match between a young female of sixteen and a young man of twenty-five. This young man was supposed to possess an income of ten thousand livres; he had an agreeable person; painted like Vernet, whose pupil he was; played on the harp much better than Krumpholtz, his master; spoke English, Italian, and modern Greek, as well as French; wrote verses like an angel; transacted business with a facility and intelligence which distinguished him among those who were connected with him in the Army of the South. Such was the man whom Bonaparte demanded for his sister, a beautiful creature, it is true, and a good girl, but nothing more.

To all that I have just said of my brother might be added that he was the best of sons, exemplary in his duties as a member of society, as well as in those of a friend, a brother, and a kinsman. I shall perhaps be charged with letting my heart run away with my pen, and listening too much to its suggestions. No, I am not swayed by prejudice; what I say of my brother is nothing but the strictest truth. There are still left many of his friends, of his relatives, to whom he was a great bene-

factor; let them answer the appeal of such as have not known him, and who wish to learn whether my eulogy of him is true; and let them do it without being restrained by that silly and ridiculous vanity which frequently prevents people from acknowledging, "There is the man to whom I owe everything!"

Such, then, was my brother when Bonaparte proposed to my mother a match between him and Mademoiselle Pauline Bonaparte, called by her family and all her friends "*Pretty Paulette.*" This proposal he followed up by the plan of a second alliance between me and Louis or Jerome. "Jerome is younger than Laurette," said my mother, laughing. "Indeed, my dear Napoleon, you are acting the high priest to-day; you are marrying everybody, even in their teens."

Bonaparte laughed too, but with an air of embarrassment. He admitted that when he got up that morning a marriage-breeze had blown upon him; and, to prove it, he added, kissing my mother's hand, that he had made up his mind to ask her to commence the union of the two families by a marriage between him and herself, as soon as a regard to decency would permit.

My mother has frequently related to me this extraordinary scene, so that I am as well acquainted with it as if I had been the principal actress in it. She eyed Bonaparte for some seconds with an astonishment bordering upon stupefaction; and then burst into so hearty a laugh that we heard her in the next room, where there were three or four of us.

Bonaparte was at first much vexed at this manner of receiving a proposal which appeared to him quite natural. My mother, who perceived it, hastened to explain herself, and told him that it was she, on the contrary, who in this affair played, at least in her own eyes, a perfectly ridiculous part.

"My dear Napoleon," said she, when she had done laughing, "let us talk seriously. You fancy you are acquainted with my age. The truth is, you know nothing about it. I shall not tell it you, because it is one of my little weaknesses. I shall merely say that I am old enough to be, not only your mother, but Joseph's too. Spare me this kind of joke; it distresses me, coming from you."

Bonaparte assured her, over and over again, that he was serious; that the age of the woman whom he should marry was indifferent to him, if, like herself, she did not appear to be past thirty; that he had maturely considered the proposal which he had just made to her; and he added these very remarkable words: "I am determined to marry. They want to give me a woman who is charming, good-tempered, agreeable, and who belongs to the Faubourg St. Germain. My Paris friends are in favour of this match. My old friends dissuade me from it. For my own part, I wish to marry, and what I propose to you suits me in many respects. Think about it."

My mother broke off the conversation, telling him, laughingly, that for her own part she had no occasion to think any further; but, as to what concerned my brother, she would speak to him about it, and communicate his answer on the Tuesday following — it was then Saturday. She gave him her hand, and repeated, still laughing, that though she had some pretensions, they did not aspire so high as to conquer the heart of a man of twenty-six, and that she hoped their friendship would not be interrupted by this little affair.

"At any rate, think of it," said Bonaparte.

"Well, well, I will think of it," replied my mother, laughing as heartily as before.

I was too young to be made acquainted with this conversation at the time when it occurred. It was not till

Jerome Bonaparte.

Photo-Etching. — After the Engraving by Read.

my marriage that my mother related to me the particulars here detailed. My brother made a note of this singular affair. Had Bonaparte's overtures been accepted, he would never have become what he afterwards was.

When Junot heard of it he told us that the thing appeared less extraordinary to him than to us. About the 4th of October Bonaparte had got himself appointed to some committee of war; I know not what the appointment was, but it was no great thing. His plans, his schemes, had all one object, one direction, which tended towards the East. The name of Comnena might have a powerful interest for an imagination that was eminently creative; the name of Calomeros joined to that of Comnena might be of great service to him. "The great secret of all these matches lay in that idea," thought Junot; and I think so too.

A cousin of my mother, named Dimo Stephanopoli, had shortly before arrived from Corsica and applied to her to assist him in obtaining employment and promotion. This carries me back to a period of which I cannot help having a disagreeable recollection, since it reminds me of an unpleasant scene, which set Bonaparte at variance for ever with my mother, — a circumstance which I cannot forbear deploring whenever the consequences of this circumstance, so simple in itself, occur to my memory.

It was, as I have said, on a Saturday that Bonaparte had the conversation which I have just detailed with my mother. On the preceding Wednesday, when my mother had a party to dinner, she had spoken to General Bonaparte in behalf of her cousin Stephanopoli, begging that he would get him admitted into the Guard of the Convention. He was five feet nine inches high (French measure); his head was rather too small for that tall stature, but he had handsome features. In short, there was certainly not a regiment but would have been glad

to make such an acquisition. This Bonaparte admitted when my mother remarked it, on introducing her cousin to him: he promised a speedy and, above all, a favourable answer.

On Friday my mother asked the General if he had thought of her recommendation. "You cannot doubt it," replied Bonaparte. "I have the promise of the Minister of War: there is but one step more to take, which I purpose doing to-morrow, and then I will bring you the commission."

The next day was the unlucky Saturday. My mother asked where was the commission; "for," said she, "I look upon it as *mine*." He answered under the influence of what had just passed between them, and though there was no asperity in his words, still he did not appear to be so well disposed as on the preceding day.

"Napoleon," said my mother, laughingly, "there are two persons in you at this moment. Continue, I entreat you, to be the man whom I love and esteem, and, above all, do not let the other get the better of you." Bonaparte was at the table at this moment by the side of my mother. He frowned, and pushed his plate sharply from him. "Why be angry?" said my mother, mildly.

"You mistake the real cause of my anger," replied Bonaparte. "I am angry with myself. This is Quintidi, and nothing done. But rely upon me for to-morrow." Out of delicacy my mother did not insist upon that day, though she had a good mind to do so. The same evening she spoke to my brother on the subject of the morning's conversation. My brother answered "No." Reasons foreign to these memoirs prevented his accepting the proposal.

On Monday morning General Bonaparte called to see my mother; he was on horseback, and surrounded by a numerous staff. He appeared in high spirits, and said

a number of amiable and even flattering things to my mother. That very morning Dimo Stephanopoli had written his cousin a long and ridiculous letter (I beg his pardon), in which he complained bitterly of the delay of his appointment, which he seemed to lay to the charge of my mother. At the moment when General Bonaparte was kissing her hand, and praising its whiteness, she snatched it from his with violence, and asked whether the commission was at last made out. The General replied that it was not, but that it was promised him for the *morrow*.

This was an unlucky expression; my mother would not have been so much vexed by it if he had not twice repeated it since the commencement of the affair. "What does this mean?" she asked, contracting her two little brows into a frown, and looking at Bonaparte with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks. "What does this mean? Is it a wager, is it a hoax, or is it ill-will? In that case it would have been much more simple to refuse me at first. I dare say I should have found friends who would have served me."

"Nothing of the kind you have mentioned, Madame Permon," replied Bonaparte; "important business has taken up every moment of my time."

"Every moment of your time! Don't tell me such absurdities! And what can be the important business which prevents you from keeping your word? Is this the custom which you have nowadays adopted in your new military code?"

Bonaparte turned crimson, which he was not in the habit of doing. "You are rather too severe, Madame Permon."

"Not half severe enough. You want a good shake to waken you from the dream into which the grandeurs of your Republic have lulled you."

The conversation, which had at first been general, was suspended, and the most profound silence prevailed; both of them were ruffled. Chauvet, who, owing to his friendship for both, could do more than any other to restore peace, made an attempt, and addressed two or three words to my mother; but she was in such a passion that she did not hear what was said. She declared that "she felt herself affronted."

Twenty times had General Bonaparte given his word (this is quite true) that the commission had been granted, and that some trivial formality depending on himself was the sole cause of the delay. She had explained to him how important it was, for family reasons, that Dimo Stephanopoli should have his commission. General Bonaparte knew all this, and day after day, promise after promise, the time had run away and nothing was done. "Could an enemy have served me worse?" continued my mother, becoming more animated as she spoke. "In this manner he prevented the steps which I might otherwise have taken. I trusted to him, in short, and —"

"You are too warm just now not to be unjust, Madame Permon," said General Bonaparte, taking up his hat to go away. "To-morrow I hope to find you more calm, and consequently more reasonable."

Bonaparte approached my mother, and took her hand to kiss it; but she was so irritated that she drew it from him with violence. In this movement she hit him upon the eye with such force as to give him pain.

"You cannot make reparation for what is past," said she, haughtily. "What is done, is done; with me words are nothing, actions everything. But fare you well. Recollect that if I be not a Corsican by family, I was born in Corsica."

"The remembrance of that will always be agreeable to me, Madame Panoria. But I have no apprehension on

that account. Give me, therefore, your hand, and let us be reconciled." He advanced and whispered to my mother, at the same time stooping to take her hand, "Those young folks are laughing at us. We look like two children."

My mother drew back her hand, and folded her arms with a disdainful smile. Bonaparte looked at her for a moment, as if to solicit a change, which he evidently wished for. When he saw that she showed no disposition to relent, he made a motion, which was rather an expression of impatience than a bow, and hastily withdrew.

"For God's sake," said Chauvet, "don't part thus! Let me call him back, Madame Permon, I entreat you. You have hurt his feelings. It was wrong to talk to him in that manner before his aides-de-camp. See how slowly he goes downstairs; he expects, I am certain, to be called back."

My mother's disposition was excellent, and she had an advantage that is very rare in a woman: when she was in the wrong she would admit it. But whether, at this moment, her self-love was too deeply wounded, or whether she actually thought she was not in the wrong on this occasion, she would not allow Chauvet to call back Bonaparte.

"See how obstinate he is on his side!" said my mother. "He is wrong, but nothing would induce him to recede a single step. Why, then, would you have me take that retrograde step?" A servant presently came to say that the General wished to speak with M. Chauvet. "Go, my dear Chauvet," said my mother, giving him her hand; "go. Do not condemn me; I am not to blame."

My brother was absent during this unfortunate scene. Had he been there, I am sure that it would not have happened, or that he would have given a different turn to

the affair. When I related the particulars to him in the evening, by desire of my mother (for she could not yet talk of it without being in a passion), he was exceedingly vexed.

I know not whether it was the same day or the following that we saw Fesch. His disposition was kind, mild, and extremely conciliating; he too was much grieved at this quarrel between my mother and his nephew, and endeavoured to reconcile them; but there were two obstacles, the more difficult to be removed inasmuch as one of them was known only to my mother and Bonaparte, and the other to himself alone. The latter was perhaps the more important of the two. It arose, as Chauvet had anticipated, from what he had suffered on finding himself treated like a schoolboy who had just left Brienne, in the presence of officers who as yet knew but little about him. Had there been none present but Junot, Chauvet, or some others, he would have been the first to laugh at a thing which now severely mortified him.

The other point, which had also a very active part in the whole affair, was the state of ill-humour and hostility in which Bonaparte had been ever since the preceding Saturday. However, be this as it may, the rupture was complete. We were several days without seeing him; he then called one evening when he knew that we were at the theatre, and at last he stayed away altogether. We learned shortly afterwards from his uncle and Chauvet that he was going to marry Madame de Beauharnais, and that he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy. We saw him once more before his departure, on a distressing occasion.

CHAPTER XIX.

I HAVE mentioned the reasons which induced my mother to entertain company during our residence at Toulouse. One day when she had invited several persons, among whom was M. de Regnier, Commandant of the place, one of the most assiduous of our friends, he sent, about half an hour before dinner-time, to excuse himself. He wrote to my mother that "one of his friends, charged with a mission to him, had just arrived; that he was obliged to do the honours of the staff of the place, and could not leave him." My mother's answer will easily be guessed; she begged him to come and to bring his friend along with him.

"An Adjutant-General, a friend of Regnier," said my mother, "that must be some old buffer like himself, who will be very dull. Farewell to our plan of music, my young friends" (my brother had just then leave of absence to come to pay us a short visit); "but we have one resource, and that is, to make him play at *reversi*. An old officer of infantry is sure to know how to play at cards — ay, and how to cheat too."

My mother was the more surprised when she saw M. de Regnier followed by a young man of genteel appearance, having a handsome face, and the manners of very good society, which at the period in question was an uncommon thing. After dinner the music, so far from being abandoned, was, on the contrary, carried into execution at the request of M. de Geouffre, who was already

persuaded that none but celestial sounds could issue from the mouth of my sister.

Since leaving the convent of the Dames de la Croix, my sister had become a charming creature. Her features were not regular when examined separately; indeed, there was nothing pleasing in them; but they formed altogether a whole so sweet, so graceful, so much in harmony with the rest of her person, that on seeing her it was impossible to help exclaiming, "What a delightful girl!" Large dark blue eyes, with long thick eyelashes, rosy cheeks, teeth perfectly white, the finest auburn hair I ever saw, a slender, elegant figure, — these advantages, which are by no means exaggerated, greatly outweighed Cecile's external defects, and caused you to overlook too wide a mouth, too long a nose, and hands and arms too large for her height.

But my sister had, moreover, what is invaluable in a woman, — namely, a charm diffused over her whole person by an air of mild melancholy which rendered her adorable. She possessed an excellent temper and good understanding. All these things combined to form a halo, which enveloped that bright sweet face of sixteen, on which you were quite surprised never to catch more than a transient smile. Cecile would have been distinguished in the world had it been fortunate enough to retain her.

The day on which M. de Geouffre was introduced was one of her *smiling* days, as we called them. I see her still, notwithstanding the many years that have since fled, dressed as she was on that day. She wore a frock of rose-coloured crape, laced behind, showing to perfection her slender waist, and floating around her like a roseate cloud. The sleeves were tight, and trimmed at the bottom with white blonde, forming ruffles. Her shoulders and bosom, which were delicately fair, were

seen through a *fichu* of Chambery gauze, likewise trimmed with white blonde. A pink ribbon passing through her hair formed a bow on one side. On seeing her thus attired, it was impossible to avoid being struck by the graceful harmony between her bright youthful face and this costume, equally bright and youthful. It made a deep impression upon M. de Geouffre. In the evening we had music. My sister, a pupil of Herrmann, was an excellent performer on the piano; she played two duets with my brother: she sang, and the evening passed away as by enchantment.

M. de Geouffre was not proof against her charms. He became so enamoured of my sister that before he left our house he felt that his future happiness depended on one of its inmates. M. de Geouffre remained at Toulouse, and forwarded his despatches by an officer to the head-quarters of General Dugommier, by whom he was sent. He called upon us next day, and again the day afterwards; my mother, who immediately perceived the drift of his visits, durst not say anything, but she was uneasy.

At length M. de Geouffre prevailed upon M. de Regnier to speak for him, though the latter felt extreme repugnance to do so, for he was acquainted with my father's sentiments, and though my mother was infinitely more moderate, yet M. de Regnier did not conceal from his friend the certainty that there would be a tacit agreement between them not to give their daughter to an officer of the Republican army. As he had foreseen, my father's first word was a refusal, as well as my mother's.

"And what have you to object against him?" said Regnier; "he is of a good family. I have proved to you that he belongs to the Geouffres of the Limousin; several of that family served in Champagne and Burgundy, and have emigrated. He possesses a good fortune and a fine

estate near Brives-la-Gaillarde; he holds a distinguished rank for his age; he is highly respected in the army, and Dugommier promises to do great things for him. He is, besides, a handsome man, which is no drawback in an affair of marriage. Lastly, he is a man of sound understanding. Come, Madame Permon, be persuaded."

My mother admitted the truth of all this, but still said *No;* nor did she change her mind. Soon after, M. de Geouffre arrived at Toulouse to take the command of the military division. It was General Dugommier who, out of friendship for him, and wishing to facilitate his marriage, thus placed him in a situation to follow up his suit more effectually. Accordingly, when he was at Toulouse, his personal solicitations were joined to those of M. de Regnier. He also interested in his behalf a family with whom we were very intimate, that of Peytes de Moncabrié.

Madame de Moncabrié was the first to project a plan which nobody had thought of, how strange soever it may appear, excepting perhaps M. de Geouffre — still, it was nothing more than conjecture. This excellent woman wrote immediately to Madame de Saint Ange, who came without delay. She said nothing to my mother, but watched Cecile. She soon perceived that my sister was attacked by a nervous disease which might prove fatal.

"Panoria," said she one morning to my mother, "when do you marry Cecile?" "What a question!" replied my mother. "You know perfectly well that I have refused." "Have you noticed the girl? have you seen how she is altered? do you know that you are accountable for what she suffers?" "Kalli," said my mother, who was strongly excited, "I leave you to manage your family as you please; let me beg you not to interfere with mine." "Is that the tone you assume? Well, then, I will tell

you, with my habitual bluntness, that you are not a good mother." "Kalli!" "Yes, you are not a good mother. Send for your daughter; ask Loulou how her sister passes the night, and you will alter your tone a little."

I was questioned, and obliged to confess that my sister wept a great deal; but she had so strictly forbidden me to mention it that I had been forced to be silent. My mother burst into tears in her turn: my sister was called. The fact is, that the poor girl loved as well as she was loved, but she durst not say a word about it before my mother, of whom she was exceedingly afraid, because, though a good mother, she was to her a very severe one.

My father was too ill to be talked to on the subject; my brother was far from us; I was too young for such a topic of conversation. Madame de Moncabrié was, in her virtuous kindness, the angel who guessed the secret that would ultimately have killed the poor girl. "You wish for this marriage?" said my mother: "well, then, it shall take place." Accordingly, in a month, my sister, having become Madame de Geouffre, was settled at the Hôtel Spinola, the headquarters of the military division which her husband commanded.

It is difficult to conceive a happiness more complete than that of my sister during the first months of her marriage. She was formed to feel it, and accordingly she fully enjoyed it. It was disturbed by one thing only, and that was the idea that her husband might be called from her into the field. It was to no purpose to tell her that the elevated rank which he held he owed solely to his presence in the field of battle, and to several wounds from which he had recovered; she replied to it all by tears only, and begged in a timid voice that her husband would send in his resignation. He demonstrated to her with a smile that the thing was impossible; that his

army was engaged in active warfare, and that it would be compromising his honour.

At length peace between France and Spain was signed, and my sister, who was about to become a mother, made a fresh attempt, which was more successful. Her husband, who was passionately fond of her, solicited his dismissal with as much ardour as at that time others solicited appointments. All his friends dissuaded him from this step, which, in fact, blasted his future prospects. It was from this same Army of the Eastern Pyrenees that, a few months afterwards, Bonaparte selected the multitude of superior officers who formed the nucleus of the Army of Italy, and all of whom were comrades of my brother-in-law. Such were Augereau, Lanusse, Lannes, Marbot, Bessières, Duphot, Clausel, etc. His destiny would not have been different from theirs; but he yielded to the entreaties of his wife, and they retired to their estate at Objat, near Brives-la-Gaillarde. Thus, at the age of only twenty-four, he returned to civil life, and shut himself out for ever from a career which he had so brilliantly begun.

When my sister left Toulouse she was five months advanced in pregnancy. At her departure she asked my mother's blessing in the most affecting manner. She felt convinced, she said, that she should not survive her accouchement. Her presentiment was, alas! but too well founded. My sister was brought to bed towards the end of January, 1795, soon after the death of my father. My brother-in-law had communicated to us this event, which is always attended with apprehensions for a young wife who is confined for the first time, with a joy proportionate to his happiness. Cecile had given him a fine boy, and intended to nurse him herself. "My wife is so well," wrote M. de Geouffre, "that she is already talking about carrying her Adolphe to her mother to receive her

blessing. She is more charming than ever, with a colour like that of a rose. You may conceive, my dear mamma, the intense joy of all around her, so dearly is she loved." The rest of the letter contained the particulars of the event, which had been fortunate in every respect. It took place on the 23rd, and the letter reached us on the 27th of January.

On the 1st of February my mother and I were with my brother, who had the second floor to himself. He had caught a violent cold, and we had dined in his room, that he might not expose himself to the cold air. My mother was seated on his sofa; she had placed my brother in a large easy-chair, and was laughing like a child at the thought that, if my brother was married, as she wished him to be within six months (she had a very good match in view for him), I might also be some time afterwards. "Now the game is begun," said she, "I see no reason why I may not be grandmother to twenty or thirty children." At length she ceased laughing. "Cecile must be a charming young mother," said she, with emotion; "I should like to see her in her new functions."

My mother was very changeable in her impressions. When talking of herself as a grandmother, the idea had tickled her so much that she had laughed till she cried. But the moment her imagination presented to her affectionate soul the picture of the infant who had made her a grandmother, pressed to the bosom of her daughter, and imbibing life at that source, her eyes ran over, and she fell into a kind of reverie, which my brother and I took good care not to interrupt. It was nine o'clock: all was quiet, for at that period equipages were rare in Paris, and our quarter, independently of that, was then very lonely. We all three kept silence, which was broken only by a soft and monotonous tune, which my

mother hummed in a low tone: you would have supposed that she was lulling an infant to sleep. She was thinking of Cecile and her little Adolphe.

All at once there was a knock at the gate, given with such force as to make us start. My brother and I burst out into a laugh. "That knock makes me ill," said my mother, pressing her hand to her forehead. "What unmannerly person can be knocking in that way at this time of night?" We heard the gate shut, and presently heavy steps on the pavement. My brother rang the bell, and a letter which the postman had just brought was put into his hand. "Ah!" said Albert, "news from Cecile! It is from Brives, and Geouffre's handwriting." "Whom can he have lost?" I exclaimed, the black seal of the letter having caught my eye. In asking this question, to which I attached no importance, I raised my eyes to my brother: he was pale and excessively agitated. "What says Geouffre in that letter?" said my mother, rising, and going up to my brother, whose sudden emotion revealed to her a disaster. "My sister has been ill, but she is better now," replied Albert, in a tremulous tone. My mother snatched the letter, cast her eyes on it, gave a frightful shriek, and sank upon her knees. My poor sister was dead!

None can form any conception of our anguish but those who have lost objects whom they dearly loved, in a manner equally unexpected: neither can language describe or express it. My mother was very ill for several days. The death of my sister would at any time have deeply afflicted her; but at the moment when she had become a mother, at the moment when the tomb had scarcely closed over our father! And then that mirth, those songs, amidst which this death had been announced! Poor mother! she was unhappy, very unhappy; for to all these causes of grief was superadded another,

which my brother and I had alone been acquainted with, and which wrung her heart when it came to her knowledge.

Cecile was regretted by all who knew her. The family into which she had been adopted, her mother-in-law, her father-in-law, mourned her like ourselves. She was gentle and pious as an angel; endued with talents, virtues, graces — those attractive charms which are not to be imitated, and which win every one's love. Bonaparte sent the very next day after we heard of this new calamity which had befallen my mother, and called himself to see her. He talked to her in a tone of the sincerest friendship. My mother was so overwhelmed that she could scarcely prevail upon herself to admit him. He set out immediately afterwards for Italy. He was already married to Madame de Beauharnais.

My brother-in-law came almost immediately to Paris. His interview with us was agonizing. My mother felt her misfortune still more keenly when she saw M. de Geouffre. She said to me, when going to bed at night, that perhaps she might not be able to see him again the next day. His presence reminded her of the time when she had withstood all solicitations to unite him to my sister. Cecile loved him, and my mother exclaimed, with tears, "Poor Cecile! thy life was so short, and I have abridged it of six months' happiness!"

M. de Geouffre did not remain long with us. He returned to the Limousin, whither he was recalled by the only interest that was left him. He was impatient to be again with his child, whom he had consigned to the care of his mother. On taking leave of him we made him promise to bring Adolphe to us very soon.

We had been obliged to apprise my mother that our situation was no longer such as she might suppose it to be. The blow was less painful than I had appre-

hended. There were in her heart so many bleeding wounds that it was scarcely affected by matters of that kind. She was perfectly sensible of the necessity of making retrenchments in our household, which had been kept up on too expensive a scale for our almost ruined fortune.

My brother, who thought only of our welfare, without caring about himself, resolved to turn his attention to commerce, and had the good luck to succeed in his first speculations. He was about to devote himself entirely to this career, but was afraid to enter into an engagement which would have bound him for fifteen years. He would have been obliged to go to India, to expatriate himself, and leave us without protection. All this deterred him. He thanked our friend Magon, who had procured him this chance of making his fortune, and confined himself to what he was then doing.

My mother had again met with some old friends. The prisons were open ever since the downfall of the Directorial *régime*, and people began to breathe with more freedom. We had again fallen in with persons to whom we had bidden a painful adieu. This produced a singular impression, a mixture of delight and uneasiness; and it was a long time before we could enjoy the satisfaction of seeing them again at liberty. But how was this satisfaction embittered in regard to many of them! Among these was the dearest of my mother's friends, he whom I loved in my childhood as one loves a grandfather — I mean the Comte de Perigord. Having escaped the sanguinary proscriptions, he returned to society without happiness, without joy. He was already far advanced in years, ailing, afflicted with gout, wholly destitute of fortune, and absolutely isolated. His two sons had emigrated. His daughter, the Duchesse de Mailly, was dead: there were left behind only a few friends as

unfortunate as himself, and whose deplorable situation prevented them from rendering him any assistance.[1]

When we first saw him again my mother could not help starting with sad surprise. So great was the change that the eye of friendship could scarcely recognize him. There was the same kindness in his tone, but he was no longer the same: his eye was dim, and it was evident that the springs of life were worn out.

How could I say that he was alone! how could I have forgotten a man as noble as any titled hero, devoting himself to his master's service, and saving his life by his admirable management! The Comte de Perigord had in his household a valet named Beaulieu. This man had always been an excellent servant; he proved that interest had not been his stimulus. From the moment that his master was apprehended all his attention was directed to him. He carried to him whatever he thought would be good for or agreeable to him. In short, his devotedness was entire and exclusive.

The Comte de Perigord, like all the innocent persons who were then thrown into prison, was persuaded that by wearying the Committee of Public Safety by petitions he should obtain prompt and complete justice. Nothing could be more false than this reasoning, as Beaulieu learned from one of the relatives of the man in whose house Robespierre lodged. Repeated petitions occasioned the death of most of the prisoners. In many instances, the writer had never been thought of. The first petition produced ill-humour; the second aggravated it; and very frequently the wretches brought the poor victims to trial to avoid the annoyance of a third petition.

Beaulieu, on hearing of this mode of rendering justice,

[1] From this number must be excepted the Comte de Montchenu, who, having preserved his fortune, did for Comte de Perigord all that devoted attachment can do for a needy friend.

determined that his master should not obtain it in that manner. Now, poor Comte de Perigord was one of the very persons who cherished the conviction that they could get out of prison only by dint of importunity. In consequence, a petition was daily addressed either to *ce bon Monsieur de Robespierre*, or to *cet excellent Monsieur de Collot-d' Herbois*, or again to *Monsieur Fouquier-Tinville*. "How very odd it is!" at length exclaimed Comte de Perigord, "nobody answers me. I cannot understand it."

There was a very good reason why his petitions remained unanswered. Beaulieu threw them all into the fire. In this manner he caused his master to be forgotten. He bribed the turnkeys handsomely; and, then, as soon as the Comte de Perigord began to be known in one prison, he obtained his removal to another. In short, a son could not have shown a more affectionate and, above all, a more active solicitude for his father. When he had the good fortune to recover his liberty, M. de Perigord went to lodge at the house of a friend, M. de Montchenu. Beaulieu was still about him, bestowing on him the most delicate attentions and sacrificing for this purpose all that he had.

As a proof of the kind disposition of M. de Perigord, one of his servants in livery, a class of domestics whose sentiments are in general less honourable and less elevated, on hearing that his master was again out of prison, went and offered him his services. This man's name was Boisvert. I know not what became of him or Beaulieu at the death of M. de Perigord, which happened shortly after his liberation; but I hope that the Prince de Chalais has duly provided for them; merit so extraordinary has a right to be rewarded.

The Comte de Perigord had a club foot; I do not recollect whether it was so from his birth, or the consequence

of a hurt; but there are reasons to believe it was a family defect. He came every Thursday to spend nearly the whole of the day with us, and this was sure to give rise to a smart altercation between him and Beaulieu. He insisted upon coming on foot; Beaulieu would not let him, and told him with truth that he could not. His infirmity, in fact, preventing him from walking. He suffered great pain.

One day he received a letter from M. de Chalais, who was then in England. He told his father that he was starving, that the emigrants in England were reduced to the extremity of want, and that he was completely wretched. M. de Perigord happened to dine at my mother's on the very day when this letter arrived. The change which it had wrought in him was striking; he had persuaded himself that the account of his son's misery was literally true. During the whole dinner he could not help repeating, "Good God! they are perishing with hunger!" and the viands remained untouched upon his plate.

At length several persons urged that this could not be possible, since he knew himself that M. de Chalais had carried resources away with him. "He may have lost them," said the poor father. The very next day he learned to a certainty, from a person who had returned to France (for there were some who had returned so early), that his son was still rich; at any rate that he possessed property which placed him beyond the reach of want. "The emigrants are not all so well off as he is," said M. de N.

The Comte de Perigord was more easy, but a blow had been given to a constitution worn out by the four years of revolution which had elapsed. The death of the King and Queen, the captivity of the young King and the Princess, the misfortunes of the monarchy, which had

affected him as family calamities, all this work of destruction had inflicted a mortal stroke; the least shock, therefore, was sufficient to put an end to him. Eight days afterwards the place which he occupied at our table was vacant, and two days later he was no more.

His death was a new calamity for my mother; she felt ill. Her lungs were affected. Sleeplessness, an obstinate cough, slight fever, and other alarming symptoms, induced her to consult a physician; she was ordered to the waters of Cauterets.

Meanwhile my brother received a letter which was destined to produce a great change in our situation. He was summoned to Italy to take upon him administrative functions. I am sure that Bonaparte was no stranger to this appointment, though he appeared to have nothing to do with it.

The parting was painful. So many misfortunes had burst upon us, so many wounds had been inflicted on the heart of my poor mother, that she dreaded everything. She was on the point of begging my brother not to leave her. Had she been alone he would, no doubt, not have done so. But no sooner did her eyes rest upon me than she felt that it was my brother's duty to perform the promise which he had made to my father on his death-bed. My mother therefore consented to his departure.

I was left alone to attend her; and, notwithstanding my youth, I was also charged with the management of all her concerns. "God will give you the strength and judgment necessary to enable you to perform your noble task, my dear girl," said my brother to me, clasping me in his arms at the moment of his departure. "Have confidence in God, confidence in yourself, and all will go on well. I will often write to you; and you must inform me of everything. Whenever my mother shall

express a wish which the means I leave you are inadequate to gratify, write to me immediately, and that God in whom I put great faith will not forsake two children whose sole aim is the happiness of their mother."

My brother proceeded to his destination, and we, on our part, set out for the Pyrenees. At a later period I revisited those beautiful mountains. I skirted and crossed their long chain; but it was not till my third journey to Cauterets that I could indulge my ardent wish to explore the mountains which I saw before me. Those noble pine-forests which encircle, as it were, the Vignemale, the loftiest of the French Pyrenees, beheld me pursuing alone the tracks trodden by the caprice of pedestrians.[1] La Cerisay, Maourat, le Pont d'Espagne, the Lac de Gaube, and even Esplemousse, were the favourite points of the excursion which I took with my mother, not on foot (for she was unable to walk), but in the odd vehicle of the country. It is a kind of sedan, formed by a small straw stool, to which are attached two strong poles, and which is covered with white cloth, supported by three very slight hoops; and a small piece of wood, two inches broad, for the feet to rest upon, is attached by two bits of packthread. When you are seated in this species of cage, two sturdy mountaineers, hawk-eyed and chamois-footed, carry you off with an agility that is at first alarming. There is something romantic in the velocity with which you are hurried along the brink of a dark precipice, the depth of which the eye cannot measure, or in an ascent not less rapid through an ocean of clouds to which the sun communicates every shade of crimson and purple.

[1] Queen Hortense made the same tour the year before; her journey has no resemblance to mine. My guides lost their way; but though her tour was not attended with perilous risks like mine, she presented her guides with a gold medal, inscribed *Voyage au Vignemale*.

CHAPTER XX.

My mother's health was nearly re-established when we returned from the waters. Her grief, too, was much softened by change of scene, and still more by the hope of again meeting at Paris a great number of intimate acquaintances commonly called *friends*, and who, though not real friends, gave a peculiar charm to the commerce of life. This charm is unknown to the society of the present day, which is become harsh and ill-natured; none will admit that in the daily intercourse of life each ought to furnish his contingent of complaisance and affability. Accordingly, we now see none of those assemblages of forty or fifty persons meeting daily at the houses of five or six of their number.

Independently of the pleasures which this way of living afforded, more important advantages resulted from it. A person who possessed no influence always found a support in the company to which he belonged. If you were not swayed by a feeling of good-nature, you were afraid of meeting every day a person whom you had refused to oblige; you would have seen a discontented face. It was therefore obligatory on him who had it in his power to oblige those about him. I admit that then, as still, there existed abuses, and that many of them originated in favour; but I will ask if, under a form more rude, more uncertain for the parties concerned, less agreeable in its results, there are not at this day, as there were at the time of which I am speaking, children of

favouritism and immense abuses of power. If I had time to throw away, I could make out a fine list of obscure names which the country knows only from their being inserted in patents and grants of pensions.

Be this as it may, when my mother heard of the return of the greater part of her acquaintance her joy was extreme. France then wore the appearance of tranquillity, and the emigrants returned in crowds with a confidence which proved very fatal to them a few months later (in Fructidor), but which seemed at that time to be perfectly well founded. The enchantment of the women, especially, was quite infectious. At length they again beheld that dear native country, beautiful France, the remembrance of which imparts double bitterness to every land of exile, how hospitable soever it may be.

I recollect that at the first meeting between my mother and Madame Martois, with whom she had been intimately acquainted, that lady (who had been but two days in Paris, and was still quite overcome with joy at the mere sight of the Barriers) threw herself into my mother's arms, burst into tears, and was more than a quarter of an hour before she could overcome her emotion. Her daughter told us that the same thing occurred with all the friends whom she again met; in this there was on her part neither affectation nor acting; it proceeded from an ardent soul, which enjoyed in its plenitude all the happiness attached to the term *native country*. But how many disappointments awaited the unhappy exiles on their return to their native land? Poverty, isolation, death, were the lot of most of them.

One of the most painful situations, and to which I was frequently witness, arose from the diversity of shades of opinion. This produced discord in the most united families. The destruction of principles had led, as a natural consequence, to one of a similar nature in

the most ordinary habits of life. Thus all those delightful reunions which formerly constituted the charm of intimate acquaintance no longer existed, or were poisoned by politics, which engendered contradiction, anger, or quarrels, frequently terminating in ruptures between husband and wife, brother and sister, or father and son.

Private individuals were afraid of appearing wealthy by receiving company habitually, and they contented themselves with frequenting public assemblages, where, at that time, the best society was to be found. It would scarcely be believed at the present day that the most elegant women went to dance at the Thelusson [1] and the Richelieu [2] balls; but persons of all opinions, of all castes, were there intermingled, and laughed and danced together in the utmost harmony.

One day at the Thelusson ball a droll adventure befell Madame de D., who sometimes took her daughter with her.

Madame de D. had arrived very late. The great circular room was quite full, and it was impossible to find two places. Nevertheless, by dint of elbowing and entreaties, these ladies penetrated to the centre of the room. Madame de D., who was not of an absolutely timid character, looked about on all sides to see if she could at least discover one seat, when her eyes encountered a young and charming face, surrounded by a profusion of light hair, with a pair of large dark-blue eyes, and exhibiting altogether the image of the most graceful of sylphs. This young female was conducted back to her seat by M. de Trénis, which proved that she danced well; for M. de Trénis invited none to

[1] At the Hôtel Thelusson, at the extremity of the Rue Cerutti, facing the Boulevard, there was at that time an immense arcade. Murat purchased it during the Consulate.

[2] Held in like manner at the Hôtel Richelieu.

the honour of being his partners but such as deserved the character of *good dancers*.

The graceful creature, after courtesying with a blush to the Vestris of the ball-room, sat down by the side of a female who appeared to be her elder sister, and whose elegant dress excited the notice and envy of all the women at the ball. "Who are those persons?" said Madame de D. to the old Marquis d'Hautefort, who escorted her. "What! is it possible that you do not recognize the Viscountess Beauharnais? It is she and her daughter. She is now Madame Bonaparte.[1] But stay, there is a vacant place by her; come and sit down; you may renew your acquaintance with her."

Madame de D., without making any reply, took the arm of M. d'Hautefort, and drew him, whether he would or not, into one of the little saloons which preceded the great rotunda. "Are you mad?" said she to him, when they had reached the room. "A pretty place, truly, by the side of Madame Bonaparte! Ernestine would of course have been obliged to make acquaintance with her daughter. Why, Marquis, you must have lost your wits." "No, 'faith! What harm can there be in Ernestine's making acquaintance, or even forming a close friendship, with Mademoiselle Hortense de Beauharnais? She is a charming girl, sweet-tempered, amiable." "What is all that to me! I will never connect myself with such persons. I do not like people who disgrace their misfortunes." M. d'Hautefort shrugged his shoulders and held his tongue.

"*Eh! mon Dieu!* who is that beautiful woman?" inquired Madame de D., pointing to a female who entered the ball-room, and on whom all eyes were

[1] At this period Madame Bonaparte was not much known in the world, nor had she been presented at the Court of Marie Antoinette. The real fact was, that Madame de D. did not know her.

instantly fixed. This lady was above the middle height, but a perfect harmony in her whole person took away all appearance of the awkwardness of too lofty a stature. It was the Venus of the Capitol, but still more beautiful than the work of Phidias; for you perceived in her the same perfection of features, the same symmetry in arms, hands, and feet, and the whole animated by a benevolent expression, a reflection of the magic mirror of the soul, which indicated all that there was in that soul, and this was kindness.

Her dress did not contribute to heighten her beauty, for it consisted of a plain robe of India muslin, with folds in the antique style, and fastened by a cameo on each shoulder; a gold belt encircled her waist, and was likewise fastened by a cameo; a broad gold bracelet confined her sleeve considerably above the elbow; her hair, of a glossy black, was short, and curled all round her head, in the fashion then called *à la Titus;* over her fair and finely-turned shoulders was thrown a superb red cashmere shawl, an article at that time very rare and in great request. She disposed it around her in a manner at once graceful and picturesque, and formed altogether a most enchanting figure.

"That is Madame Tallien,"[1] said M. d'Hautefort to Madame de D. "Madame Tallien!" exclaimed she. "Good God! how could you bring me to such a place, my dear friend?" "I defy you to find in all Paris a place where better company is brought together." He then muttered some of the civil things which he had at the service of those who displeased him.

At this moment a very strong scent of attar of roses suddenly pervaded the apartment. A crowd of young

[1] I have lived at Bordeaux; I have had friends who owed their lives to Madame Tallien. I have been told all the good she has done, and I cannot say too much on that subject.

men, of the class then called *incroyables*, rushed towards the door to meet a young lady who had but just arrived, though it was exceedingly late. Her figure was not good, but her little feet danced to admiration. She was dark, but her black eyes sparkled with expression. Her face beamed with intelligence, and expressed at the same time all the kindness of the simplest person. She was a good friend, and the most amusing of women.

In short, she pleased; she was a toast of the day. All the remarkable men surrounded her as soon as she appeared. M. Charles Dupaty, M. de Trénis, and M. Lafitte immediately asked her to dance with them; she answered each with an expression of good-humour and intelligence, smiling in such a manner as to exhibit her ivory teeth; she continued to advance, shedding fragrance throughout the whole room.

Madame de D., who was annoyed by the perfume, and who, like all busybodies, found fault with what others liked, began to fidget about on the bench upon which she had found a seat, and at length said aloud, "Upon my word, I think that must be either Fargeon's wife or his daughter.[1] 'T is enough to make the strongest man faint." "It is Madame Hamelin," said M. d'Hautefort. Next day he told us that nothing had amused him more that evening than being in attendance on Madame de D., and having to name the persons who were real bugbears to her. "Madame Hamelin!" she exclaimed — "Madame Hamelin! Come, Ernestine," added she, in a voice tremulous with anger, "put on your *palatine*, and let us go." All that could be said served only to hasten her departure. "And that Marquis," repeated she, in a tone of indignation, "to assure me that I should here meet with

[1] Fargeon was a celebrated perfumer, before the Revolution. His son, who succeeded him, and who lives in the Rue de Roule, is also eminent in the same line of business.

my former society! Yes, indeed; for this hour past I have been falling out of the frying-pan into the fire. Come, my dear, let us go."

This scene passed a few paces from the bench on which my mother and I were sitting. We were well acquainted with the Marquis d'Hautefort, who was very satirical, and who frequently made us laugh by the account of his adventures at this ball.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Army of Italy surprised us every day by the prodigies communicated in its bulletins. The Directory, which disliked General Bonaparte, would fain have thrown a veil over the glory of the young hero; but the country, which he had saved from Austrian invasion, the soldiers, whom he led to victory, had thousands of voices to proclaim it, and the only resource left to the ridiculous Government which we had been silly enough to give ourselves, was to injure him whom it would gladly have thrown down after it had exalted him.

My brother was then in Italy; he had repaired to headquarters, and Bonaparte had been most kind to him: my brother had carried with him a letter of recommendation from Joseph Bonaparte.

"What occasion is there for this letter?" said the General. "Whence arises so great a distrust of yourself?" continued he, looking more seriously at Albert. My brother replied that the slight altercation which had occurred between him and my mother had caused him to fear that the General would bear it in mind. "You are mistaken," said Bonaparte; "that scene was immediately effaced from my memory. I apprehend, indeed, that Madame Permon bears a much stronger grudge on account of it than I do; and that is but natural," added he, laughing: "those who are in the wrong are sure to be most angry."

The very reverse was the case on this occasion, for it was Bonaparte who never forgot that unfortunate altercation. More than ten years afterwards he spoke to me on the subject with asperity. Be this as it may, he was very kind to my brother, received him in the most flattering manner, gave him all the support he could expect, and procured for him a very good appointment.

While General Bonaparte hurried on through Italy from victory to victory, his family was collecting at Paris, and forming a colony there. Joseph Bonaparte, after having been Ambassador of the French Republic at Rome, had returned to Paris, bringing with him his wife's sister, Mademoiselle Désirée Clary, who was then in the deepest mourning for the tragical death of the brave but unfortunate Duphot, who had been murdered at Rome, almost before her face, at the moment when he was going to marry her. Her first grief had abated somewhat of its violence; but there was still enough left to excite much pity. Luckily, she was yet young, and very agreeable.

Lucien announced his arrival. He had just obtained a post (I know not where) in Germany, and he was passing through Paris to see his family, nearly the whole of which was at that moment assembled there. At this period Lucien had been playing a silly trick, at which the General-in-Chief, who now considered himself as the head of the family, was excessively mortified.

Lucien Bonaparte is a man who, no doubt, has been known to many persons, but understood by few. I have known him long and intimately, and saw him as he was, without restraint or formality. He was endowed by Nature with rare talents; his mind was comprehensive; his imagination brilliant, and capable of grand designs. It has been said that he was a man whom reason did not always influence in important affairs;

this, however, is not true. His heart was kind, and although sometimes hurried away by his passions, no serious charge can be brought against him; and as to his conduct towards his brother, the Emperor, it was always honourable.

In 1794 or 1795 Lucien obtained the appointment of store-keeper at Saint Maximin, a small village in Provence. At that time folly was the order of the day, even with the wisest. It was therefore necessary to sacrifice to this mania of the moment; not that I mean to excuse Lucien's folly by asserting that he was forced into it; on the contrary, I am of opinion that he acted not only with his own free will, but even from inclination, when he assumed the name of Brutus, and also changed, while he was about it, the name of Saint Maximin into Marathon. Brutus and Marathon did not agree over and above well together; but the names were high-sounding, and that was sufficient.

The village of Saint Maximin-Marathon is not a magnificent residence. Lucien-Brutus soon found this out, and ennui would have overpowered him had not love come to his aid. Lucien-Brutus became enamoured, desperately enamoured, of Mademoiselle Christine Boyer, whose father was at the head of the little public-house of Saint Marathon.

Lucien was then young, about twenty-three; he was in love for the first time, and he loved an angel of gentleness, virtue, and candour. Christine saw herself adored by an ardent, hot-headed young man, employing against her rustic simplicity all the stratagems, all the resources, with which his short experience of the world had made him acquainted, and which his love taught him to use skilfully; and Christine was not proof against such an attack. She loved as she was loved, but she forgot not her duty, and Lucien was obliged to marry her in order to be

happy; he loved her too fondly to think of all the unpleasant feelings which this alliance was likely to excite in his own family. In fact, no sooner was General Bonaparte apprised of this marriage than he declared that he would never recognize the wife, and never meet his brother again. A post was then given to Lucien in Germany, and the young couple came to Paris for a short time.

It was at this period that I saw Lucien Bonaparte for the first time, and that I became acquainted with Christine. There are women whose portraits it is easy to sketch. We say that they have large eyes, beautiful hair, a complexion blending the lily and the rose, and that is all. But is it only on account of her person that a woman is to be valued? Has she not within her divine qualities to be described? a profusion of kindness, affection, and love? All these were to be found in the heart of the excellent Christine. I knew her, and no sooner knew than loved her. Subsequently, when surrounded by the touching halo of maternal love, new treasures of tenderness manifested themselves in her, and constrained you to love her still more.

During the short stay of Lucien Bonaparte and his wife in Paris they made an excursion to Versailles, and they allowed my mother no peace till she had consented that I should be of the party. As I had never seen Versailles, I joined my solicitations to theirs, and accompanied them.

I cannot describe the terrible impression which this widowed and dismantled Queen produced upon me. On beholding those immense salons stripped and deserted, those dark corridors, and apartments still covered with gilding, apparently awaiting some stately ceremony, all seemed to me so dreary and desolate that, though very young, I retained so vivid an impression of it, that when,

in 1821, I went to reside at Versailles, I had a perfect recollection of the feelings produced by the melancholy and scandalous neglect of the residence of Louis XIV. I inquired in what state the palace was, and when I learned that it was precisely what it had been under the Directory, I did not care to enter that royal habitation, wilfully forsaken by its natural guardians: I should have suffered much more from witnessing its forlorn condition in 1821 than I had done in 1796. The garden was the only object of my walk.

My mother had a great affection for Lucien, and received him as his mother would have done. Christine was welcomed by her with equal cordiality. Joseph, who had then returned to Paris, and whom, in fact, each of the younger brothers considered as the head of the family, opened his arms to the young couple, and they were happy. A few days afterwards they set out for Germany.

Lucien was but a short time absent. I never knew what had been the object of this tour. His wife had accompanied him, as well as one of her cousins, named Boyer. On their return they lodged in Rue Verte, in the Faubourg Saint Honoré. Madame Bacciochi (Marianne Bonaparte) also lodged, I believe, in Rue Verte. Madame Leclerc, who had recently come from Milan, where she had been married, took a house in Rue de la Ville-l'Evêque. Louis and Jerome, too young to be left alone, were, the latter at the College of Juilly, and the other with his brother Joseph.[1] As for the latter, he had bought a house at the extremity of Rue du Rocher, almost in the fields, at least at that time. Since then so many buildings have been erected there, as everywhere

[1] And with his sister-in-law Madame Bonaparte, Rue Chantereine. He lived with both of them by turns. It was about this time that Josephine began to think of marrying Hortense.

else, that the site of Joseph's house is now almost in the heart of a new quarter.

The Treaty of Leoben was signed, that of Campo-Formio had followed it, the Congress of Rastadt was in preparation, when we were informed that General Bonaparte would soon return to Paris. My mother appeared to wait the moment with extreme impatience, I knew not at the time why, but I afterwards learned that the reason was as follows: My brother was agent for the contributions at Massa-Carrara, and had for his colleague M. Gabriel Suchet, brother of the Duke of Albufera. He is a kind, excellent man, a cordial friend of Albert, and became ours too.

My brother lodged at the house of a Monsieur Felice, whose wife was a charming woman. General Lannes, whose division was near Massa, if not at that place, had remarked, as my brother also had done, that Madame Felice was handsome, and that it was not impossible to please her; he therefore took measures to ensure success. But the future Duke of Montebello stormed a town more easily than a woman, — even an Italian.

Albert played delightfully on the harp, sang likewise, spoke and wrote Italian as fluently as French, and made sonnets and *canzoni* on Madame Felice, not quite equal to Petrarch, and yet so good as to cause the heart of his fair landlady to surrender quietly at discretion; while General Lannes, who was also well aware that it was necessary to form a plan of attack, thought to play off the most irresistible of seductions by relating his battles and his victories; and, to tell the truth, this might have been more than enough to win a heart that was free, but Madame Felice's had struck its colours to all the accomplishments of Albert, and had surrendered more especially to his love, for my poor brother's head was completely turned. At length one day the lovers persuaded them-

Portrait of Lucien Bonaparte.

Photo-Etching — From Engraving by Mauduison.

selves that they could not live any longer annoyed in this way; on the one hand by a jealous and rejected swain, and on the other by an Italian husband, whose character was so ill-regulated that it displeased him to find his wife fond of any other man than himself. The result of this cogent reasoning was, that they took post and left Massa, trusting to love for the consequences of that measure.

Next morning, when the forsaken husband discovered his forlorn condition, he began to weep, and ran to acquaint General Lannes with his mishap. On hearing it the General gave such a bound in his bed as had wellnigh knocked off the canopy. "Gone!" he cried — "gone! And together, say you?" "*Sì, signor Generale.*" "And which way are they gone?" "Ah, General! how can I possibly know that?" "*Eh, parbleu!*" replied General Lannes, leaping out of bed and slipping on his pantaloons, at the same time eying Felice with looks of fury. "Blockhead that you are, go and find out what road they have taken!"

The poor husband sallied forth to make inquiries, and learned without much trouble that the fugitives had directed their course towards Leghorn. As soon as he had communicated this information to General Lannes, "Come along," cried he; "to horse — to horse! *Morbleu!* we shall catch them in a couple of hours. You shall shut up your wife; and as for this Corydon of a Frenchman who has the impudence to run away with *our* wives, I'll get him removed. Come along, Felice — come along, my friend! Take heart. What the devil ails you? You are as pale as a sheet of parchment." "Yes, General; many thanks. I *will* take heart."

Whilst giving this assurance that he would *take heart*, his teeth chattered like castanets, as General Lannes himself afterwards told me. The fact is that the poor

fellow had no stomach for fighting my brother,[1] and that the General had frightened him out of his wits by asking what weapon he would take with him. At any rate, the scoundrel would have done better to fight than act as he did afterwards. General Lannes took the command of the party, and the husband, with his brother-in-law, a cousin, and I know not how many more, marched off under the protection of the banner of General Lannes. "*Ah, cugino Pasquale!*" said Felice to a little cousin, — "Ah, cousin Pasqual! what a friend, what a brave General, and what a charming man!"

The fugitives were overtaken about mid-day. The stray sheep was carried back to her fold, and inhumanly separated from her companion. I believe that my brother returned to Carrara, and that Madame Felice was removed to another town. Thus far the affair had been gay enough; but now this Monsieur Felice, impelled by some demon or other, preferred a criminal complaint against poor Albert. It was this affair, of which I was then ignorant, though my mother knew of it, that tormented her exceedingly. She wished to know if General Bonaparte had any accusatory documents relative to this charge. My mother was always easily affected, and any fears which she might reasonably entertain were sure to be doubled by her imagination.

It would be very difficult to convey even a slight idea of the enthusiasm with which Bonaparte was received when he arrived at Paris. The French people are volatile, not very capable of constancy in their affections, but keenly alive to the sentiment of glory. Give them victories, and they will be more than content, they will be grateful.

[1] My brother was a first-rate swordsman; my father, a pupil of Saint Georges, had been his master, as well as Fabien. My brother possessed a formidable advantage, — he was left-handed.

The Directory, like all authorities that are too weak and impotent to produce and to direct, though it was called the *Executive Directory*, regarded with jealousy, which soon became hatred, that feeling of worship and gratitude manifested by the French people for their young hero. A single movement seemed to set in action those five men, not one of whom was capable of comprehending Bonaparte. Incapacity, corruption, and an unbounded ambition, under a Republican exterior, were the elements of the power which then ruled us, and which desired no glory but that of its immediate creatures. Bonaparte had emancipated himself since he had been sent to Italy, and his laurels and those of his army were *personal property*, as much as anything can legally be.

Barras left him unmolested to enjoy his renown; Moulins durst not venture to call to mind that he had ever been a general to run a race with him for fame. Roger-Ducos thought on all points like a good-natured man as he was; and Sieyès, habitually reserved, as everybody knows, did not deem it necessary to let loose his tongue expressly to anathematize. According to this view of things, what I have said above will appear rather contradictory. But to proceed.

On this occasion one of the five Directors governed singly the sentiments of the other four. He possessed, not more talent, but more intelligence, than his colleagues, and boundless ambition, though he declared that he had none, — a mere figure of speech, to which nowadays no value whatever is attached. This man was Gohier. At this period we had every day the bulletin of the Directorial interior, because M. Brunetière, our friend and my guardian, was equally intimate with Gohier and visited him daily.

My mother sometimes inquired the reason of his aversion for General Bonaparte, for, in regard to him, she was

rather amusing. She assumed the right of saying what she pleased about him, but she did not like others to attack him, and the malicious things which M. Brunetière heard said of Bonaparte, and which he reported to us every day, roused my mother's anger against him and the Directory, which she cordially detested.

From this time the hatred of Gohier for Bonaparte displayed itself in all his words and actions. He would have patronized to his prejudice the most incapable of men; that is to say, a recommendation from Bonaparte would have been a sufficient reason with Gohier for excluding the person so recommended from an appointment had it depended on him. There certainly was a positive cause of this hatred, which the 18th Brumaire (November 8th) strengthened and rendered implacable. What was it? I believe simply this: Gohier would have thought it highly conducive to the welfare of France, and more particularly to his own, to get rid, with the aid of the society of the Manège,[1] of the four puppets associated with him at the head of the Government, and to make himself President, not of the Directory, as it was on the 18th Brumaire, but of the French Republic. This scheme the eagle eye of Bonaparte had detected. He had most probably warned Sieyès, and the admirable subtlety of the latter had foiled the plans of Washington the younger. Gohier was not deficient in talent, but that talent, which might have some merit before a tribunal, was reduced to a cipher in the extraordinary situation which fortune had permitted him to attain.

One may now venture to speak out: on looking at the list of the Directors of that period, if we except Carnot,

[1] A name given at the time of the Directory to a party formed out of the remains of the Jacobins who were accustomed to meet in the Riding School of the Tuileries; hence the appellation given above. The sittings were discontinued on 7th Thermidor, an vii. (July 7th, 1799).

a virtuous man and a man of eminent abilities, and Sieyès, who, though his political career has not been quite straightforward, yet possessed merit, what were the chiefs who steered our poor vessel? Gohier felt, therefore, that he was superior to the Directory as it was composed after the events of Fructidor; and thought that he might seize the reins, which all other hands had suffered to fall, and even to trail in the dirt. His plan was detected; and this was the cause of his violent hatred of Bonaparte. The reader will presently be convinced of this when I relate the conversation which M. Brunetière had with Gohier after the 18th Brumaire.

Had Bonaparte's vanity been ever so great, it must have been satisfied; for all classes joined, as I have said, to give him a cordial welcome on his return to his country. The populace shouted, "Long live General Bonaparte! Long live the conqueror of Italy, the pacificator of Campo-Formio!" The shopkeepers said, "May God preserve him for our glory, and deliver us from the yoke of the Directors!" The higher class, *ungagged* and *unbastilled*, ran with enthusiasm to meet a young man who in a year had advanced from the battle of Montenotte to the Treaty of Leoben, and from victory to victory. He may have committed errors, and even grave ones, since that time, but he was then a Colossus of great and pure glory.

All the authorities gave him magnificent entertainments; the Directory exhibited itself in all its burlesque pomp of mantles and hats with feathers, which rendered the meeting of the five members of the supreme power sufficiently ridiculous. But in other respects the *fêtes* were fine, and they had in particular the charm attached to things which are supposed to be lost, and which are recovered. Money circulated, and the result of all this was that everybody was pleased.

One of the most magnificent entertainments, and above all one of the most elegant, was that given by M. de Talleyrand at the Foreign Office. He always displayed admirable skill in the arrangements of the entertainments which he gave; indeed, when a man possesses good sense he shows it in everything he does. He then resided at the Hôtel Galifet, Rue du Bac, and, though the rooms were small for the company assembled there that evening, the *fête* was admirable. All the most elegant and distinguished people then in Paris were there.

My mother was absolutely bent on going. She was not quite well; but when she was dressed and had put on a little rouge, she looked enchanting; and I can affirm that I saw that night very few women who surpassed her in beauty. We were both dressed alike, in a robe of white crape trimmed with two broad silver ribbons, and on the head a garland of oak-leaves with silver acorns. My mother had diamonds, and I pearls. That was the only difference between our dresses.

In the course of the evening my mother was walking through the rooms, arm-in-arm with M. de Caulaincourt on one side, and me on the other, when we found ourselves face to face with General Bonaparte. My mother saluted him and passed on, when the General advanced a few steps and spoke to her. My mother was, in my opinion, rather too dry; her ill-humour was not yet quite dispelled, but in her excellent heart there was nothing like rancour. It was the reverse with the General. Be this as it may, he appeared to look at my mother with admiration. Indeed, that evening in particular she was truly captivating.

The General spoke in a low tone for some seconds to the Turkish Ambassador, whom he held by the arm. The Turk uttered an exclamation, and fixed upon my mother his large eyes, to which, when he chose, he could

give a look of stupidity, and then made a sort of obeisance. "I told him that you are of Greek extraction," said Bonaparte to my mother, saluting her by way of adieu. Then, holding out his hand, he pressed hers in a friendly manner, and left us after a short conversation, which nevertheless attracted the attention of the company, though it lasted but a few minutes.

CHAPTER XXII.

SHORTLY before the 18th Fructidor[1] I was exceedingly alarmed on account of the state of my mother's health. She was attacked by a disorder which is dangerous at any age, but particularly so at her time of life. M. Sabatier, M. Pelletan, and Baudeloque came all three to see her almost every day for the fifty-two days that the danger lasted.

My affection for her gave me preternatural strength. Such an instance was never heard of as that of a girl of fourteen being able to go through the watching, fatigues, and alarms of fifty-two successive nights. The three skilful physicians whom I have just named could not believe it, though they were daily witnesses of it. For a moment I was afraid I should not have strength to support the burden. I was alone; my brother was still in Italy. I saw my mother turn her languid eyes to me, and the agonizing expression which momentarily animated them indicated but too plainly how keen a sense she had of her situation. Her daughter was likely to be left an orphan, and alone! I had written to my brother, but had not received any answer. Every now and then my mother called to me in a faint voice to ask if letters had not arrived from Italy. I was obliged to answer in the negative, and I perceived that this reply distressed her exceedingly. All the agony of mind and body that nature is capable of enduring was felt by my poor mother.

[1] September 4th, 1797.

We had many friends; I have no doubt that until my brother's arrival a dozen houses would have received me; but, I repeat it, the thought never entered my mind. When I saw my mother so ill as to be unable to leave her bed, my grief was at first violent; but when the symptoms of her painful disease became so aggravated as to threaten her life, my despair overpowered me to such a degree that I had no energy and presence of mind beyond what was requisite to make me the most intelligent of nurses.

I could not bear my mother to take a spoonful of medicine or a basin of gruel from any hand but mine. She had an Alsatian *femme-de-chambre*, who was an excellent creature, and exceedingly attached to her. She was a clever nurse. But I was not satisfied with her attendance, though I could rely upon her. I could not sleep if I left her alone with my mother. If I lay down for a few hours anxiety kept me awake, and I returned at four in the morning, unable to finish the night in my bed.

At length the danger became so imminent that the physicians thought it no longer their duty to conceal the fact. It was, however, difficult to tell a girl who had no other support but her mother that she must die! Nevertheless, I heard this sentence, and I had strength to ask if there was nothing at all that could save her. "Nature and incessant attention, not only every minute, but every moment, may do much," replied Baudeloque; "and therefore you must eat and sleep, that you may have strength."

Sabatier was the one who understood me best. He did not say to me, "eat and sleep," but he almost forced me to bathe two or three times a week. He recommended to me a generous and strengthening regimen, and he studied in particular to calm my poor head,

which was no longer capable of bearing the weight of so many anxieties.[1] My poor mother was saved. The unceasing attentions paid to her at length triumphed over a disease which the whole faculty of Paris pronounced mortal.

On the day that hope was restored to me a singular circumstance occurred. It was noon when the physicians informed me that my mother was out of danger. I wrote immediately to my brother, who was then in Italy; I was mad with joy. I could not take any rest either in the morning or during the remainder of the day. In vain my mother begged me to go and lie down. "To-night I will," was my invariable reply.

At length, when the beloved patient was properly wrapped up for the night, when she had taken her meat-jelly, and her drawn curtains admitted only the faint light of a night-lamp, when I kissed her brow, pale and cold as marble, and received her blessing, I retired to my little chamber, and prepared to go to bed for the first time for nearly two months, after thanking God with a grateful and deeply-affected heart. I lay down. No sooner was my head upon my pillow than I was overpowered with a stupor rather than real sleep; I was in a kind of lethargy; not even a dream disturbed this state of complete quietude. I know not whether I have succeeded in conveying an idea of what I then experienced; but the reader may judge how violent the shock must have been which I received when I felt myself shaken by the arm, and heard a tremulous voice stammering in my ear: "*Mademoiselle! mademoiselle! ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Madame — madame has just expired in my arms!*"

[1] I shall never forget his kind attentions; and when, thirty years afterwards, his daughter became my niece, I could not help expressing, though very briefly, my attachment to her father. A longer phrase than that which I used would have been in bad taste.

I shrieked, and instantly was as wide awake as at the same hour the preceding night. I pushed aside the trembling Josephine, flew to my mother's room, drew back with violence the curtains of her bed, threw myself upon her, called her, and my poor mother was awakened by me as I had myself been by Josephine. She had been fast asleep!

My mother was beginning to recover from an illness which did not leave her, I verily believe, above four ounces of blood in her veins. Her paleness, her emaciation, were truly frightful: she was naturally extremely fair, and her complexion was now of an alabaster whiteness, without the slightest rosy tinge. Lying thus between the white sheets, her face surrounded by cambric, the reflection of which added to her paleness, my poor mother had, indeed, a look that was rather alarming to any but her own child.

My poor mother trembled for above an hour with the fright which I had given her on entering her chamber. At length, towards morning, she fell asleep again. As for me, it is easy to imagine how I finished the night. I would not return to my bed, but placed myself in a large easy-chair, which habitually served me to sleep in; and there, though more composed, I could not get so much as an hour's nap. The shock had had such an effect upon me that Sabatier and Pelletan declared I had narrowly escaped two calamities, which might have been the consequence of Josephine's indiscretion, — epilepsy and death.

CHAPTER XXIII.

At length came that terrible day, the 4th September. I call it *terrible*, because the establishment of a republic in France, such as the fond dreams of our hearts represent it, may be impracticable, but still we had one of some kind even in the Directory. After the institution of this dictatorship, or of this royalty in five volumes, tatters of this republic had daily fallen under the blows of the Directory itself and the anarchists; at any rate, some part of it was yet left. This solemn day utterly destroyed it. The republic, whose foundations had been cemented by the pure and glorious blood of the martyrs of the Gironde, had vanished, was dispelled like a dream; the blood of the victims alone had left reprobatory recollections.

The conduct of the Directory on this occasion displayed ability. That body acted at first with a cunning, and afterwards with a boldness, worthy of a better cause. In fact, the Army of Italy exercised over us, even already, some of the ascendency to which we bowed at a later period; and General Augereau did but execute prescribed and circumstantial orders. He was a man who might possess that daring spirit which hurries along thousands of soldiers in its train, but, for directing a political movement, for organizing the simplest machination, he was a mere cipher. Not only was he a soldier, but his manners were those of a soldier; everything about him betrayed the uneducated man. His vanity was, nevertheless, inordinate.

We met him sometimes at a house where my mother visited a good deal, that of M. Saint Sardos. I confess that his manner not only excited in me that disgust which must be felt by a young girl accustomed to see none but well-bred people, but there was superadded the jealousy which I experienced as a warm admirer of General Bonaparte on account of his campaigns in Italy; it put me out of temper to think that this booby, as I called him, should presume in his pride to dispute the palm of glory with Bonaparte. My mother, who was not always of my way of thinking relative to Bonaparte, agreed with me on this subject.

As to the consequences of that cruel day, they were such as might have been expected. The Directory triumphed as it had fought, in a cowardly and barbarous manner. It was well aware that royalty had been called for, not so much out of love to the Royal Family, as out of hatred to itself; the Directory knew this and took a base revenge.

The consequences of the 4th September gave us cause for deep regret in the proscription and exile of several of our friends. During many days we durst scarcely inquire about persons for whom we felt an interest, and a new terror, as it were, reigned in Paris. Almost every family mourned a relative or a friend. My mother was greatly distressed, and both her opinions and her affections were wounded.

The signal for the events of the 4th September came from Italy it was the hand of Bonaparte that gave it; he was determined to crush the Royalist party in the assembly. The Clichyans, by refusing Joseph (and I believe Lucien), had incensed him; and from that moment, Junot told me, he swore that the men of the guilty party, as he called it, should not see the close of the year while on their curule chairs.

After the departure of the unfortunate proscripts, Joseph Bonaparte was nominated deputy of the Liamone to the Council of Five Hundred. He then completed the fitting-up of his pretty house in the Rue du Rocher, and prepared to receive company. He was expecting his mother and his youngest sister Caroline. Mademoiselle Désirée Clary had just married Bernadotte. We were at the wedding, which took place in a very plain manner in Joseph's house. Mademoiselle Clary was rich, and extremely pleasing in person and manners; Bernadotte made a very good match.

Of all Bonaparte's brothers none have been so misrepresented, and that generally, as Joseph. I have read a multitude of memoirs, and everywhere found a caricature by which he has been judged, substituted for his real aspect. Joseph, moreover, is not the only one of the family that I shall replace in his proper light; and this I can do with the greater facility, because all its members are as well known to me as my own relations, in consequence of an intimate association of many years, and at a less exalted period of their lives.

My brother was particularly intimate with Joseph. I know not when this friendship commenced; but I believe that it was at the time when my brother, in order to escape the requisition, was at Marseilles and Toulon with Salicetti.

Joseph Bonaparte is one of the most excellent men that can be met with. He is good-natured, intelligent, a student of French and Italian literature, and unaffectedly fond of retirement. Much has been said, but to no purpose, relative to the weak conduct of Joseph at Naples and in Spain. I know not what he did, or what he could have done at Naples; but this I know, that in Spain he could do no better, because he went there against his inclination, and it distressed him exceedingly

to be obliged to go to that unhappy country, filled with troubles and dissensions, where the dagger or the blunderbuss threaten you every moment, — a country where all the good that he did, and I am certain that he did a great deal, was accounted only as a duty performed. No, no; the man who has been good, honourable, virtuous, for a series of years does not change at once and become cowardly, and even wicked.

Joseph is handsome, very like the Princess Pauline. They have both the same delicate features, the same winning smile, the same kind look. Joseph has always been a great favourite with our family. At Montpellier, after his father had breathed his last in my mother's arms, Joseph came to live with his uncle Fesch in the house of my parents. I mention this because Joseph never forgot it; on the contrary, he always tendered me his hand to testify his gratitude for what my mother had done for him.

Madame Joseph Bonaparte is an angel of goodness. Pronounce her name, and all the indigent, all the unfortunate in Paris, Naples, and Madrid, will repeat it with blessings; yet she was never at Madrid, and knew nothing of that foreign land but from the accounts of it that were given to her. Never did she hesitate a moment to set about what she conceived to be her duty. Accordingly, Madame de Survilliers[1] is adored by all about her, and especially by her own household; her unalterable kindness, her active charity, gain her the love of everybody, and in the land of exile she has found a second native country.

She was fondly attached to her sister, the Queen of Sweden. The latter is an inoffensive, and in my opinion an excellent, creature; but she has one defect which her

[1] The name afterwards assumed by King Joseph. The Queen also used it in Germany, where she then resided.

present situation renders almost a vice, — she is a mere cipher. Her character has no colour. Nay, more, she may easily be persuaded to do any person an ill turn, merely because she is not aware of the drift of the procedure. The Queen of Sweden was prodigiously fond of everything that was melancholy and *romantic.*

When she married Bernadotte, she had a face of which I shall say nothing, because we were then thought to be exceedingly like each other. She had very fine eyes, and a most pleasing smile. Lastly, she had not too much *embonpoint,* as at the time of her departure for Sweden, and she was altogether a very agreeable person. She was fond of her husband, which was natural enough; but that fondness became a downright annoyance to the poor Bearnese, who, having nothing of a hero of romance in his composition, was sometimes extremely perplexed by the part. She was continually in tears when he had gone out because he was absent; when he was going out, more tears; and when he came home she still wept because he would have to go away again, perhaps in a week, but at any rate he would have to go.

Louis Bonaparte was engaging at eighteen, subsequently his infirmities gave him the appearance of an old man before his time; this rendered him morose in appearance, and miserable in reality. He resembled the Queen of Naples when he was young and in health; there was the same cast of countenance, and the same expression when the features of the Queen of Naples were at rest; but as soon as they were animated by her smile or her look, all resemblance vanished.

Louis is a mild, easy, good-natured man. The Emperor, with his whim of making kings of all his brothers, could not find one who would fall in with it. His sisters, on the contrary, seconded him, for they were devoured by ambition; but on this point the men have

always shown a firm and determined will. Louis told him as much when he was setting out for Holland. "I will do what I like," said the young King to his brother. "Let me act freely, or let me remain here. I will not go to govern a country where I shall be known only by disaster."

The Emperor was inflexible in his will. He sent Louis to Holland; the unfortunate young man went to experience a slow and cruel agony among its canals and marshes. The greater part of his present ailments proceed from that damp atmosphere, particularly unhealthy for a child of the South like him. He obeyed, and his wife was destined there to feel the keenest anguish — her maternal heart was wrung by the death of her first-born.[1]

Lucien and his wife arrived at Paris at the same time, I believe, as did Madame Lætitia and Caroline Bonaparte. The General came to Paris, and afterwards set out again for Toulon. The Egyptian expedition was in preparation. Applications from all quarters poured in from young men, who, in ignorance of its destination, but hoping that it might be for Constantinople or England, enrolled themselves in crowds.

At the period I am speaking of (that is, in 1797), Lucien might be about twenty-two years of age; he was tall, ill-shaped, having limbs like those of the field-spider, and a small head, which, with his tall stature, would have made him unlike his brothers had not his physiognomy attested their common parentage. Lucien was very near-sighted, which made him half shut his eyes and stoop his head. This defect would have given him an unpleasing air if his smile, always in harmony with his features, had not imparted something agreeable to his countenance. Thus, though he was rather plain,

[1] The eldest of the children of Louis and Hortense Beauharnais died of croup, at the Hague, in 1804.

he pleased generally. He had very remarkable success with women who were themselves very remarkable, and that long before his brother arrived at power. With respect to understanding and talent, Lucien always displayed abundance of both.

In early youth, when he met with a subject that he liked, he identified himself with it; he lived at that time in an ideal world. Thus, at eighteen, the perusal of Plutarch carried him into the Forum and the Piræus. He was a Greek with Demosthenes, a Roman with Cicero; he espoused all the ancient glories, but he was intoxicated with those of our own time. Those who, because they had no conception of this enthusiasm, alleged that he was jealous of his brother, have asserted a wilful falsehood, if they have not fallen into a most egregious error. This is a truth for which I can pledge myself. But I would not with equal confidence assert the soundness of his judgment at this same period, when Bonaparte, at the age of twenty-five, laid the first stone of the temple which he dedicated to his immortality.

Not naturally disposed, by the grandeur of his genius, to view things in a fantastic light, and attaching himself solely to their reality, Bonaparte proceeded direct to the goal with a firm and steady step. He had in consequence the meanest idea of those who kept travelling on, as he expressed it, in the kingdom of fools. From this rigorous manner of judging persons of ardent imaginations, it may be supposed that Lucien was smartly reprimanded whenever he addressed to him any of the philippics or catilinaria of the young Roman. Napoleon forgot that he himself, a few years before, whilst still in Corsica, had given proof of equally violent exaltation.

Madame Lucien was tall, well-shaped, slender, and had in her figure and carriage that native grace and ease

which are imparted by the air and sky of the South; her complexion was dark, and she was pitted with the small-pox; her eyes were not large, and her nose was rather broad and flat: in spite of all this she was pleasing, because her look was kind, her smile sweet, as well as her voice: she was graceful, in short, and good as an angel. Her love for her husband rendered her quick in adapting herself to her position; in a few weeks she became an elegant woman, wearing to admiration all that issued from the hands of Leroi, Mademoiselle Despaux, and Madame Germon.

On his first visit to Paris Lucien made but a short stay there; on his return from Germany he and his wife settled in Paris, and lived at this period in Grande Rue Verte, Faubourg Saint Honoré.

Madame Bacciochi resided, like Lucien, in the Rue Verte. Madame Leclerc, who arrived from Italy soon after the period which I have just mentioned as that of the meeting of the family, took a house in the Rue de la Ville-l'Evêque. We formed, of course, nearly the centre of the Corsican colony, in the heart of Paris; thus, not a day passed on which some of the brothers or sisters did not visit us, or we them.

Caroline Bonaparte, who was called Annunziata, and who came with her mother from Marseilles, was then twelve years old. Handsome arms, small hands, delightful in form and whiteness, small well-turned feet, and a brilliant complexion — such were the characteristics of her beauty, with the addition of fine teeth, rosy cheeks, very fair but round shoulders, a figure rather too robust, and a manner not very elegant. Caroline was in other respects a very good girl, and we were as much together as my more intimate acquaintance with Mademoiselle de Perigord and Mademoiselle de Caseux permitted.

Caroline was placed in a boarding-school at St.

Germain, with Madame Campan, not to finish her education, for it had not even been begun. Of Madame Leclerc we saw more than of any other in the family. She came every day to my mother, who was very fond of her, and petted her — that is the right word — by passing over with more indulgence than her mother the thousand and one whims which were bred, gratified, and abandoned in a day. Many people have extolled the beauty of Madame Leclerc; this is known from portraits and even statues of her; still, it is impossible to form any idea of what this lady, truly extraordinary as the perfection of beauty, then was, because she was not generally known till her return from St. Domingo, when she was already faded, nay withered, and nothing but the shadow of that exquisitely beautiful Paulette, whom we sometimes admired as we admire a fine statue of Venus or Galatea. She was still fresh on her arrival at Paris from Milan; but this freshness was of short duration; by the time she had lived a year in Paris she began to be a very different person from the Paulette of Milan.

At this period she was an excellent creature; it has been said since that she was malicious, and this report has been spread even by persons of her household; I know not whether greatness changed her disposition.

CHAPTER XXIV.

General Bonaparte was anxious to see all his family comfortably settled at Paris before he left Europe, but knowing that the Republican generals were charged with rapacity, he did not wish his family to live in such splendour as might afford cause for malicious interpretations. Nothing was more simple than the style of Joseph's house, though, at the same time, it was respectably appointed. Bonaparte had also laid down rules for the guidance of Madame Bonaparte's conduct in this respect; had they been followed, this conquest over Josephine's spirit of dissipation would have surpassed the conquest of Egypt, which he was about to undertake.

General Bonaparte, though younger than Joseph, and though his mother was still living, assumed from this moment the ascendency and authority of a father and head over his family. The instructions which he left for their guidance were truly remarkable, and surprised my mother; she had not seen him at her house since her decided quarrel with him on account of my cousin Stephanopoli.[1] Naturally proud, she was now as glad to avoid Bonaparte as a few years before she had been anxious to meet him. The behaviour of the young General had deeply hurt her, and the indifference which he had shown in excusing himself completely incensed her against him; but subsequently her excellent under-

[1] He died at Neuilly, in consequence of having cut a corn on his foot.

standing made allowances for all that might then have occupied the head of such a man. Bonaparte was about this time as fond of his wife as his nature allowed him to be when his faculties were wholly devoted to the vast projects he had himself conceived. No doubt he loved Josephine, but those who have asserted that he loved her more than he ever did any other woman, have not followed him through his early life, nor discovered him in the character of a romantic lover; they have not seen him redden, turn pale, tremble — nay, even weep. At the old Feydeau theatre there was a box, No. 11, in the first tier, which knew much more about this matter than they do.

His love for his wife was not of the same nature. He loved her, no doubt, but without making of her one of those divinities which dazzle the acutest understanding, and prevent it from perceiving any imperfection, moral or personal, in the beloved object. Besides, there was a counterpoise in the gratitude which, more particularly about the time of his return from Italy, every one said that Bonaparte owed to his wife.

Madame Bonaparte showed a total want of prudence, not only in not imposing silence on those who spread this report, but also in giving it weight by her confidences to a host of flatterers, and, above all, of intriguers, who never kept the secret more than an hour. I know that Bonaparte had been informed of the *authority*, if I may be allowed the term, which Madame Bonaparte gave to the absurd report which the enemies of Napoleon, and he had many already, circulated respecting him. It may easily be conceived how his spirit must have been wounded when he saw himself the object of a contemptuous look, when he heard the expression: "It is his wife's influence that upholds him." This was false and ridiculous, but it was said, and whoever knew

Bonaparte well must be aware that nothing more was required to produce an extraordinary effect upon him.

Bonaparte was acquainted with the indiscretion of his wife; accordingly, he recommended her to abstain above all things from talking about politics — a subject which she knew nothing of, and which could not fail to lead to conversations liable to compromise him. "What you say is supposed to come from me," he would frequently observe to her; "keep silence, and then my enemies, and you are surrounded by them, will not have it in their power to draw silly inferences from your words."

My mother had found again an old friend in her neighbourhood, M. de Caulaincourt, whose hotel, in the Rue Joubert, was not above a hundred paces from our house. To name him is sufficient to call to the minds of those who knew this excellent man all that is good, honourable, and honoured. The Marquis de Caulaincourt was likewise a friend of Madame Bonaparte; he had rendered her very great services. Of what nature I know not, but my mother knew; they must have been very important, for, subsequently, on the day that his two sons were presented to the First Consul, when M. de Caulaincourt described to my mother the truly remarkable reception which Bonaparte had given to himself and his sons, "Indeed, I can easily believe it," said my mother; "if even the merits of Armand and Auguste had not required this distinction, the gratitude which his wife owes you would have imperatively commanded it." M. de Caulaincourt approached my mother's bed, for she was lying down at the time, and whispered to her for a few moments. "No, no," said my mother, "'t is not enough. Consider besides that your sons may aspire to everything. Where do you find men possessing their qualifications, and who, moreover, have at their age their military renown?"

M. de Caulaincourt was therefore a frequent visitor at the house of Madame Bonaparte. He gave her advice, which she listened to without following. He had a genuine friendship for her, and he proved it unequivocally; but Madame Bonaparte was excessively frivolous and fickle, with the appearance of good-nature. M. de Caulaincourt soon became disliked, though he was far from suspecting it; and subsequently, when, in consequence of my marriage, I formed one of the select circle at the Tuileries, I did not wound his heart by telling him that he was called the *dotard.*

M. de Caulaincourt was like a living tradition of a period which our fathers themselves considered as belonging to another age. His sons did not resemble him. Armand, afterwards Duke of Vicenza, had much of the look of his mother; Auguste was not like anybody, neither was Madame de Saint Aignan, formerly Madame de Thelusson. Madame de Mornay[1] was a fine woman, and had much of the elegant carriage and manners of Armand.

M. de Caulaincourt was a man of such an original stamp that I should look around me in vain at the present day for any one resembling him. His features had been very delicate in his youth, and, though short in stature, he was perfectly made. He had dark expressive eyes, to which, however, he seldom gave a severe expression. Many years have since passed, and yet my recollection of M. de Caulaincourt is so strong that methinks at this moment I can see him alighting from his horse at my mother's door on his return from Madame Bonaparte, Rue Chantereine.

Never shall I forget that pretty pony which fashion led him to choose: he paid all his visits upon horseback, like a country apothecary. Having formerly been a

[1] Afterwards Madame d'Esternau.

Caulaincourt.

Photo-Etching. — After the Engraving by Hopwood.

cavalry officer, highly esteemed in his corps, he had retained, in spite of time, reform, and revolution, the clumsy jack-boots, long queue, coat with large metal buttons, and waistcoat with flaps. Below these flaps hung two immense watch-chains, with such a collection of trinkets that, when I did not hear the usual noise made by the horse and himself, their jingle, as soon as he began to ascend the stairs, apprised me of his approach.

He was thoroughly convinced that the most graceful fashion of the day could not stand a comparison with his; and, to speak the truth, I should be puzzled to tell which was most laughable, he or a young *incroyable* of that time, buried in a muslin cravat two yards wide, with a coat the skirts of which reached little lower than the hips, whilst pantaloons, ample enough to make a gown, gave to the lower part of his person the appearance of a woman. Add to this capricious costume hair falling in long thick cork-screws over the immense cravat, and a hat so extremely small that it was difficult to keep it upon the head, which it scarcely covered.

M. de Caulaincourt called me his daughter, and I called him my *little papa*. Armand, afterwards Grand Equerry to the Emperor, and I were long accustomed, even at Court, to call one another brother and sister. The portrait of the Duke of Vicenza has not been favourably drawn by prejudice and envy. He was not liked. He was perhaps rather too much convinced of his superiority over most of those who formed the military circle of the Emperor, and this conviction gave him an air of reserve which superficial persons took for haughtiness. He was clever, and had as much the manners of a gentleman as any man in France. His brother was far from being equal to him. Auguste's temper was by no means agreeable, and I have frequently heard my mother repri-

mand him severely for unpoliteness, even to the friends of his father. At this period both brothers were with their regiments.

General Bonaparte, after staying but a few weeks at Paris, when on the point of leaving Europe with the chance of never returning, had been influenced by a feeling of violent irritation. My brother, who in Italy had always kept upon the best terms with the General, had called to see him at Bonaparte's request. Albert went several times, and always came back more and more certain that Napoleon was excessively mortified by the course of events. "I plainly perceive," said Albert, "that his great spirit is too much compressed in that narrow centre, within which those needy Directors wish to confine it: it is a free flight in untrammelled space that such wings demand. He will die here; he must begone. This morning," added Albert, "he said to me: 'This Paris weighs me down like a cloak of lead!' And then he paced to and fro."

"And yet," replied Albert, "never did grateful country hail more cordially one of its children. The moment you appear, the streets, the promenades, the theatres, ring with shouts of 'Vive Bonaparte!' The people love you, General."

While my brother thus spoke, Bonaparte, he said, looked steadfastly at him. He stood motionless, his hands crossed behind him, and his whole countenance expressing attention mingled with the liveliest interest: he then began walking again with a pensive look.

"What think you of the East, Permon?" he abruptly asked my brother. "You seem to have had an excellent education; for your father, I believe, originally destined you for the Diplomatic Service, did he not?" My brother replied in the affirmative. "You speak modern Greek, I believe?" Albert nodded assent. "And Arabic?"

Albert answered in the negative, adding that he could easily learn to speak it in the course of a month.

"Indeed! Well, in that case, I —" Here Bonaparte paused, as if fearful that he had said too much. He nevertheless reverted to the subject a moment afterwards, and asked Albert if he had been at M. de Talleyrand's ball. "That was a delightful *fête*," he added; "my Army of Italy would be very proud if it knew that its Commander had received such high honours. Yes, the Directors have done things nobly. I should not have supposed that they had such skill in paying compliments: what luxury!" He walked about for a considerable time without speaking, and then resumed: "It was more magnificent than our royal entertainments of old. The Directory ought not thus to forget its republican origin. Is there not pretension in appearing in such pomp before those who, in fact, can counterbalance its power? I represent the army!" added Bonaparte; "yes, I represent the army, and the Directors know whether the army is at this moment powerful in France."

Nothing could be more true than this last insinuation of Bonaparte. At this period the army actually possessed great influence, and a distant expedition was already much talked of in public. Bonaparte asked my brother several questions relative to this subject. Albert answered that it was generally believed that the projected expedition was destined against England.

The smile that now played upon Napoleon's lips, as Albert afterwards told us, had so strange, so incomprehensible an expression, that he could not tell what to make of it.

"England!" he then rejoined. "So you think in Paris that we are going to attack it at last? The Parisians are not mistaken; it is indeed to humble that saucy nation that we are arming. England! If my

voice has any influence, never shall England have an hour's truce. Yes, yes; war with England for ever, until its utter destruction! Permon, if you choose, I will take you with me; you speak fluently English, Italian, Greek. Yes; I will take you with me."

The conversation detailed here is the summary of what passed at five or six interviews. My brother heard in all quarters a variety of surmises concerning the projected expedition. The secret was long kept, but at length it was divulged; for Bonaparte, covetous of all kinds of glory, resolved to surround himself with the splendour which the arts and sciences impart to everything. He laid the Institute itself under contribution. An immense battalion accompanied the new Alexander to the banks of the Nile, whence it was destined to bring back a trophy more brilliant than any that blood can give to posterity.

As soon as my brother learned that the expedition was destined for so distant a country his resolution was taken; he arranged his affairs, and prepared for his departure. My mother, when she knew it, threw herself in a manner at his feet, entreating him not to forsake her. Albert needed no second supplication; he remained.

CHAPTER XXV.

Among the young officers whom Bonaparte had introduced to my mother, when he was appointed to the command of the Army of the Interior, she distinguished one, as well on account of his manners, blunt without rudeness, and his open countenance, as for the extreme attachment which he manifested for his General. This attachment bordered upon passion. He evinced an enthusiasm so touching that my mother, whose elevated soul and loving heart were capable of appreciating all exalted sentiments, had immediately distinguished Colonel Junot, and from that moment she felt the sincerest friendship for him. I was then quite a girl, and never dreamt that the handsome Colonel, with light hair, elegant dress, engaging countenance, and yet serious look, would come three years afterwards and, out of love, solicit the hand of the little girl whom at that time he scarcely noticed.

Of all the officers composing Bonaparte's staff Colonel Junot had the most adventurous and the most fortunate destiny. He bore, in recent scars, the glorious marks of a valour which his bitterest enemies have not attempted to deny him. The General-in-Chief had known how to appreciate it, and with the origin of his fortune were connected several remarkable acts, not only of courage, but also of honour and generosity. It was at the siege of Toulon that the General had become acquainted with him, and in a manner which, for its singularity, deserves to be related at length.

Junot was born at Bussy-Legrand, in the department of the Côte d'Or, on the 24th September, 1771, and it may be observed, by the way, that he received for a Christian name that of the saint whose festival happened to fall on the day of his birth; hence he had the most singular name perhaps in France — it was Andoche. What trouble this unlucky name gave in the sequel to the masters in the art of pleasing, who took it into their heads to celebrate the ruling powers!

Junot's parents were respectable *bourgeois;* his family was in easy circumstances. His mother's two brothers were, the one a physician at Paris, where he was deservedly esteemed, and the other first Canon of the cathedral of Evreux, possessing good benefices, which he meant to leave to the elder of his nephews, M. Junot, who died Receiver-General of the Upper Sâone. The Abbé Bien-Aimé was a worthy priest, whose memory I revere. He died Bishop of Metz in 1806, regretted by his whole diocese, the poor of which called him *le Bien-Nommé.*

As, prior to the Revolution of 1789, the class of the *bourgeoisie* never put their sons into the army, Junot was destined for the bar. His education, begun at Montbard under an excellent man named Heurté, of whom he frequently spoke with gratitude, was completed at the college of Châtillon-sur-Seine. [1] Here he first became

[1] "When General Junot returned from the Egyptian expedition, he went into Burgundy to see his relatives and friends, and to show them that prosperity had not altered his sentiments towards them. At Montbard, where he had received what little education he possessed, he called on his schoolfellows, whom he saluted with great cordiality; but his emotion was much greater when he met with his former preceptor, whom he had believed to be dead. He threw his arms around the old man's neck, and kissed him. Surprised to receive such testimonies of regard from a stranger, especially from one so richly habited, the schoolmaster looked foolish, and was unable to utter a word.

"'Do you not know me?' inquired the young officer. 'I have not that honour, sir.' 'What! not know the idlest, the most dissolute, and the most worthless of your scholars?' 'Am I, then, speaking to M. Junot?'

acquainted with Marmont, who was a pupil at the same college, and here they contracted that friendship which nothing ever diminished, though both of them pursued the same career. This friendship ended only with Junot's death in 1813.

Junot was a man of a very extraordinary character, which was not always duly appreciated by those about him, because he himself sometimes threw an obstacle in the way, in consequence of a defect which really was a drawback from his many good qualities, — I mean an extreme irritability, easily excited in him by the mere appearance of a fault. Whenever he had reason to suspect any one, more especially a person under his command, of neglect in matters connected with the service, he could not help reproving him for it, and the more harshly, as, in the like case, he would have been just as severe towards one of his own relations. On such occasions his frankness did not allow him one circumlocutory word.

Junot had lofty ideals; he was a stranger to falsehood, and was endowed with a generosity which his enemies have endeavoured to represent as a vice, but which his numerous family, who for fifteen years had no other support than him, a great number of crippled soldiers, of widows encumbered with children, who received pensions and relief from him, will never call anything but the virtue of a noble heart.

He possessed in an eminent degree the qualities of a good son, a warm friend, and an excellent father. I recollect Mr. Fox telling me one day how he was struck the preceding evening, when leaving the opera-house, on seeing Junot paying as much attention and respect to his

inquired the old man, with the utmost *naïveté*. The General laughed, again embraced his tutor, and on going away settled on him an annual pension." — "The Court and Camp of Napoleon" (1836), p. 194.

mother as he could have done to the first peeress of England.[1] How many college friends, how many indigent relatives, has he succoured and saved! How many ungrateful persons are there to whom he was a patron, a brother, and whose fortunes he made!

Junot doted on his children. Who can know, as I have done, all that anxiety, so strong and so tender, which he felt even in the midst of personal danger? What letters he would write me! How affecting they were for their candour and ingenuousness! At one time he would inquire whether his boy had cut his tenth tooth. At another he would say: "But when shall you wean little Rodrigue?" And then his girls, what were they doing? Were they grown? Did they work at their needle? These details may appear trivial, but the letters were written under the fire of the enemy, amid the snows of Russia, or perhaps an hour after receiving a wound which had not even been dressed. I preserve all those invaluable letters, which shall descend as a sacred inheritance to my children.

Having begun life with the Revolution, Junot was absolutely one of its children. He was scarcely twenty when the first roll of the drum was heard. A war-cry rang throughout the kingdom; the most discreet panted for combat; all were tired of repose. Had not Junot been my husband, I should tell how he became all at once a young Achilles. Suddenly smitten with a passion for arms, he wholly forgot the luxurious and indolent life which till then he had led. It was then that he entered into that celebrated battalion of volunteers of the Côte-d'Or, so renowned for the number of generals

[1] Mr. Fox meant by no means to satirize France by appearing to think it admirable that a son should give his arm to his mother. It was the extraordinary care and attention that struck him, as he himself acknowledged.

and great officers of the Empire who sprang from its ranks. Its commander was the amiable and unfortunate Cazotte.

After the surrender of Longwy, the battalion was ordered to Toulon to join the forces collected to retake it from the English. This was the most critical moment of the Revolution. Junot was sergeant of grenadiers, which rank had been conferred on him upon the field of battle. Often, when relating to me the circumstances of the first years of his adventurous life, did he speak of that event as the most extraordinary that had befallen him. He said, with that accent which persuades because it is true, that, in the whole course of his career of honours, nothing ever threw him into such a delirium of joy as that which he experienced when his comrades, all of them as brave as himself, appointed him their sergeant, when their commander confirmed their appointment, and he was lifted on a tremulous platform supported by bayonets still dripping with the blood of the enemy.

It was about this time that, being one day on duty at the battery of the Sans-Culottes, a commandant of artillery, who had come a few days before from Paris to direct the operations of the siege, in so far as the artillery under the command of Cartaux was concerned, applied to the officer of the post for a young subaltern possessing both courage and intelligence. The Lieutenant immediately called *La Tempête* — Junot stepped forward. The Commandant scrutinized him with an eye that seemed already to look through the man.

"Pull off your coat," said the Commandant, "and carry this order yonder," pointing to the most distant part of the coast, and explaining what he wished him to do. "I am not a *spy*," said he to the Commandant; "seek somebody else; I shall not take your order." He was retiring. "So you refuse to obey?" said the superior officer

in a sharp tone: "do you know to what punishment you render yourself liable?" "I am ready to obey," said Junot, "but I will go in my uniform or not at all; and that is honour enough for those rascally English." The Commandant smiled, as he looked steadfastly at him. "But they will kill you," replied he. "What is that to you? You don't know me well enough to fret after me; and as for myself, 't is all one to me. Well, I may go as I am, may not I?" He then put his hand into his cartridge box. "Well, with my sword and these pills, at any rate the conversation shall not flag, if those fellows have anything to say to me." He then set off singing.

"What is that young man's name?" asked the superior officer, as soon as he was gone. "Junot." "He is sure to get forward." The Commandant then noted down his name in his pocket-book. This was already an opinion of great weight, for the reader will easily have guessed that the officer of artillery was Napoleon.

A few days afterwards, being at the same battery of the Sans-Culottes, Bonaparte asked for some one who could write a good hand. Junot stepped out of the ranks and offered his services. Bonaparte recognized in him the sergeant who had already attracted his notice. He told him to place himself somewhere to write a letter, which he would dictate. Junot chose the corner of the battery. Scarcely had he finished the letter when a bomb, fired by the English, burst at the distance of ten paces and covered him, as well as the letter, with mould and dust. "Capital!" said Junot, laughing; "we wanted some sand to dry the ink."

Bonaparte fixed his eyes on the young sergeant; he was quite calm, and had not even started. This circumstance decided his fortune. He continued with the Commandant of the artillery, and did not return to his corps. Afterwards, when the city was taken and Bonaparte

appointed General, Junot asked no other reward for his good conduct during the siege but to be appointed his aide-de-camp,[1] preferring an inferior rank to that which he might have had by remaining in the corps; but in this case he would have been obliged to leave Bonaparte, and Junot could not make up his mind to that.

Junot was soon attached to his General with a devotedness that became adoration. Without taking the full measure of the giant who was before him, his penetrating mind set him down for a great man. I subjoin an extract from a letter, the original of which is in my possession; it was written in 1794, when Junot's father, alarmed at the resolution of his son, asked him for information concerning the man to whose fortunes he had attached himself. "Why have you left the Commandant Laborde?[2] Why have you left your corps? Who is this General Bonaparte? Where has he served? Nobody knows him here."

Junot answered his father, and explained to him why he had preferred the service of the staff, especially that active service which he was likely to have with his General, to the more tardy results that would have attended his remaining with his battalion. He then added: "You ask me who is this General Bonaparte. I might answer in the words of Santeuil:

"'Pour savoir ce qu'il est il faut être lui-même;'

but this much will I tell you, that as far as I can judge he is one of those men of whom Nature is sparing, and whom she throws into the world but once in a century."

[1] Junot and Muiron, the latter of whom afterwards perished so unfortunately, were the first aides-de-camp that Bonaparte ever had.

[2] Afterwards General of Division and Commandant at Lisbon at the time of the conquest. It was Laborde who commanded in Oporto when Marshal Soult suffered himself to be surprised by the English, conceiving that it was the Swiss regiment which was crossing the river.

When Napoleon set out for Egypt he passed through Burgundy on his way to Toulon. He stopped at Dijon, where my father-in-law then was, and the latter showed him the letter which I just quoted.

"Monsieur Junot," said the General, "this only serves to confirm me in my conviction of your son's attachment to me. He has given me strong proofs of it, which have deeply touched me. You and he may therefore rely upon it that I will use all my power and influence to advance him in our adventurous career."

My father-in-law had then no occasion to ask who *this General Bonaparte* was. A quarter of an hour after this conversation, what Bonaparte had said to him was written in his pocket-book, and put into his left pocket, as near as possible to his heart. His adoration of Napoleon became from that moment almost as profound as that of his son.

Bonaparte kept the promise which he had made to Junot's father: he was to him a kind and useful patron; but, then, there were important obligations on the other side. We have already seen that Junot, deeply concerned at the arrest and accusation of Bonaparte, wanted to share his captivity; that he was repulsed from the prison by Napoleon himself, who convinced him that he might be of more use to him by remaining at liberty. We see, in fact, that the defence of Napoleon, addressed to the representatives of the people, Albitte and Salicetti, who had caused him to be apprehended, was Junot's writing: there are merely a few notes to it in Bonaparte's hand. After the liberation of the General, Junot accompanied him to Paris. There he constantly shared his poverty, and always divided with him what he received from his family.

"The galleons are not yet arrived," Bonaparte would say to my mother, when he called to see her, with a long

face, and a gray frock-coat, which has since become so famous, but was then a very shabby concern ; " the Burgundy diligence has not yet arrived. If it do not come to-night, we shall have no dinner to-morrow — at least, if you don't give us one, Madame Permon." What Napoleon called the galleons was a remittance of two or three hundred francs, which Junot's mother now and then sent to her son. This he divided with the General. " And I always have the larger share," said Bonaparte.

When Napoleon, after the 4th of October, was invested with the command of the Army of the Interior, he took other aides-de-camp. Marmont was one of them ; and at this period he, Junot, and Muiron were the privileged persons of his staff. Junot and Muiron were on the most intimate terms. They were for some time the only two officers attached to General Bonaparte. Their friendship was not affected by the addition of Marmont to their little staff, and, as I have already observed, Junot and he had been educated at the same college.

It was a very remarkable point in Junot's character, or rather in his heart, that he was as weak and superstitious in regard to his dearest friends as he was rash and reckless of his own person ; so that whenever a battle was at hand, he was distressed about the fate of his friends till he saw them again. On the evening before the Battle of Lonato, after having been on duty the whole day, and riding perhaps fifty miles, carrying orders in all directions, he lay down exhausted with fatigue, but without undressing, that he might be ready at the shortest notice.

During the day he had thought a great deal about Muiron and his situation. Muiron had formed plans for his future establishment, which he had communicated to Junot. He meant, at the end of the campaign, to apply for leave of absence, that he might go to Antibes, for the purpose of marrying a young widow residing there,

of whom he was enamoured, and who possessed some fortune. It would therefore have been natural enough that Junot's slumbers, receiving a tinge from the impressions of the day, should present to him similar joys, but in a different form.

But no sooner was he asleep than he dreamt that he was on a field of battle, covered with dead and dying. He was met by a powerful masked knight on horseback, with whom he fought; this knight had, instead of a lance, a long scythe, with which he struck at Junot several times, and wounded him deeply on the left temple. The battle was long; at length they closed. In the conflict the tall rider's visor or mask fell off, and Junot beheld a death's head; the armour then disappeared, and Death, with his scythe, stood upright before him. "I could not take you to-day," said he; "but I will take one of your best friends. Beware of me!"

Junot awoke bathed in perspiration; day began to dawn; the bustle which precedes a day such as that which was preparing was already heard; he tried to sleep again, but could not; he was so much agitated, and this dream produced an uneasiness which increased every moment; yet, singularly enough, his apprehensions were not directed to Muiron, and on that day his anxiety was exclusively about Marmont.

The engagement began. Junot received two wounds on the head, one of which left that fine scar which was long seen on the left temple, the other was near the nape of the neck; neither of these wounds appeared very dangerous, but there was a chance that the one on the temple might become so, in the state of mind in which he then was.

The moment he came to himself he inquired after Marmont. He was not to be found. When the officer who had been to look for him returned, and imprudently

told Yvan, who was dressing Junot's wound, that he could not find him, Junot, calling to mind his dream, was seized with a kind of delirium, which alarmed the surgeons the more because his blood had been for several days past highly inflamed. A messenger was sent to acquaint the General-in-Chief with what had happened; he went himself to his favourite aide-de-camp and strove to soothe him; but Junot would not listen to anything, and had not Marmont at that moment arrived from executing a commission given him by the General-in-Chief (he had been, I believe, to Massena's headquarters), Junot would probably have been attacked by tetanus. As soon as he saw his friend he became composed, and seemed to think that he had nothing more to apprehend.

"Ah, there you are!" he exclaimed, taking him by the hand; "there you are!" He then examined him with the only eye that was uncovered to see whether he had received any wound, and smiled with satisfaction on perceiving no other traces of the battle but disordered hair, and clothes covered with dust and Austrian blood. All at once he was struck by the extreme gloom on Marmont's countenance; the image of Muiron presented itself to his mind. "Where is Muiron?" cried he; "where is Muiron?" Marmont cast down his eyes, and the surgeon gave Heldt, Junot's *valet-de-chambre*, a significant look to enjoin silence. Junot understood them. "The wretch," cried he, "has kept his word, then!" Muiron had actually fallen.

During the whole of the campaigns in Italy, Junot accompanied Bonaparte in those fields of glory, and was not sparing of his blood: he was in all the brilliant days of Arcola, Lodi, Castiglione, Lonato, the Tagliamento, etc. He served his General and his country on the field of battle with all the zeal that could be expected from an attachment such as his. Bonaparte,

who knew and duly appreciated him, employed him during the campaigns in Italy in other duties besides those of an officer of the advanced guard. The occupation of Venice, which required both great subtlety and extreme firmness, was entrusted to him; he brought back with him colours which his arm had assisted in taking, and his mission had, as we shall see, an entirely diplomatic object.

I have already observed that Junot lavished his blood for the glory of his country. I shall here mention a few instances. During the campaign in Italy, at the Battle of Lonato, he received, as we have just seen, a wound on his left temple; but the most frightful of his wounds was a gun-shot wound received in Germany when only a volunteer; it must have been terrible, to judge from the scar, which made one shudder. The pulsation of the brain might be perceived there; this scar was at least an inch long, and seven or eight lines in depth. At frequent intervals during the three or four years succeeding that campaign, this wound would break open afresh in a manner equally singular and alarming, and, the blood flowing profusely from it, Junot ran the risk every time of bleeding to death.

One day, at Milan, being at the house of Madame Bonaparte, where they were playing at vingt-et-un, Junot was sitting at a round table with his back towards the door of the cabinet of the General-in-Chief. The General opened his door without being heard; he made a sign to be silent, and, coming up softly, laid hold of the fine light head of hair which the young aide-de-camp then had, and pulled it sharply. The pain was so acute that Junot could not suppress a faint cry; he smiled, but his face turned pale as death, and then alarmingly red. The General withdrew his hand; it was covered with blood!

To a brilliant and creative imagination Junot joined an acute understanding that was most prompt in seizing any new idea the moment it presented itself to him. He learned everything with inconceivable rapidity. He was very ready at composing verses,[1] was an excellent actor, and wrote wonderfully well. His temper was warm, sometimes passionate, but never was he coarse or brutal; and, during the thirteen years of our union, I never witnessed such a scene as that which is described in the Memorial of St. Helena; the Emperor could not have made such an assertion, or, in absence of mind, he must have mentioned one name instead of another. The picture of Junot running about in his handsome hotel, as he is alleged to have done in the Memorial, sword in hand, to pay his creditors, is absolutely ludicrous to all who were acquainted with Junot and knew how anxious he was to act in conformity with the elevated post which he occupied.

This post, formerly so eminent under the Bourbons, was infinitely more important under the Emperor. The Governor of Paris had the command of nearly 80,000 men; he was the only Governor who ever had such great power, extending to Blois, and, I believe, even to Tours. All officers of distinction, foreign or French, who passed through Paris, were received by him. Every person of any renown who came to France was admitted to the hospitalities of the Governor of Paris; and, from the first day of his nomination, Junot strove to imitate the Duc de Brissac, if not in his two queues and his white scarf, at least in the politeness of his manners. This desire of

[1] Here is a specimen. Playing one evening at chess with Queen Hortense, then Mademoiselle Beauharnais, after several games which he lost out of complaisance, Junot wrote these lines on the chess-board:

"Dans ce beau jeu je vois l'emblême
De tout ce que vous inspirez:
Fou celui qui vous dira 'J'aime,'
Roi celui que vous aimerez."

standing well in his intercourse with the social world dates even much further back, notwithstanding Junot's fondness for the Republic, and his aversion to ancient customs.

I will give an example. When all the world was emigrating and the revolutionary tempest began to roar, Madame de Brionne was stopped when attempting to leave France at a town (I believe Châlons) where Junot happened to be with his regiment. It was said that Madame de Brionne was carrying with her the Crown diamonds; she was the mother of the Prince de Lambesc,[1] whose name was held in abhorrence by the people for his affair at the Tuileries; she belonged, moreover, to the house of Lorraine, and that was enough to render her suspected. She was therefore detained; but, thanks to Junot, this measure, which might have assumed a most serious character, was productive of no other unpleasant result than the mere fact of her apprehension.

Madame de Brionne was conveyed to the best inn in the town, and Junot persuaded the mayor's officers to go themselves and examine her. "She is a woman," said he; "you do not arrest her by virtue of a warrant, since you have no commission to do so, but you act out of patriotism; you have received information upon which you act: so far all is right. Consider, however, that your information may be false, and that your action then becomes the more vexatious, inasmuch as there is no just cause for it: you must act then as if you doubt whether you be right; and, besides, she is a woman and we are Frenchmen."

They replied to Junot with cheers, and, in consequence of this harangue, it was resolved to proceed to the noble traveller, who, not having been forewarned, had wellnigh marred everything. She had thrown herself on a bed

[1] And of the Prince de Vaudemont.

upon pretext of fatigue, but probably to avoid the ceremonial of bows and courtesies; she shrunk from the idea of desiring people such as she then saw to sit down in her presence.

By a very simple accident, however, her stratagem was thwarted. The mayor being absent from the town, there came in his stead an extremely vulgar fellow, who, on entering the room, threw himself into an arm-chair, saying: "I beg your pardon, *citoyenne*, but I am heavy, you see (he was full two hundredweight), and by your leave I will sit down."

At this intrusion Madame de Brionne half raised herself on the bed, and lifted up her head with an expression which gave her a most gigantic stature of twenty cubits. "By what right, sir, do you interrupt my journey?" said she to the fat man who acted the part of mayor. "Is this the liberty people now enjoy in France? I insist upon your suffering me to proceed this instant." The fat man made no other reply to this application than to ask Madame de Brionne who she was and whence she came.

In relating this scene to me, Junot said: "Never shall I forget the expression of Madame de Brionne's face; it was not indignation, it was an almost unknown sentiment; it was stupefaction, madness. She, Madame de Brionne, to be interrogated! Not only her name to be asked, but who she was! 'After all,' said the man of the commune, 'we must know what is your profession.' Madame de Brionne returned no answer, but it was evident how severely she suffered from the constraint. A young woman who was near her seemed in a whisper to be striving to soothe her.

"At length, when she had been questioned for the third time as to her name and quality, she raised herself with that dignity which never fails to awe when it is inspired

by the feeling of what one really is, and exclaimed, 'Marie Louise de Rohan, Comtesse de Brionne! As to the charge which you have the stupidity rather than the infamy to allege against me —— Show them my luggage,' continued she, turning to a *valet-de-chambre;* 'they will see that the house of Lorraine possesses wealth without having occasion to rob the house of France.'

"I was exceedingly pained at this scene," said Junot, "and when the clumsy booby had thoroughly convinced himself that Madame de Brionne had nothing with her that could even cause her to be suspected, I said sharply that she might be allowed to take some rest before she resumed her journey, which she wanted to do immediately. At any rate that woman had a noble and dignified courage which excited a lively interest in me, and I strove to screen her from the inconveniences of her situation."

Madame de Brionne was too much accustomed to good society not to be immediately aware of the attentions paid to her by Junot, which never ceased till her departure; and at a moment when she thought she should not be overheard, she said to Junot, "It must be very painful to you, sir, to wear that dress and to live with such people. It is no doubt, your father, whose opinions —— Alas! in these disastrous times it is no uncommon thing to see persons belonging to our class joining the rabble."

"Madame," said Junot, interrupting her with a smile, "I ought to prevent you from proceeding, and assure you that my father and myself are of the same opinion; and I must confess that I am a plebeian and a stanch Republican."

The young soldier bowed. "Well, then," said Madame de Brionne to the young lady who had previously spoken to her, "there are many of our young coxcombs at Versailles who would not have been either so polite or so attentive to a woman of my age."

"I heard it distinctly," said Junot, "though she spoke in a whisper; and you will hardly believe that one of the things which most engaged my thoughts, after she had spoken of it herself, was to inquire her age. She was still a superb woman; her arms and hands were admirably beautiful."

[Madame de Brionne was about fifty at the time of this adventure; if anything rather more than less.]

"Sir," said she to Junot at the moment of her departure, "accept this token of remembrance; I hope that it may serve to remind you of one who, on her part, will never forget what you have had the kindness to do for her." This token of remembrance was a snuff-box of white shell, with a portrait of Madame de Brionne. Junot received it with warm expressions of thanks, and always kept it, notwithstanding his wandering life. A singular adventure, not a sequel to but a consequence of that which I have just related, occurred some years afterwards.

Some time after the victory of the Tagliamento, shortly before the Treaty of Leoben, Junot, being at Clagenfurth with the General-in-Chief, received a visit from a young German officer taken prisoner in the battle. He was handsome and a man of polished manners, but spoke French very ill. In other respects he was quite a gentleman, for he introduced himself as a relative of Madame de Brionne, in whose name he solicited Colonel Junot's good offices.

From what Baron de Steyer told Junot, it appears that Madame de Brionne had always kept her eye upon him, and that the newspapers, in which his name frequently occurred, had furnished her with honourable intelligence concerning him. She had recommended to the Baron, in case he should meet with such a misfortune as to be taken prisoner, to mention her name to Colonel Junot

and solicit his influence. The confidence of Madame de Brionne was not disappointed. Junot received the young officer in the most cordial manner; he asked and obtained for him his liberation on parole before the exchange of prisoners. My husband was much pleased with this mark of remembrance on the part of Madame de Brionne,[1] and justly so; for what is more amiable than to procure you an opportunity for doing a good action and to prove that one has relied upon you?

This little story is not foreign to what precedes it, as the reader may perceive. The young man to whom it relates was the same who, from his fiery courage and impetuosity of character, obtained a few months afterwards in the field of battle the appellation of *La Tempête* from his brave comrades. It is to be presumed that this politeness, which must have been innate in Junot, for it could not have been taught him, was in the sequel rather developed than stifled by the remarkable circumstances in which he was placed.

The preceding story, like many others, is not quite in its proper place. But this is a fault — if it be one — inherent to these Memoirs. They are recollections awakened by recollections. Touch one chord, and ten others vibrate, differing in sound, but combining in one harmony. So do not be surprised if I sometimes break off one story to begin another.

[1] As it is probable that I shall make no further mention of Madame de Brionne, I shall here introduce a little anecdote of her eldest son, the Prince de Vaudemont. Everybody knows that he was far from being like his mother and brother, and still less like his wife, who was, and still is, generally beloved. She was very ill, and Louis XVI., who took a lively interest in her welfare, one day asked the Prince de Vaudemont, "How is the Princess? What does Portal think of her?" "Why, 'faith, Sire, I should not like to be in her skin." Now, only consider that this answer was given with the utmost *sang froid*, and in a tone and accent absolutely inimitable.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JUNOT was appointed General in Egypt. This promotion, which is generally a desirable thing, especially at Junot's age (he was then twenty-seven), was *not* so for him. He had to leave the man to whom he was affectionately attached, and was even removed from under his observation; the army was not numerous, the general officers had not the choice of their cantonments, and they were obliged to go whithersoever the service required.

Many generals have been strongly attached to the Emperor; many of them, by the ascendency of a mighty genius, though they were Republicans, continued to love him even after his coronation, and to serve him faithfully; but nothing ever approached that blind, that passionate devotedness which several of his officers, at the head of whom was Junot, cherished for him. It was a fault in Napoleon not to believe the reality of this sentiment, and a still greater to show that he disbelieved it.

It is well known that there was a schism between the chiefs of the Army of Egypt; it was the camp of Agramant. Napoleon's party was the most numerous, but this division was extremely prejudicial. The personal danger of each party rendered it more irritable, more inflexible, especially towards the opposite faction. Kléber, Damas, and a great number of generals of extraordinary merit in other respects, affected to withdraw themselves from the authority of the General-in-Chief.

Among the generals who had placed themselves in hostile opposition to the General-in-Chief was Lanusse, the brother of him who lately commanded at Besançon. One day an expression so horrible and at the same time so alarming for the safety of the army, was reported to Junot that the favourable prepossessions with which the bravery of Lanusse had inspired him were from that moment utterly destroyed. "I hated him at last," said Junot to me when relating the circumstances of their quarrel. Amicable appearances were nevertheless outwardly kept up, but their hearts were estranged.[1] One day Murat, wishing to reconcile the two generals, invited them to dine with him, together with Lannes, Bessières, and I believe Lavalette, who was then aide-de-camp to the General-in-Chief.

Dinner passed off agreeably, and the party afterwards went to play. During a game at *bouillotte* the conversation turned on a military operation which the army was about to make, when Lanusse suffered a sarcastic smile to escape him; it exasperated Junot. Bessières, who sat next to him, kept him quiet for a few moments. Lanusse, misinterpreting the tranquillity which prevailed around him, continued talking about the state of the army in very indecorous terms.

In the midst of his observations he stopped short, and, addressing Junot, "Junot," said he, "lend me ten louis; I am bankrupt." "I have no money to spare," replied Junot, dryly. As he had a heap of gold before him, Lanusse, eying him steadfastly, rejoined: "How am I to take your answer, Junot?" "Just as you please." "I asked you to lend me ten of the louis that are lying before you." "And I answer that, although there is

[1] They had previously been intimate, and I know that Lanusse had even laid my husband under obligation. I take pleasure in acknowledging this.

money before me, there is none for a traitor (*traitre*) like you." "None but a scoundrel could use such an expression," cried Lanusse, overcome with rage.

In a moment all were on their legs. "Junot! Lanusse!" cried they, endeavouring to soothe them, for, at the epithet employed by Lanusse, Junot had become furious. All at once he appeared calm. "Hearken, Lanusse," said he, in a voice the mildness of which formed a strange contrast with his choleric trembling, "hearken to me; I called you a traitor: I don't think you are so.[1] You called me a scoundrel: you don't think me one, for we are both brave. But, look you, we must fight; one of us must die. I hate you because you hate the man whom I love and admire as much as God, if not more.[2] We must fight, and that immediately. I swear that before I go to bed to-night this affair shall be settled!"

All the witnesses of the scene were sensible that such words as had been exchanged demanded blood, and even life. But what was to be done? The General had proscribed duels; he would not have any in his army. If the affair were to be deferred till the next day he would know of it, and then it would be impossible to settle it. Murat's garden was spacious; it sloped down to the Nile. Torches were lighted, and there they might fight that very instant. It was nine o'clock and quite dark.

"What weapon shall we take?" said Junot. "A pretty question!" said Lanusse. "Pistols, to be sure." Every one looked at him in astonishment. He had been insulted; according to the laws of duelling, he had a right

[1] Lanusse was remarkable for bravery, and one of the most distinguished officers of the Army of Egypt.

[2] I have been advised to omit this expression, but I have not done so, because it was actually used by Junot, and, being acquainted with his religious creed, I know how to estimate it. He was not pious, but he was a believer.

to choose the weapons that should be employed. All were therefore surprised that he should prefer one which, in Junot's hand, was sure to prove fatal. It is well known that he was the most expert marksman with the pistol, not only in France, but almost in Europe. At twenty-five paces he never missed an ace, and could cut the ball in two, and that exactly in the middle, against the blade of a knife. "I will not fight you with pistols," said he coolly to Lanusse; "you are no marksman, you could not hit a barn-door. We ought to fight upon equal terms. We have our swords; let us go."

Bessières, who was Junot's second with Murat, whispered to him that he was a foolish fellow, as Lanusse was a capital swordsman, and he might perhaps stand no chance with him. "Consider, too," said Murat, "that it is for life or death." Junot would not listen to anything. They proceeded to the garden, and by the way Lanusse again raised his voice and employed some very offensive expressions with reference to Junot and the General-in-Chief.

"Lanusse," said Junot, "you are acting now like a man without heart, and yet you are a brave man; one would suppose you were trying to screw up your courage." Lanusse replied with a volley of abuse.

Lannes silenced him. "Come along, Lanusse," said he, in the energetic manner with which he adorned all he said; for at this period, and even much later, I never heard him speak two words but the third was an oath. "Come along; hold your tongue; you are going to cut one another's throats — what the devil would you have more? All that you say to him now is positively thrown away."

When they were on the ground the seconds examined it, and they had a good mind not to suffer the affair to take place on that spot. The Nile, after its periodical

inundation, had left inequalities which were enough to trip a person up at every step. "If it were but daylight!" said Murat, "but you cannot fight here." "Come on," said Junot; "this is child's play." Pulling off his coat, he drew his sword, and Lanusse did the same.

Junot was a good fencer. He was nimble, brave, and perfectly cool; but, wishing to finish the affair, and taking his opportunity, he made a stroke at Lanusse, which cut the crown of his hat and spent itself on his cheek. Had he been without a hat he must have been killed. Taking advantage of the movement, which had left Junot exposed, he gave him a back-handed cut, which laid open the abdomen and made a wound, the scar of which was more than eight inches long. Junot was removed with great difficulty. The nature of the wound was most serious in a country where inflammation of the intestines is the chief thing to be dreaded. But he was surrounded by persons whose talents and friendship quickly alleviated his alarming situation.

The General-in-Chief was furious the next morning when Desgenettes, at Junot's desire, informed him of the occurrence. "What!" cried he, "are they determined to cut each other's throats? Must they go into the midst of the reeds of the Nile to fight among the crocodiles, and leave behind for them the body of the one that shall have fallen? Have they not enough, then, with the Arabs, the plague, and the Mamelukes? You deserve, Monsieur Junot," said he, as though his old aide-de-camp had been present, — "you richly deserve putting under arrest for a month when you get well."

Such were the very words of Bonaparte. He went to see Junot a considerable time after the affair, — that is to say, when Junot was almost convalescent, — for at first Napoleon would not see him, saying that he was

more culpable than Lanusse. However, the very next day, when apprised of the result and cause of the duel, he exclaimed: "My poor Junot! Wounded for me! But, then, the idiot! why did he not fight with pistols?"

When Bonaparte left Egypt, Junot was at Suez, where he commanded. It is well known how secret the departure was kept. How kind and affectionate is the letter which he sent on this occasion to Junot! It is as follows:

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE, TO THE GENERAL OF BRIGADE, JUNOT.

I am leaving Egypt, my dear Junot, and you are too far from the place of embarkation for me to take you with me. But I shall leave orders with Kléber to let you set out in the course of October. Be assured that, in whatever place and in whatever situation I may be, I will give you positive proofs of the affectionate friendship which I have vowed to you. — Health and friendship. BONAPARTE.

Kléber wished to keep Junot, but he would not stay. He could not meet with a vessel to return to Europe, and it was painful to him to be far distant from his country and from the man who alone had enabled him to endure the separation. At length he spoke out with such energy and feeling that Kléber gave him permission to depart, in the following letter:

KLÉBER, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, TO THE GENERAL OF BRIGADE, JUNEAU.[1]

The feeling of gratitude which you express so well, and which attaches you to General Bonaparte, only augments the

[1] An orthographical blunder would be nothing more than one might expect of Kléber, who did not pride himself on being able to write French; but it is surprising that he did not know how to spell Junot's name.

esteem which I entertain for you. You shall go, General, and I have ordered General Damas to furnish you with a passport immediately; it grieves me exceedingly that I cannot give you in any other way the assurance of my sincere and cordial attachment. KLÉBER.

Notwithstanding the apparent frankness of this letter, Kléber caused his departure to be attended with unpleasant circumstances. A report was circulated in the army that Junot was carrying away the treasures found in the Pyramids by the General-in-Chief. "He could not carry them away himself" (such was the language held to the soldiers), "and so the man who possesses all his confidence is now taking them to him."

The matter was carried so far that several subalterns and soldiers proceeded to the shore, and some of them went on board the merchantman which was to sail with Junot the same evening. They rummaged about, but found nothing. At length they came to a prodigious chest, which ten men could not move, between decks. "Here is the treasure!" cried the soldiers; "here is our pay that has been kept from us above a year. Where is the key?"

Junot's valet, an honest German, shouted to them in vain, with all his might, that the chest did not belong to his *chenerâl*. They would not listen to him. Unluckily Junot, who was not to embark till evening, was not then on board. The mutineers seized a hatchet, and began to cut away at the chest, which they would soon have broken up, had not the ship's carpenter come running quite out of breath. "What the devil are you at," cried he, "madmen that you are? Hi! stop! Don't destroy my chest; here is the key." He opened it immediately, and lo! the tools of the master carpenter of the ship.

A scene like this wounded Junot to his heart's core. To be suspected of such baseness was to him a deep

injury; but to suspect his General of a *crime* of which he was less capable than any other — he, the father of the soldier! Junot deemed the charge beneath both of them. He could have proved that he had been obliged to borrow a thousand crowns for his return to Europe, but he should soon see again his own dear country, the man who was not less dear, and his family. In short, the feelings that crowded upon his ardent soul (so well fitted to enjoy all the happiness that he anticipated) neutralized his indignation; he quitted that ancient Egypt, from which he carried away nothing except glory, without regret and without remorse, and, turning his face towards Europe, thought of nothing but France.

The odious calumny, the stupid invention, relative to the treasures of the Pharaohs, had meanwhile found believers elsewhere as well as in the army. The English, for example, had been simple enough to give credit to this story. A ship was even cruising off Alexandria, and the merchantman in which Junot had sailed was obliged to bring-to at the first summons of the *Theseus* man-of-war, Captain Steele; while Junot and his aide-de-camp, Captain Lallemand, had not the power to make the least resistance, how well disposed soever they might have been to do so.[1]

Captain Steele was the most impertinent of men, and everybody knows that when the English take up the profession of impertinence they are adepts in it. Junot was a prisoner, and an unhappy prisoner; all that could aggravate the pain of his disagreeable situation was probably studied overnight in the head of the Captain, that it might be put in practice the next morning. Junot had with him General Dumuy, the oldest General of Division in the French army; he was no longer young,

[1] They left Alexandria at eight in the evening, and were taken about midnight by the English. "We were waiting for you," said the latter.

and was invested with a rank which ought to have ensured him not only respect, but honour, especially among military men.

Well, poor General Dumuy was not only ill-used, which was cruel, but hoaxed, which was infamous. Junot would not put up with any jokes, and I have no need to observe that it would have been dangerous to make the experiment with him. Captain Lallemand, on his part, was not more complaisant; one day he well-nigh threw overboard a petty officer who had amused himself by playing him a *trick*, as he called it. Accordingly Junot and he were at least respected.

At length, after enduring for four months a treatment which daily became more harsh and insupportable, Junot spoke out, and with such effect that Captain Steele was obliged to tack about and carry his victims to Jaffa, to be delivered up to Commodore Sir Sidney Smith. I shall speak of Sir Sidney by and by; at present I shall only say that he was most polite to the prisoners, and particularly to Junot, but he could not keep them, and forwarded them by way of Cyprus to Arnetta, to be thence despatched to Toulon in the ship *Le Vaillant;* but it was necessary that an English officer should first go to Palermo to receive the orders of Nelson, who was there with Lady Hamilton.

The day after *Le Vaillant* had anchored in the harbour of Palermo, a very elegant barge, manned by a dozen rowers dressed in white, and wearing black velvet caps ornamented with a silver leopard, came to reconnoitre the frigate. Junot was in his cabin at the moment with General Dumuy. The Captain of *Le Vaillant* went down to them and told them with the more arrogance, because he fancied that he was backed, "Come up on deck, gentlemen; our hero, the great Admiral Nelson, wishes to see the French prisoners." Junot eyed the Captain,

then, turning his head, he appeared to be looking round about him.

"Am I to understand that it is to me and the General that you are speaking?" said he. The Captain bowed. "And have you the courage to execute this commission? Well, take back this answer, at least as far as I and my officers are concerned; go and tell your Admiral — who to me is neither a hero nor a great man, for I am accustomed to a measure that would be far too large for him — go and tell him that I am not his prisoner, but the prisoner of his Government; that if I were I would not obey an order given with the brutality with which you would treat strange beasts that you might have brought from Egypt, and of which you were the keeper. If Admiral Nelson wishes to see me he knows where to find me. Say further, he is my superior, his rank is higher than mine; had he civilly expressed a desire to see me I would have gone to him that instant. Now the insult is offered it is too late for him to recede. I do not seek to impose my opinions upon any one," continued Junot, turning to General Dumuy, who from the commencement of the discussion kept close behind him, jogging his elbow, and pulling a face that was enough to make the merriest cry or the most sorrowful laugh. "I have said what I thought, and what I would do, that is all; you are at liberty to act as you please." The good man, if he had had his own way, would have gone up on deck, and walked about somewhat after the manner of a white bear in his den.

The Captain delivered Junot's answer to Nelson, who had the spirit to feel the full force of it. Junot, in his spleen, had said what he was far from thinking, for he admired Nelson, and did not conceal it; but how can you abstain entirely from offensive language when a victorious enemy would insult you?

It is to be presumed that Junot's conduct was appreciated by Nelson; for the same evening he sent him a large basket filled with fruit, preserves, and some bottles of claret. Lady Hamilton had added some oranges to the present. Junot rightly thought that it would show bad taste to refuse it; he therefore accepted it, and expressed his thanks with a gratitude which he really felt. After all, if what he had said to the Captain was faithfully reported to the Admiral, this tacit reparation of his affront, or perhaps of that offered by the Captain of the *Theseus*, argues great magnanimity in his character.

Nelson, however, cancelled Sir Sidney Smith's orders for the return of the prisoners to France, and they were conveyed to Port Mahon, there to await the answer of the Admiralty. That answer could not be doubtful, but it might be delayed some time, and to remain longer under the yoke of the Captain of the frigate was beyond the bounds of human patience.

Sir Sidney Smith appeared to Junot under an aspect which, though different from that of Nelson, was not more encouraging in regard to social life and the intercourse which there must be between two men living, if not under the same roof, on the same deck, and which was about to be established between them. General Bonaparte was not mistaken in regard to the real cause of the disasters consequent upon the long resistance of St. Jean d'Acre. In his mind, Sir Sidney Smith and those disasters were inseparable.

Those around him, who so easily caught the reflection of his enmities and his friendships, when, like Junot in particular, they lived in his life, beheld in Sir Sidney a man to whom General Bonaparte had a strong dislike, and to whom, of course, they took a dislike also. "Nevertheless," said Junot to me one day, "the Emperor always regarded Sir Sidney Smith as a man of honour,

and he said as much; only he thought him mad; and he could not comprehend, he said, how a sensible man could attempt such insane things."

The first moments were of course irksome; but this did not last long. Sir Sidney and Junot, when they became acquainted, conceived a high esteem for one another. Junot said that Sir Sidney was chivalry personified, with all its bravery and generosity. They passed together about two months, which would have appeared short to Junot had he not been anxious to return to France. Every consideration was absorbed by that desire, which became a real home-sickness. Sir Sidney perceived it, and strove to expedite his return to France, as if he had been his own brother. It was to the active influence of Sir Sidney Smith that Junot was indebted for the cartel of exchange, the original of which I have carefully preserved. It is scarcely necessary to remark that ten English prisoners were released in exchange for him.

Junot continued to cherish the most affectionate regard for the Commodore. Notwithstanding the war they wrote and sent presents to one another. In spite of all his efforts, however, Sir Sidney could not obtain the entire exchange of Junot, who could not serve against England till the business was finally settled.[1]

[1] In Napoleon's conversations with O'Meara he often spoke of Sidney Smith. After referring to his bravery at Acre, Napoleon added, "He dispersed proclamations amongst my troops which certainly shook some of them, and I in consequence published an order stating that he was *mad*, and forbidding all communication with him. Some days after he sent, by means of a flag of truce, a letter containing a challenge to me to meet him at some place he pointed out in order to fight a duel. I laughed at this, and sent him back an intimation that when he brought Marlborough to fight me I would meet him. Notwithstanding this, I like the character of the man." — "Napoleon at St. Helena," by O'Meara, London: Bentley, edit. of 1888, vol. i., p. 194.

Sir Sydney Smith.

Photo-Etching. — After the Painting by Robert Ker Porter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Among the ladies who had recently returned to France, and who were frequent visitors at my mother's house, there was one who is still vividly present to my recollection as though I had seen her only a few days since. This was Madame de Contades, the daughter and sister of the MM. de Bouillé who distinguished themselves at the affair of Varennes.

Madame de Contades was a person whose appearance never failed to make a profound impression at first sight. She was not remarkable for beauty, but there was something very pleasing about her. There was an expression in her look and smile which I never observed in any but one woman besides herself. She was not gloomy, far from it; and yet one could scarcely venture to laugh in her presence unless she first set the example. When she turned round her goddess-like head, crowned with luxuriant black hair, and cast a glance at any one, that look was a command which exacted obedience.

Her hatred of Bonaparte was exceedingly amusing. She would not grant him the merit of deserving his military fame. "Pshaw!" she would say when my mother spoke of his victories in Italy and Egypt; "I could do as much with a look." She was no less diverting when Bonaparte's sisters came under her review. She would not acknowledge the beauty of Madame Leclerc any more than the glory of her brother. Her eccentric opinion on this subject once gave rise to a tragi-comic incident at my mother's house.

Bonaparte had just departed for Egypt; and the different members of his family, bright with the reflections of the glory he had cast upon them during his brief stay in Paris, had already commenced their novitiate of royalty. Madame Leclerc, who had a taste for absolute power, was nothing loath to unite the influence of her brother's reputation to that of her own beauty. That beauty, indeed, appeared so perfect that nobody ever thought of disputing it. As her dominion as yet consisted only of her beauty, she spared no pains to make the most of it; and in this she certainly succeeded, when she did not, as unfortunately too often happened, display the airs of an insufferable spoiled child.

One evening my mother gave a ball at her residence in the Rue Sainte Croix. She had invited, according to her custom, the most select society of the Faubourg Saint Germain. As to the other party, the only individuals belonging to it were the Bonaparte family, and a few gentlemen, who, like M. de Trenis, were fine dancers, and were for that reason regularly invited by the few families who gave parties at that time.

Madame Leclerc informed us that she had prepared for the occasion a dress which, to use her own expression, she expected would *immortalize her*. This dress was a subject of the most serious consideration with her, at least a week before she was destined to wear it, and she enjoined the strictest secrecy on Madame Germon and Charbonnier.[1] She requested permission to dress at our house, which she frequently did in order that she might enter the ball-room with her dress completely fresh and in all its beauty.

Only those who knew Madame Leclerc at that time can form any idea of the impression she produced on entering my mother's drawing-room. The head-dress consisted of

[1] A milliner and a hairdresser at that time much in favour.

bandelettes of a very soft fine kind of fur, of a tiger pattern. These *bandelettes* were surmounted by bunches of grapes in gold; but the hair was not dressed so high as it is now worn. She was a faithful copy of a Bacchante, such as are seen in antique statues or cameos; and, in truth, the form of Madame Leclerc's head, and the classic regularity of her features, emboldened her to attempt an imitation which would have been hazardous in most women.

Her robe of exquisitely fine India muslin had a deep bordering of gold; the pattern was of grapes and vine-leaves. With this she wore a tunic of the purest Greek form, with a bordering similar to her dress, which displayed her fine figure to admirable advantage. This tunic was confined on the shoulders by cameos of great value. The sleeves, which were very short, were lightly gathered on small bands which were also fastened with cameos. Her girdle, which was placed below the bosom, as is seen in the Greek statues, consisted of a gold band, the clasp of which was a superbly cut antique stone. She entered the drawing-room without her gloves, displaying her beautiful white round arms, which were adorned with gold bracelets.

It is impossible to describe the effect her appearance produced. Her entrance seemed absolutely to illumine the room. The perfect harmony in every part of the beautiful whole elicited a buzz of admiration, which was not very complimentary to the other ladies present. The gentlemen all thronged round her as she advanced towards a seat which my mother had reserved for her, for Paulette was a particular favourite of my mother's, who, indeed, regarded her almost as her own child.

The ladies were all much piqued at the beauty and the elegant dress of Mademoiselle Bonaparte, the wife of General Leclerc. They whispered to one another, but

loud enough to be heard by Paulette, that such an impudent display of extravagance was exceedingly unbecoming in a woman who had been almost starved only three years before. But these expressions of female envy were speedily drowned by the admiration of the other sex.

The beauty of Madame de Contades was entirely eclipsed, and soon after Madame Leclerc's entrance she found herself abandoned by her circle of admirers; or if any of them approached her, it was only to make some provoking remark complimentary to the charms of Paulette. "Give me your arm," said she to a gentleman near her, and the next moment the Diana-like figure of Madame de Contades was seen moving across the drawing-room and advancing towards Madame Leclerc.

The latter had withdrawn to my mother's boudoir, because, she said, the heat of the drawing-room and the motion of the dancers made her ill; though, I believe, the true reason was that a long sofa in the boudoir afforded her the opportunity of displaying her graceful figure and attitudes to the best advantage. This manœuvre, however, proved unlucky for her.

The room was small and brilliantly lighted, and as Madame Leclerc reclined upon the sofa a stream of light descended full upon her head. Madame de Contades looked at her attentively; and instead of making any of the ill-natured observations which had fallen from the other ladies, she first admired the dress, then the figure, then the face. Returning a second time to the *coiffure*, she expatiated on its taste and elegance; then suddenly turning to the gentleman on whose arm she was leaning, she exclaimed, "Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! how unfortunate that such a pretty woman should be deformed! Did you never observe it? What a pity it is!"

Had these exclamations been uttered in the drawing-

room it is probable that the sound of the music and the dancing would have drowned Madame de Contades's voice, though she generally spoke in a pretty loud tone; as it was, every word resounded through the little boudoir, and the scarlet which suffused the face of Madame Leclerc was much too deep to improve her beauty.

Madame de Contades fixed her eyes of fire on Paulette, as if she would look her through, and the tone of compassion in which she uttered the words, "What a pity!" sufficiently informed Paulette that her triumph was at an end. All this (which perhaps I have described with rather too much prolixity) took place in the space of little more than a minute; but these details are necessary to show the mode in which the attack was managed, and the success with which a woman of ingenuity may avenge her wounded vanity.

"What is the matter?" inquired some one who stood near Madame de Contades. "The matter!" said she, "do you not see the two enormous ears which disfigure either side of her head? I declare if I had such a pair of ears I would have them cut off, and I will advise Madame Leclerc to do so. There can be no harm in advising a woman to have her ears cut off."

All eyes were now turned towards Madame Leclerc's head, not, as before, to admire it, but to wonder at the deformity with which its beauty was disfigured. The truth is, that Nature must have been in one of her most capricious moods when she placed two such ears on the right and left of a charming face. They were merely pieces of thin white cartilage, almost without any curling; but this cartilage was not enormous, as Madame de Contades said; it was merely ugly, by contrast with the beautiful features which accompanied it.

A young woman but little accustomed to society is

easily embarrassed; this was the case with Madame Leclerc when she read in the faces of her surrounding admirers the effect produced by the remarks of Madame de Contades. The result of this scene was that Paulette burst into tears, and on the plea of indisposition retired before midnight. Next morning my mother went to see her. She, of course, said nothing about the ears, which were then concealed beneath a nightcap trimmed with lace; for Madame Leclerc was in the habit of receiving visits, even the most formal ones, in bed. She took her revenge by assailing Madame de Contades, whom she certainly did not spare. My mother allowed her to go on for some time, for she was aware that she had been deeply piqued.

"I cannot imagine," said Madame Leclerc, "what can make that great tall May-pole such a favourite with all the men! I am sure there are many women much more attractive in the circle of your acquaintance. There was one who sat near her last evening in your drawing-room, whom I think much handsomer; and she was very well dressed, too. She had a robe and Grecian tunic just like mine. But," added she, in as serious a tone as though she had been speaking of the most important affair in the world, "hers was embroidered in silver, and mine in gold. That did not become her: she is not fair enough for silver."

Patience was not my mother's virtue; and on hearing this she rose from her chair, evidently displeased. "Paulette," said she, "my dear girl, you are crazy — absolutely crazy!" The person of whom Madame Leclerc was speaking was a little fat woman with a short neck and turned-up nose, and so extremely short-sighted that she was continually winking her eyes. In a word, she was the very reverse of Madame de Contades.

"I assure you, Madame Permon, I think Madame Chauvelin an elegant woman; she is clever, too, without being satirical." "Whether Madame Chauvelin be elegant or not is a matter of very little consequence," replied my mother; "as to her cleverness, I know she has a good deal. But, my dear Paulette, you are strangely mistaken if you live in the belief that she is not satirical when anything of a ridiculous kind presents itself to her notice. She can observe, short-sighted as she is." This affair set Madame Leclerc for a long time in violent hostility to Madame de Contades; though I am sure the latter lady never thought of it from the moment she put on her shawl to leave my mother's party.

About this period M. de Talleyrand had persuaded a great portion of his family to return from emigration. His two brothers, Archambaud and Bozon de Perigord, came to France. The former had been forced to fly to save his life, and left behind him a wife and three children. His wife died shortly after his departure. M. Louis Perigord, the eldest of his three children, was a man whose rare qualities rendered him an ornament to society. He enjoyed the favour of Bonaparte, who knew how to appreciate merit.

There was a lady, a friend of my mother, who like her had the courage to receive company and give balls at this time. This was Madame de Caseaux, wife of the President of the Parliament of Bordeaux. She was a distant relation of M. Talleyrand. She had an only daughter, Laure de Caseaux, who was then the richest heiress in France. The fortune of M. de Caseaux was estimated at eight or nine millions of francs. Madame de Caseaux occupied the Hôtel de Perigord in the Rue l'Université, which now belongs to Marshal Soult. There she gave, in the suite of apartments on the ground-

floor, the first splendid balls which took place in Paris after the Revolution. But these balls represented the Faubourg Saint Germain in all its purity; and I do not recollect having seen the face of any individual of the opposite party except Junot, and that not until after our marriage.

There was another house in Paris at which good company and agreeable parties were to be met, though money was paid for admittance. This was the house of Despréaux, the fashionable dancing master. I was his pupil, and at first these assemblies consisted only of his pupils; but they soon became so fashionable that Despréaux was obliged to remove to a larger house in order to receive all who wished to subscribe to them.

It was there I first met Mademoiselle Perregaux, before she was married to General Marmont. She used to be accompanied by a sort of governante, who, instead of having any control over her, appeared to be entirely submissive to her authority. Mademoiselle Perregaux was pretty, but my mother could never reconcile herself to the freedom of her manners. Madame Bonaparte sometimes brought her daughter to Despréaux's assemblies. Hortense de Beauharnais was then a charming girl, but I will take another opportunity of drawing her portrait; it deserves to be more than a light sketch.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

An event which took place immediately after the 18th of Fructidor overwhelmed us with grief, for we were intimately acquainted with the relatives and friends of the victim who was sacrificed. I here allude to the death of Hoche, which may be regarded as an event in the history of our Revolution. The loss of Joubert and Hoche have usually been regarded as military misfortunes, like the fate of Marceaux, and subsequently of Desaix, but the case was different. With his military talent Hoche combined extensive abilities of various kinds, and he was a citizen as well as a soldier. When he was sent to La Vendée he quelled dissension, more perhaps by his talents and conciliating manners than by his sword, though he could use it well. Like Joubert, he loved and revered his country.

I did not know much of General Hoche personally, but since his death I have been furnished with some curious details respecting him. When his death was made known, the public voice rose in an accusing outcry against the Directory. I am satisfied that Hoche was the constant object of the hatred of a party then unfortunately powerful, though acting in the shade. It was discovered that the sum of 800,000 francs had been embezzled, and it was alleged that the Commander of the Army of the Sambre and the Meuse had divided it among the officers of his staff. A lady for whom Hoche cherished a deep interest, and who is living at the time I write, received from him at the time letters in which

he begged her to raise some money by way of loan at any price. "Above all," said he in one of these letters, "I should blush if France knew that one of the Generals-in-Chief of her armies should be obliged to borrow money to replace the horses which have been killed under him by the enemy's bullets."

Nothing, it appears to me, can be more conclusive than the language of a man thus addressing a woman who possessed his entire confidence. The lady to whom these letters were addressed resided in Paris, and she favoured me, only a few days before these pages were written, with another glance at the correspondence, to which she attached the highest value.

In another letter General Hoche says: "Do they wish me to come to Paris to renew the scandalous scene of the 18th of June?[1] If they do, I will come, and in my turn tear to pieces their embroidered coats. Let them not provoke me." Alas! the unfortunate General ought not to have provoked an enemy who was alike cowardly, criminal, and feeble. Scarcely one month elapsed after the date of this last letter, and Hoche was no more. An almost unanimous voice pronounced sentence of murder against those who ought to have placed the civic crown on the head of Hoche instead of consigning him to the grave. As to my own opinion, I entertain a firm conviction that General Hoche died by assassination. His tragical death forms a remarkable event in our revolutionary history.

I must now revert to a few circumstances of anterior date for the better explanation of some facts which are to follow. Shortly before the Revolution my father, in

[1] He here alludes to the indecorous scene which took place between De Lahaye and another deputy, who actually fought until they tore each other's clothes, in the place where sittings of the Legislative Body were held.

the course of his financial business, was engaged in rather a curious affair, which at the time was but little known, because one of the two parties concerned belonged to the Polignac family. While this affair was pending my mother was introduced to some of the individuals concerned, among others to Madame de Re——c, a natural daughter of the Marquis de St. A——n.

When, in 1796, the revolutionary troubles had somewhat subsided, and people who had been dispersed in various directions once more thronged to Paris, my mother, to her great astonishment, one day met Madame de Re——c at Tivoli. The lady was splendidly dressed in an extravagant style of fashion. She was walking between two gentlemen; the one on the right was a *collet noir*, and the one on the left an *oreille de chien*. She was speaking with a *paole pafumée*, and giving herself all the airs of a perfect *incroyable*. She seemed overjoyed to see my mother, who was rather a formidable person to be encountered by such a woman as Madame de Re——c. I recollect that she was put quite out of countenance by the somewhat satirical look of my mother when she scanned her from head to foot with the cool self-possession of the true Parisian *élégante*.

When Madame de Re——c behaved naturally she was a lively and agreeable woman. She recovered her courage, and called upon us next day. She told us a great deal about the Directorial court, with which she was well acquainted, and about Madame Tallien, who, according to her account, was the prototype of all that was fair and good in the world — a perfect divinity.

My mother was a woman, and a beautiful woman, whose opinions were not in unison with those which

were professed in the salon of Madame Tallien, yet she never withheld her admiration from other females when she felt that it could be justly conferred. My mother had been much struck with the beauty of Madame Tallien, and she knew too many facts relative to her excellent conduct at Bordeaux not to be convinced that all the praises conferred on her were well deserved.

The life of Madame Tallien was one of the most extraordinary and diversified I ever knew. She might have become the French Aspasia, and with much greater advantages than were enjoyed by the Aspasia of Athens, with whom her wit, her beauty, and her political influence may serve to establish a comparison. She certainly might have been appreciated much more than Aspasia in spite of the refined taste of the Athenians, though neither of her husbands was a Pericles.

The destiny of Madame Tallien was as singular as herself. She was born in Spain, where her father, M. de Cabarrus, a French banker, settled, and had acquired a great reputation. At twelve years of age Theresa Cabarrus was the loveliest of all the beauties of Cadiz. Her father sent her from home at that early age, because he was still too young to take upon himself the superintendence of so beautiful a daughter. She was seen about this period by her uncle Jalabert, who could not escape the fascination which the lovely Theresa, with a look and a smile, exercised upon every man who beheld her. He wished to marry her, but she gave the preference to M. de Fontenay, to whom she was united some time after. With a cultivated mind, and intellectual powers of a high order, Madame Tallien would have possessed, even without her beauty, more than an ordinary share of attractions.

While she was at Bordeaux she composed a discourse on some abstract subject, which was intended to be read

by way of a sermon, a custom which was at that time prevalent. She, however, had not courage to read it herself, and she requested M. Jullien to read it for her.

She was present on the occasion, and the audience were much more attentive to her than to the heavy and monotonous eloquence of the person who delivered the discourse. She was dressed in a riding-habit of dark-blue casimere, with yellow buttons, and collar and cuffs of red velvet. Upon her beautiful black hair, which was cut *à la Titus*, and clustered in graceful curls round her face, she wore, a little on one side, a cap of scarlet velvet trimmed with fur; in this costume her beauty was really dazzling. At intervals the expression of her countenance showed that she was a little out of humour at the manner in which the discourse was read, and on the following Decadi [1] she read it herself in the church of the Franciscans.

Madame Tallien was kind and obliging; but such is the effect on the multitude of a name that bears a stain that her cause was never separated from that of her husband. The following is a proof of this. Junot was the bearer of the second flags which were sent from the Army of Italy to the Directory. He was received with the same pomp which attended the reception of Marmont, who was the bearer of the first colours.

Madame Bonaparte, who had not yet set out to join Napoleon, wished to witness the ceremony, and on the day appointed for the reception of Junot she repaired to the Directory, accompanied by Madame Tallien. They lived at that time in great intimacy; the latter was a reflection of the Directorial royalty, with which Josephine, when Madame Beauharnais, and, indeed,

[1] Day of Rest. See "Concordance of the Gregorian and Republican Calendar," arranged for Bourrienne's "Memoirs of Napoleon," vol. ii.

after she became Madame Bonaparte, was in some degree invested. Madame Bonaparte was still a fine woman; her teeth, it is true, were already frightfully decayed, but when her mouth was closed, she looked, especially at a little distance, both young and pretty. As to Madame Tallien, she was then in the full bloom of her beauty. Both were dressed in the antique style, which was then the prevailing fashion, and with as much of richness and ornament as were suitable to morning costume.

When the reception was ended and they were about to leave the Directory, it may be presumed that Junot was not a little proud to offer to escort these two charming women. Junot was then a handsome young man of five-and-twenty, and he had that military look and style for which, indeed, he was always remarkable. A splendid uniform of a Colonel of Hussars set off his fine figure to the utmost advantage. When the ceremony was ended he offered one arm to Madame Bonaparte, who, as his General's wife, was entitled to the first honour, especially on that solemn day; and, offering his other arm to Madame Tallien, he conducted them down the staircase of the Luxembourg. The crowd pressed forward to see them as they passed along.

"That is the General's wife," said one. "That is his aide-de-camp," said another. "He is very young." "She is very pretty. *Vive le Général Bonaparte! Vive la Citoyenne Bonaparte!* She is a good friend to the poor." "Ah!" exclaimed a great fat market-woman, "she is *Notre-Dame-des-Victoires!*" "You are right," said another; "and see who is on the other side of the officer: that is *Notre-Dame-de-Septembre!*" This was severe, and it was also unjust.

Junot escorted Madame Bonaparte when she went to join the General-in-Chief in Italy. I am surprised that

M. de Bourrienne has omitted mentioning this circumstance in his Memoirs. He must have known it, since he was well acquainted with everything relating to Josephine, and knew many facts of high interest in her life at this period and subsequently. How happens it, too, that he makes no mention of Mademoiselle Louise, who might be called her companion instead of her *femme-de-chambre?* At the outset of the journey to Italy she was such a favourite with Josephine that she dressed like her mistress, sat at table with her, and was in all respects her friend and confidante.

The journey was long, much too long for Junot, though he was very much in love with Mademoiselle Louise. But he was anxious to join the army, for to him his General was always the dearest of mistresses. Junot has often spoken to me, and *to me alone* of the vexations he experienced on this journey. He might have added to his circumstantial details relative to Josephine the conversation he is reported to have had with Bonaparte in Egypt;[1] but he never breathed a word on the subject, for his character was always noble and generous.

The journey to Italy did not produce the effect which usually arises from such incidents in common life — namely, a closer friendship and intimacy between the parties. On the contrary, Madame Bonaparte from that moment evinced some degree of ill-humour towards Junot, and complained with singular warmth of the want of respect which he had shown her, in making love to her *femme-de-chambre* before her face.

At a subsequent period, however, Madame Bonaparte thought no more about Mademoiselle Louise or the want of respect shown by the aide-de-camp and faithful friend; indeed, I believe she thought but little about

[1] See Bourrienne's "Memoirs."

Bonaparte himself. I shall by and by notice the subject which then absorbed all her thoughts.

Madame de Re——c often spoke to us about Madame Bonaparte, whom she frequently saw at the Directory when she was not exclusively engrossed by the charms of her garden of Armida. On this subject Madame de Re——c furnished us with some amusing particulars, from which Lucien and the whole family, but especially Madame Leclerc, drew very unfavourable inferences for the future happiness of their brother.

CHAPTER XXIX.

On reaching Italy, Junot served under Moreau, who took the command of 40,000 men, the sad wreck of our military force in Italy, and marched to meet the enemy. The movements of the Austro-Russian army commanded by Suwarrow were, however, better combined than his; the consequence was that Moreau was defeated in the Battle of Cassano, losing nearly all his artillery, and 15,000 men killed, wounded, or prisoners.

Championnet once more brought back victory to our standards by defeating General Mack and taking Naples; but the Directory determined to sacrifice the glory of one of her sons on the altar of his country, and Championnet was deprived of his command, arrested, tried by a court-martial, and was on the point of being shot. All this was because he resisted the designs of certain base and avaricious proconsuls. Championnet's force was consigned to the command of Macdonald, and did not join Moreau's army till after the Battle of the Trebia, where we lost 8,000 of our troops.

About this time, in the west of France, the Chouans were raising their odious standard, and the roads of La Vendée were drenched anew with the blood of Frenchmen. Our plenipotentiaries were massacred at Rastadt by the Schekler hussars, and, notwithstanding the indignation expressed by all France at that atrocity, vengeance was still very tardy in overtaking the assassins. The

two Councils were the first to render a melancholy tribute of honour to the victims. Who that saw that ceremony can ever forget its solemnity? Who can recollect without emotion the religious silence which reigned throughout the hall and tribunes when the vote was put? The President then turned towards the curule chair of the victim, on which lay the official costume of the assassinated representative, covered with black crape, bent over it, and, pronouncing the names of Robertjot and Bonnier, added in a voice, the tone of which was always thrilling: —

"ASSASSINATED AT THE CONGRESS OF RASTADT!"

Immediately all the representatives responded:

"May their blood be upon the heads of their murderers!"

This crime was long attributed to the Court of Austria, but I have positive evidence that the Queen of Naples and the Colonel of the Schekler regiment were the sole authors of the murder. I do not now recollect at what battle it was that the Schekler hussars were in such a situation as obliged them to capitulate. Their consciences told them, however, that they ought not to expect quarter. "Will you make us prisoners?" demanded the Commander of the corps. He received for answer an exclamation of rage and indignation: "Defend yourselves, wretches!" The whole of the regiment was exterminated.

Another misfortune which befell France about this period was the death of Joubert, who was killed at the Battle of Novi, at the time when, touched by the miseries of his country, he forgot her offences and felt nothing but her danger. Joubert was the friend of Championnet. On the latter being arrested, he sent his resignation to

the Directory, and it was long ere he would again enter the service. When he did, he was first appointed to the command of the seventeenth military division, the headquarters of which were then in Paris, and a few weeks after to the command of the Army of Italy.

The striking similarity of situation between Joubert and Bonaparte is most remarkable. Both were of equal age, and both, in their early career, suffered a sort of disgrace; each was finally appointed to command first the seventeenth military division, and afterwards the Army of Italy. There is in all this a curious parity of events; but death soon ended the career of one of the young heroes. That which ought to have constituted the happiness of his life was the cause of Joubert's death; namely, his marriage. But how could he refrain from loving the woman he espoused? Ah! who can have forgotten Zephirine de Montholon,[1] her enchanting grace, her playful wit, her good-humour, and her beauty? What delicacy and spirit on her features! I think Joubert was very pardonable.

The mention of Joubert brings to my recollection a story about Bonaparte and the two Suchets (the Marshal and his brother), who were the intimate friends of Joubert. The circumstance I am about to relate happened a little after the siege of Toulon. The town had been in the possession of the French for some weeks, and although his military and official duties might naturally have been expected to fill up his time completely, there were still some hours of the day which hung heavy on Bonaparte's hands.

Chauvet, the Commissary-in-Chief, had private affairs of his own which kept him free from ennui, but Bona-

[1] Who was afterwards the second wife of Marshal Macdonald. Her daughter by this marriage afterwards became the Marquise de Roche-Dragon.

parte was entirely disengaged. The Director of the Maritime Works (or some such officer) had two very handsome daughters, on one of whom Chauvet bestowed all his attention. Junot likewise had contrived to fill up his time in a similar way; but Bonaparte, as I have said, was, in the midst of his occupations, the prey of ennui. One day he said to Chauvet, "I must go and dine with Suchet; tell him I am coming."

But for the better explanation of what follows it is necessary to premise that Suchet, then Chef-de-bataillon, was in quarters at La Seille, a pretty little village situate on the very lowest point of the Bay of Toulon. Suchet occupied a small house, the property of the father of the two fair maidens above mentioned, with one of whom Chauvet was in love. The father and daughters were accordingly invited to dine with the party of young men, the eldest of whom had not reached his twenty-fifth year.

Suchet [1] received his guest in his usual way, his face beaming with pleasure and good-humour, and seeming to say, "Welcome, welcome to my house!" His brother Gabriel acted the part of housekeeper, and provided an excellent dinner. Gabriel was also an amiable and good-tempered man, and did all he could that day to make eight or ten young madcaps happy. But as pleasure must have a term, it was necessary to think of retiring home. This, however, was found to be impracticable; for, whilst the company were enjoying themselves, there had been a great fall of snow, succeeded by a hard frost, which rendered communication with the village impossible; it was, besides, very foggy.

However, with punch, conversation, and laughter, they amused themselves for a few hours longer; but they had to wait for the dawn of day. There was but one bed in

[1] Afterwards the Marshal Duc d'Albufera.

all the house, — that in which the two brothers slept. What was to be done? It was then proposed that the two ladies should occupy it; but as the bedchamber was the only room in the house in which a fire could be lighted, they would not hear of it.

Bonaparte, who then abhorred what he called dull faces, proposed a game at vingt-et-un. It was usually the most laughable thing in the world to see him play at any game whatever; he, whose quick perception and prompt judgment immediately seized on and mastered everything which came in his way, was, curiously enough, never able to understand the manœuvres of any game, however simple. Thus, his only resource was to cheat.

Well, for some time, vingt-et-un kept the company alive. But the cold soon overpowered the girls; slumber stole upon them, in spite of their efforts to banish it, and of the glances of Chauvet. At length they could hold out no longer, but threw themselves on the bed, which stood in a corner of the room, and fell forthwith into a sound sleep. Cold, as well as fire, acts as a soporific; and it was not long before all the company, except Bonaparte and Gabriel Suchet, were snoring. Some stretched themselves on wooden benches, which stood round the chamber, and some on chairs, while Bonaparte and Gabriel spent the whole night, a winter's night — that is to say, seven hours at least — in playing at vingt-et-un. Bonaparte's eyelids never once drooped. Occasionally he would turn his eyes towards the bed and look at the young girls; and when sometimes Gabriel Suchet pointed out the elegant position in which one of them lay, he would smile, but with an air of apathy rather singular in a young man of twenty-five. The fact is, Bonaparte had but one real passion, and in that all his other feelings were absorbed.

I have heard Gabriel Suchet say that, notwithstanding

the many years which have intervened since the occurrence of this incident, he often thinks he still sees Bonaparte sitting in the arm-chair, one of his hands supporting his head, and the other stretched forward, as he pronounced the continually-repeated words, *carte-content.*

CHAPTER XXX.

I HAVE already observed that Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was one of the handsomest women in Corsica, though her fine face was wrinkled by many cares. The first time I saw her she was dressed in an absurd way; yet, nevertheless, she made a strong impression upon me.

Madame Bonaparte was of a lofty and elevated character. A widow at an early age, in a country where the head of a family is everything, the young mother found it necessary to develop all the energy of her character. She was gifted with that delicacy of perception which distinguishes the Corsicans, but in her this quality did not degenerate into hypocrisy, as in some of her children. Indeed, she was habitually frank. She evinced firmness in certain circumstances, but in others obstinacy. This was obvious in a number of the systematic triflings which composed a part of her life.

She was very ignorant, not only of our literature, but of that of her own country. She had, however, some knowledge of the usual forms of society, of which she had seen a little in the course of her acquaintance with M. de Marbœuf and other distinguished men, who visited much at her house at the time of the occupation of Corsica. But this slight knowledge of the world was to her rather a source of inconvenience than of advantage, inasmuch as it put her in constant dread of committing some blunder. Her haughtiness, which was not offensive, became dignity when elevated to her new situation. She

was kind at heart, but of a cold exterior, possessed of much good sense, but, as I have said, of little shrewdness or knowledge of the world; and at the period of which I speak she was very scrupulous in exacting from everybody what she considered her due.

She was a very good mother, and her children, with one exception, were good to her in their turn. They treated her with every respect, and showed her assiduous attention. Lucien and Joseph were particularly attached to her. As for Napoleon, he was not so respectful and attentive to his mother as his brothers were; and we shall presently see the cause of his remissness. Madame Bacciochi evinced no particular regard for her mother. But for whom did she ever show regard? I always thought her the most disagreeable woman I had ever met with; and it is quite astonishing to me how M. de Fontanes, a man of such superior mind, such elegant manners, the very essence of sociability, should have admired Madame Bacciochi in the way he did.

On the evening of the 9th of October my mother had a few friends with her. Madame de Caseaux, her daughter, Madame de Mondenard, my mother, and several gentlemen of our acquaintance were seated at a large round table playing at *loto-dauphin*, a game of which my mother was very fond. Suddenly a cabriolet drove up to the door, a young gentleman jumped out of it, and in a minute was at the top of the staircase. It was my brother Albert.

"Guess what news I bring you!" said he. As we were all in high spirits, and his countenance bespoke him to be so too, all sorts of absurd guesses were made, at which Albert constantly shook his head. "Nonsense!" said my mother, taking up the bag containing the little balls. "If there were a change in the government of the Republic you could not make it an affair of greater im-

portance." "Well, mother," replied Albert, seriously, "what you say now in jest may possibly be realized. *Bonaparte is in France!*"

When my brother uttered these last words the whole party seemed struck motionless, as if by a magic wand. My mother, who had just drawn a ball out of the bag, held her little hand raised in the air, and, the bag having fallen down, the balls were rolling about the carpet in every direction without exciting the notice of anybody. Every one sat as if petrified. Albert was the only person who was conscious of the drollery of our position, and a burst of laughter, which he could not repress, brought us to ourselves.

"Bonaparte in France!" exclaimed my mother; "it cannot be possible. I saw his mother this very day at five o'clock, and she had no idea of his return." "It is, nevertheless, true," said Albert. "I was with Brunetière just now, when a messenger was sent by Gohier to fetch him. He desired me to wait till he came back from the Luxembourg; and he returned in about half an hour. He informed me that Bonaparte arrived two days ago at Fréjus. He added that he found Madame Josephine Bonaparte at Gohier's, where she had been dining, and where she received the first announcement of this important intelligence. And," added Albert, speaking in a half-whisper to my mother, "I understand she was not so well pleased as might have been expected."

No language can convey any idea of the state of excitement occasioned throughout France by Bonaparte's arrival. Bourrienne was right in saying that it amounted to a positive frenzy. From the 9th of October all around us was in continual agitation. On the 10th Josephine set off to meet her husband, but without knowing exactly what road he would take. She thought it likely he would come by way of Burgundy, and therefore Louis and she set off for Lyons.

Madame Bonaparte was a prey to great and well-founded uneasiness. Whether she was guilty or only imprudent, she was strongly accused by the Bonaparte family, who were desirous that Napoleon should obtain a divorce. The elder M. de Caulaincourt stated to us his apprehensions on this point; but whenever the subject was introduced, my mother changed the conversation, because, knowing as she did the sentiments of the Bonaparte family, she could not reply without either committing them or having recourse to falsehood.

She knew, moreover, the truth of many circumstances which M. de Caulaincourt seemed to doubt, and which her situation with respect to Bonaparte prevented her from communicating to him.

Madame Bonaparte committed a great fault in neglecting at this juncture to conciliate her mother-in-law, who might have protected her against those who sought her ruin and effected it nine years later; for the divorce in 1809 was brought about by the joint efforts of all the members of the Bonaparte family, aided by some of Napoleon's most confidential servants, whom Josephine, either as Madame Bonaparte or as Empress, had done nothing to make her friends.

Bonaparte, on his arrival in Paris, found his house deserted; but his mother, sisters, and sisters-in-law, and, in short, every member of his family except Louis, who had attended Madame Bonaparte to Lyons, visited him immediately. The impression made upon him by the solitude of his home and its desertion by its mistress was profound and terrible, and nine years afterwards, when the ties between him and Josephine were severed for ever, he showed that it was not effaced. From not finding her with his family he inferred that she felt herself unworthy of their presence, and feared to meet the man she had wronged. He considered her journey to Lyons as a mere pretence.

M. de Bourrienne says that for some days after Josephine's return Bonaparte treated her with *extreme coldness.* As he was an eye-witness, why does he not state the whole truth, and say that on her return Bonaparte *refused to see her, and did not see her?* It was to the earnest entreaties of her children that she owed the recovery, not of her husband's love, for that had long ceased, but of that tenderness acquired by habit, and that intimate intercourse which made her still retain the rank of consort to the greatest man of his age.

Bonaparte was at this period much attached to Eugène Beauharnais, who, to do him justice, was a charming youth. He knew less of Hortense, but her youth and sweetness of temper, and the protection of which as his adopted daughter she besought him not to deprive her, proved powerful advocates, and overcame his resistance. In this delicate negotiation it was good policy not to bring any other persons into play, whatever might be their influence with Bonaparte, and Madame Bonaparte did not therefore have recourse either to Barras, Bourrienne, or Berthier. It was expedient that they who interceded for her should be able to say something without the possibility of a reply.

Now, Bonaparte could not, with any degree of propriety, explain to such children as Eugène or Hortense the particulars of their mother's conduct. He was therefore constrained to silence, and had no argument to combat the tears of two innocent creatures at his feet exclaiming: "Do not abandon our mother; she will break her heart! And ought injustice to take from us poor orphans the support of one whom Providence has sent to replace him of whose natural protection the scaffold has already deprived us?"

The scene, as Bonaparte has since stated, was long and painful, and the two children at length introduced their

mother, and placed her in his arms. The unhappy woman had awaited his decision at the door of a small back staircase, extended at almost full length upon the stairs, suffering the acutest pangs of mental torture.

Whatever might be his wife's errors, Bonaparte appeared entirely to forget them, and the reconciliation was complete. Of all the members of the family, Madame Leclerc was most vexed at the pardon which Napoleon had granted to his wife. Bonaparte's mother was also very ill-pleased; but she said nothing. Madame Joseph Bonaparte, who was always very amiable, took no share in these family quarrels; therefore she could easily determine what part to take when fortune smiled on Josephine. As to Madame Bacciochi, she gave free vent to her ill-humour and disdain; the consequence was that her sister-in-law could never endure her. Christine, who was a beautiful creature, followed the example of Madame Joseph, and Caroline was so young that her opinion could have no weight in such an affair. As to Bonaparte's brothers, they were at open war with Josephine.

CHAPTER XXXI.

On the morning of the 8th of November Lucien quitted the house in which he resided in the Rue Verte and established his headquarters at M. Mercier's, the President of the Council of Ancients, who then occupied a house beside the Hôtel de Breteuil, near the Manège, and who was entirely devoted to him. It was then half-past seven o'clock, and as the decree of removal had not yet appeared, Bonaparte sent almost every instant to know if the affair was proceeding. My brother-in-law went to him repeatedly to exhort him to patience.

On the first visit the General's servant mistook his name; though he knew both him and my brother well, and announced him as the citizen Permon. The General started at the name, for in truth he did not expect my brother. M. de Geouffre, however, received a welcome, and was presently sent back again to hasten the publication of the decree. My brother-in-law remarked that Bonaparte had a pair of pistols within his reach. Up to that moment he had been quite alone. Soon after my brother-in-law's first visit, the Rue Chantereine began to be thronged so thickly with horses and people that scarcely any one could pass along it.

At length, at half-past eight or a little later, the news that the decree was ready was carried to Bonaparte by my brother-in-law, and the General immediately mounted his horse to proceed to the Tuileries. On alighting there my brother-in-law met General Debelle, with whom he

was intimately acquainted. Debelle was dressed in plain clothes, for he had run out on the first intelligence of the movement.

"How comes it," said M. de Geouffre, "that you are not in uniform?" "Why," he replied, "I hardly knew what was going on; but the thing is soon rectified," and, going up to a gunner who was standing by, "Let me have your coat, my brave fellow," said he, at the same time taking off his own. The gunner gave him his coat, and in this costume he attended General Bonaparte to the council-chamber.

The Revolution of the 8th was completed, and Paris was no longer agitated. We went to see Madame Lætitia Bonaparte, who lived with Joseph. She appeared calm, though far from being easy, for her extreme paleness and convulsive movements whenever an unexpected noise met her ear gave her features a ghastly air. In these moments she appeared to me truly like the mother of the Gracchi. And her situation added force to the idea; she had perhaps more at stake than the famous Roman matron. She had three sons under the stroke of fate, one of whom would probably receive the blow even if the others escaped. This she strongly felt.

My mother and myself remained with her a part of that anxious day, and only quitted her on the restoration of her confidence by Lucien's different messages, who frequently sent Mariani, his *valet-de-chambre*, to calm her disquiet as well as that of his wife. Leaving, then, these ladies in comparative ease, we proceeded to Madame Leclerc, who was but little frightened, because, indeed, she never reflected upon anything, but who nevertheless raised the loudest clamour of any.

Every quarter of an hour she wrote to Moreau. She kept at that period a *femme-de-chambre*, a sort of *serva padrona*, who wrote to her dictation, and fine writing it

was! When I arrived with my mother, she wished me to take the pen and write in her name to General Moreau. It was to ask the news for which she was crying out continually, and two hours later she was informed that Moreau was not at home, and that he probably would not return that night. On our departure she made us promise to revisit her early on the morrow. My mother willingly agreed to do so, because she loved Madame Leclerc dearly; for my part, I was at that time tenderly attached to Caroline, the youngest of Bonaparte's sisters, who was about my own age.

We had scarcely left her when we met my brother-in-law coming to tell us the news. He quitted us to rejoin Lucien, whom he wished not to leave during those perilous hours, for even now tranquillity was but apparent, and might be delusive to the Bonaparte family. The danger to which that family was exposed might have been even imminent on the night of the 8th to 9th.

If the Directory had not been strictly guarded by the troops under Moreau, who had accepted the charge of Gaoler-in-Chief to the captive Directors; if Moreau had not kept them under even closer restraint than he was ordered to do; if he had not acted an ungracious part, — in a word, if he had behaved as he ought to have done, then the Directory and the Councils would have been the victors instead of the vanquished on the 9th of November.

The event would, doubtless, have been unfortunate, but, then, their cause was that of the Constitution; and if they had triumphed, Bonaparte's brothers would have followed him to the scaffold, and their friends and partisans would all have had a prospect of Cayenne, to say the least.

I do not recollect the exact period of Moreau's marriage; but I believe it took place a little after the epoch of the 8th of November. Bonaparte wished him to espouse his sister. Perhaps it was fortunate for both, for all three,

that this union did not take place. Indeed, it is difficult to say whether Moreau would have been more trustworthy as a brother-in-law than he was as a brother-in-arms. Bonaparte had acquired an ascendancy over him. The day after he met him with Gohier he went and presented him with a scimitar of surprising beauty and enriched with precious stones, —the gift of Mourad Bey. Thus, at the epoch of the 8th of November, Moreau was entirely the slave of that charm which Bonaparte knew so well how to cast over those he wished to conquer.

But let us return to the memorable day. The conduct of Moreau on that occasion was a long time a mystery to me. I could not at first incline to my brother's opinion, who constantly maintained that it was Moreau's extreme weakness of disposition which had thus placed him at Bonaparte's disposal ; but I afterwards was confirmed in that opinion by what I heard from Bonaparte's own mouth.

I was one day at Malmaison, in Josephine's bedchamber; Bonaparte came in for a moment; she handed him a small note; I believe it was from Madame Hulot, Moreau's mother-in-law, for he was then married. Bonaparte read the note, and, shrugging his shoulders, said, "Always the same! Ever at the mercy of those who choose to lead him! now he is the slave of a wicked old woman. It is fortunate that his pipe cannot speak, or that would direct him too!"

Josephine wished to make some reply. "Come," said he, "you must not defend him. You do not understand this matter." Here he embraced her. "If indeed it had been his lot to be led by such a gentle wife as you! But his dragon of a mother-in-law and his shrew of a wife are very she-devils. I will not have any such about me."

Why he made use of this last phrase I know no more

than others: I made no inquiry, because I naturally thought that it referred to something in the note. The above, however, are the words he used, and they made the greater impression on me because I myself was but just married.

M. Brunetière was the intimate friend of Gohier, and as soon as he learned what had happened, he proceeded to the Luxembourg, where Gohier lived on a second floor in the Rue du Théâtre Français. When he reached the first sentinels, he fancied himself upon a field of battle. His natural assurance — and he had his share — rendered him deaf to the repeated exclamations of "You cannot pass." Uneasy on account of his friend, he wished to see Moreau; he found that impossible; he retraced his steps to the Luxembourg; his agitation, his eagerness to visit his unfortunate friend, who might need his assistance, gave rise to suspicions.

Moreau had given directions that all persons who presented themselves without a written order signed by him, and who insisted on seeing any of the Directors, should be conducted before the commanding officer; and further that all who were admitted, either to Moulins or Gohier, should be required, on their departure, to swear that they were the bearers neither of a written nor verbal message. Happily, Brunetière, seeing the turn things had taken, judged that he was more likely to serve his friend at a distance than he would be near his person, and made the best of his way from the Petit Luxembourg.

Gohier's conduct on the 8th and 9th was perfectly in keeping with his character. He refused to see Moreau when he came to him on the 8th of November. Moulins, too, had already treated Moreau with so marked a disdain that those who were witnesses of his reception actually felt for him. The Director-General stared at him for some seconds with the most thrilling contempt, surveying

him from head to foot, and, pointing to an antechamber, — "Remain there," said he, and left him.[1]

But the 9th was to develop the entire plan of the conspiracy (for we must make use of that expression) which was only announced by the events of the 8th. A fact sufficiently singular is the entire ignorance in which all that portion of the Bonaparte family who had no share in the action were placed. Everything had been managed so quietly in Paris, Fouché had so well taken his measures to prevent the escape of any intelligence, that Bonaparte's mother and sister were obliged to obtain information of what was passing in the manner I have described.

The events of the evening had proceeded so quietly that the uneasiness of Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was entirely dissipated. It was thought the Councils, after having sanctioned the sending back of three Directors, and voted a dispensation with regard to his age, would proceed to the nomination of Bonaparte, and that everything would thus be settled. Albert thought that M. de Talleyrand would be one of the peace-making Directors, and of this I was very glad, because his niece was a friend of mine.

My mother expressed her astonishment that Madame Lætitia had not been to see her daughter-in-law on such an emergency. "Signora Panoria," replied Madame Bonaparte, "it is not to that quarter that I look for comfort! It is with Julie, with Christine. There, indeed, I find maternal happiness! but for the other — no, no." As she finished the sentence, she compressed her lips and opened her eyes widely. This was a characteristic indication with her when what she had just spoken strongly interested her.

That very day I had occasion to remark the maternal

[1] Moreau afterwards said he did not leave him; this is not the fact. Moreau was not received by the Director-General.

tenderness of Madame Lætitia. We had no company to dinner, and she conversed for hours with my mother with greater freedom than she had yet done since her arrival from Corsica. They both began to recall the days of youth. Madame Bonaparte was quite at her ease, because with us she spoke nothing but Italian; indeed, to say the truth, her French was not very intelligible.

I recollect she this day told us that, being at Mass on the day of the *fête* of Notre Dame of August, she was overtaken with the pains of childbirth, and she had hardly reached home when she was delivered of *Napoleon* on a wretched rug. During her pregnancy she had experienced many misfortunes, for when the French entered Corsica many of the principal families, and among them that of Bonaparte, were constrained to fly. They assembled at the foot of Monte-Rotondo, the highest mountain in Corsica. In their flight, and during their sojourn among the mountains, they underwent many hardships. "I know not why," said she, "it has been reported that Paoli was Napoleon's godfather. It is not true; Laurent Jiubéga[1] was his godfather. He held him over the baptismal font along with another of our relations, Celtruda Bonaparte."[2]

Whilst this conversation was going on Madame Leclerc was seated on her favourite divan, admiring herself in a glass which was opposite to her; and having at length arranged the folds of her cashmere shawl, she reminded her mother of all the sufferings they had endured during their flight from Ajaccio.

Madame Mère had often talked over those events, but the recital never interested me so powerfully as on the 8th

[1] His nephew was afterwards Prefect in Corsica. He was a relation of Napoleon.

[2] Daughter of Charles Bonaparte, the Emperor's uncle, and wife of Paravicini, a cousin also of Napoleon.

of November, when the space of six years had rendered so different the situation of those very children whom she, a lone, feeble woman, had been forced to hurry away beyond the reach of the proscription, carrying the youngest in her arms when, overcome by fatigue, they could no longer walk, and ultimately embarking with them in a frail vessel, landing on a shore which increased their dangers. In recording this period of her life, the looks of Madame Bonaparte were as handsome as her language was eloquent.

On the evening of the 9th we went to the Théâtre Feydeau, which at that period was the most pleasant in Paris. Martin, Madame St. Aubin, Mademoiselle Phyllis, Juliet, and Chenard performed there. I forget what was the first piece represented that evening, but *l'Auteur dans son ménage* was the afterpiece. The curtain rose, and the latter piece was proceeding very quietly, when all of a sudden the actors stopped, and the *Auteur dans son ménage* himself appeared, and, advancing in front of the stage, dressed in a morning gown of white dimity, exclaimed in a very loud voice : " Citizens, General Bonaparte has been nearly assassinated at Saint Cloud by traitors to their country."

On hearing these words Madame Leclerc uttered so piercing a shriek that immediately the attention of all the company was attracted to our box, spite of the agitation which the news had universally excited. Madame Leclerc still continued crying, and her mother, who doubtless was as much affected as she could be at the intelligence, endeavoured to quiet her, though she herself could scarcely hold the glass of water the box-keeper had handed to us, so great was her agitation.

On Madame Leclerc's recovery, we all proceeded to the residence of Lucien, conceiving that there we should hear some certain intelligence. My brother-in-law met us on

the stairs, and from him we learned the full particulars of the event. We then returned home, where we found M. Brunetière; this excellent man was quite downcast. He was much attached to Gohier, whose misfortune afflicted him deeply.

A few days after the 8th of November, speaking of the events which had preceded and followed that day, Gohier alluded to Bonaparte with extreme bitterness; he even was so ridiculously blinded by passion as to refuse to allow him transcendent talent.

"Oh, as to that," observed M. Brunetière, who was present, "it is too bad." "Not at all," rejoined Gohier; "the fault of one is often the cause of another's success; and if, when General Bonaparte came to Paris after Fructidor, Moulins, Barras, and Ducos had been willing to second me, this fine fellow would have been in their and my situation. Is there any improbability in such a supposition?" "But still," replied Brunetière, "it seems to me that that would not have been so easy a matter. What pretext would you have advanced?" "What pretext? We might have advanced twenty, the very least of which would have brought him to a court-martial. First of all, the 18th of Fructidor, instigated by him, executed by his orders." "But it appears to me," said M. Brunetière, "that that event was the saving of the Republic." "Yes; a pretty saving, truly! Consummated by mutilating every portion of its administration, by striking at the very heart of the Directory, by strengthening our political clubs! He was the chief conspirator in that affair."

In speaking thus, Gohier either forgot, or pretended to forget, that Carnot had been sacrificed to an intrigue to which General Bonaparte was a stranger; at least, I believe I have a perfect assurance of that fact; and as to the Manège and the club of the Rue du Bac, these are at

least questionable points. M. Brunetière, whose judgment and discrimination were correct enough when he was not angry — which, however, was the case ten times out of twelve when he was engaged in a dispute — observed to Gohier that it would have been impossible to cite any man before a court-martial on such trifling charges, especially one so loaded with laurels as was Bonaparte on his return from Egypt.

"Hear reason, my dear Gohier," continued he; "we are both *avocats*, and can pretty well say what can and what cannot form the basis of an accusation." Gohier shrugged his shoulders and exclaimed: "But the contributions which he levied in Italy! Was he not the exactor?" "My dear fellow," replied Brunetière, "you are surely joking? Have you brought Masséna,[1] or Brune, or twenty others, who have been far more guilty in that respect than Bonaparte; have you brought any of these to a court-martial? Nor, indeed, has Bonaparte enriched himself more than they. The Cisalpine Republic made him, General Bonaparte, a present of some splendid diamonds, which he could accept without any compunction. Come! come! disbursement is not so easy a matter." "Well," rejoined Gohier, "all I say is, that his resignation should have been accepted when it was offered. Rewbel was the

[1] Masséna's appropriations only increased in later years. From a letter of Napoleon to Joseph, 12th March, 1806, the following lines are taken:

"Masséna and S—— have stolen 6,400,000 francs. They shall repay to the last farthing. Let Masséna be advised to return the 6,000,000 francs. To do so quickly is his only salvation. If he does not I shall send a Military Commission of Enquiry to Padua, for such robbery is intolerable. To suffer the soldiers to starve and be unpaid, and to pretend that the sums destined for their use were a present to himself from the province, is too impudent! Let S—— be watched. The details of their plunderings are incredible. The evil is intolerable, and I must apply a remedy. I order Ardent to be arrested. He is an agent of S——."

The conduct of Masséna, Soult, or Lannes was widely different from the personal disinterestedness of men like Mortier or Suchet.

only man who had the heart to say, as he presented him with the pen, 'You desire, General, to retire from service? The Republic will undoubtedly lose in you a brave and able chief; but she still has children who will not forsake her.' The result of this bombast was, that Bonaparte did not take the pen, that he withdrew the tender of his resignation, and that he departed for Egypt, carrying with him the flower of our troops, of our savans, and all our navy.

"We should have smote him," continued the ex-President of the Directory, still fretful from his misfortune — "we should have smote him, and that without pity; the Republic would then still have been in existence. Such was my advice; but Sieyès, who was his accomplice, had influence enough in our Council to get Bernadotte's resignation accepted, although in fact he had not tendered it, in order to have him sent out of the way, while he uttered not one word of accepting the resignation of a factious wretch who braved the first power in the Republic by insolently offering his own. I repeat," added he, with energy, "that if my advice had been taken, everything would have been easily settled."

The above conversation, which I have detailed with the utmost exactness, affords some idea of the danger of which Bonaparte was apprised when he insisted on his departure for Egypt. Not only had the East always been the favourite object of his wishes, but, at the very moment when glory had almost immortalized him in his astonishing successes in Italy, he could not bear the thought of remaining in Europe, where every echo told his splendid achievements. Besides, to a vivid desire of raising the ancient war-cry of the Crusaders there was an intention to avoid positive danger. I shall by and by relate some facts which preceded and followed his departure from Paris, by which the truth of my assertions may

be judged, — facts with which I became acquainted after my marriage through the medium of Junot and his friends.

Some time after the conversation I have detailed above, Gohier met Moreau and M. Garet. The General was embarrassed at the encounter, and was endeavouring to justify his conduct. "General," said Gohier, addressing him with dignity, "I am by my profession enabled to read people's consciences; do not force me to say that I read in yours nothing which can excuse you."

Moreau began to raise his voice, as if he were hurt by the severe expressions of Gohier. "General," he again said, "I did not seek you, nor will I question you. I do not wish to continue a conversation which must be as painful to you as it is disagreeable to me. I shall only add," said he, touching the pommel of Moreau's sword, "that a bunch of keys would well become this place."

Moreau turned as pale as ashes. The blow was struck; he stammered out some words which Gohier, as he left him, affected not to hear. It is pretended that Moreau deplored his error, and thought to make amends by exclaiming, "I shall find a way to repair it!" If he thought to do so by pointing the Russian cannon against the French columns, he has at least proved that he never fairly knew what he was about.[1]

[1] The only excuse that can be pleaded for Moreau in fighting against his own countrymen is that his father was guillotined by them during the excesses of the French Revolution.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Revolution of the 8th of November is undoubtedly the most important of the nine which we have experienced in the course of seven years:[1] it not only changed the destiny of France, but exercised a powerful influence upon that of Europe and the world. Nevertheless, none of the events which had preceded it had passed with so much apparent calm. France was so tired of the Directory that anything which should replace it would have been well received, and was happy in obeying an authority that offered some guarantee; the past answered for the future which General Bonaparte announced.

He only was seen in this Consular Triumvirate; Sieyès and Roger-Ducos stood unobserved in the shade; and the young General served as the only point of view to eyes fatigued with weeping, which had so long sought, without being aware of it, a light-house that should guide them into port. Thirty days only had elapsed since Bonaparte had landed at Fréjus, and already he had overthrown the shameful Government by which France was weighed down, and had given it a new one, of which the wheels

[1] First, the 31st of May, the fall of the Girondins. 2. The 5th of April, the fall of the priestly party. 3. The 27th of July. 4. The 2nd of April, the defeat of Barrère, Collot d'Herbois, and Billaud-Varennes. 5. The 20th of May, execution of Romme, Soubrani, etc., and defeat of the Jacobins. 6. The 5th of October, the Directorial Government. 7. The 5th of September, the second Emigration. 8. The 19th of June, fight of the Directors among themselves; Sieyès and Barras conquer Merlin of Douai, Treilhard, etc. 9. The days of November, and the establishment of the Consular Government.

commenced their movement from the first day. He had calmed all inquietudes, dissipated all alarms, and revived all hopes.

There is one report, spread by malevolence, which the friends of Bonaparte have disdained to combat, and which has been finally adopted by credulity and folly, — it is the alarm with which Bonaparte is alleged to have been seized on entering the Hall of the Five Hundred, at Saint Cloud on the 9th of November. This absurd story would fall to the ground of itself if it were not found in some works which appear to offer a guarantee for the faith they demand.

In one of these works the author goes so far as to assert that it was he who recalled General Bonaparte to himself, by observing to him that he was speaking without knowing what he said. I take the liberty of remarking to him in my turn that he never dared suffer such words to reach the ears of General Bonaparte. I say this, because to permit such a statement to remain uncontradicted is to give a totally erroneous impression of the character of Bonaparte.

First, then, it is untrue that he spoke on the 9th of November to the Council of Five Hundred in the form of a discourse. It was on the preceding evening, to the Ancients, that he used these remarkable words: "Let us not seek in the past, examples that may retard our progress. Nothing in history resembles the close of the eighteenth century; nothing in the close of the eighteenth century resembles the present moment! We demand a Republic founded upon true liberty. We will have it — I swear it!"

This discourse, much longer than the few words I have quoted, bears no resemblance to a crowd of incoherent phrases, as *he who recalled General Bonaparte to himself* would represent. This oration, pronounced in the Council

of Ancients on the 18th Brumaire, preceded the review which took place in the Tuileries, and the remarkable allocution which General Bonaparte addressed to Bottot, the envoy of the Directory. "What have you done with this France which I left you so glorious? I left you peace — I return and find war. I left you victories — I find reverses. I left you the millions of Italy — I find despoiling laws and misery throughout!" Truly there was vigour enough in these words to remove all idea of pusillanimity. Nevertheless, on the 8th of November he was in the midst of Paris. The Revolution was far from being consummated, and he was in real danger.

With respect to the emotion observed in General Bonaparte in the Hall of the Five Hundred at Saint Cloud, the following is its true explanation. On the General's entering the orangery, violent outcries were raised against him: "Down with the Cromwell!" "No Dictator!" "Outlaw him!"

General Bonaparte knew very well that the Council of Five Hundred was composed of ultra-republicans and of enthusiastic partisans of the constitution of the year iii.; but he had relied too much upon the success of Lucien's exertions, who had laboured all night to strengthen his brother's party.

Surprise at this reception deprived him for a time of the power to reply. His resolution was speedily taken. It was necessary to decide the question instantly, which could not have been done had the Five Hundred entered upon discussion. He might even have been assassinated; and if he had run the risk, it would not have been a display of valour, but of folly.

With an eagle's glance he saw through the circumstances which surrounded him. This self-consultation lasted perhaps some minutes, and the untalented, judging by themselves, attributed this silence and inaction

to fear. But he was not surrounded by those only who were thus incapable of appreciating his sentiments. I have also collected the opinions of eye-witnesses, who, capable of judging calmly, and possessing, perhaps, as much merit as he whom they looked on, have read his great mind without doing it injustice.

It is difficult to believe all the things reported to be said and done in the very short space of time which General Bonaparte passed in the Hall of the Council of the Five Hundred; it was but an apparition. And, with the same frankness with which I have defended him from the imputation of cowardice, I will add that I do not believe that a poniard was raised against him; it was Lucien who, after his brother's departure, was in real danger.

I know that much has been said of this attempted assassination; perhaps General Bonaparte believed it himself; at least it is true that when he was in the court of the Palace he told it to the soldiers, but, I repeat, I do not believe it. It is not, however, any doubt of the hatred of Péné Arena against Bonaparte which makes me question the fact, but simply the manner in which the events are said to have taken place. One peculiarity is sufficiently remarkable, that this same day Bonaparte, in addressing the troops, never stood still, and that he moved only in a zigzag direction. Why? Was he afraid of a pistol-shot from the windows? This conjecture may be correct.

My brother-in-law was on the Palace steps when Bonaparte came down. His friendship for Lucien made him extremely anxious for the fate of the young Tribune. He saw his brother making his harangue and his tortuous promenade, without taking any step to provide assistance for the President of the Council, who, meanwhile, might be murdered in his curule chair. He approached

Bonaparte and mentioned Lucien; the General immediately turned towards an officer who was a few paces distant from him. "Colonel Dumoulin," said he, "take a battalion of grenadiers and hasten to my brother's deliverance."

The choice which General Bonaparte made of this officer shows the tact with which he could seize the smallest circumstances that could be turned to his advantage. Colonel Dumoulin was the first aide-de-camp of General Brune, Commander-in-Chief of a triumphant army in Holland. Already Moreau had given his public pledge in acting as guard to the Directors. The first aide-de-camp of Brune, commanding the battalion which dispersed the opposing Council, would cause the impression that Brune himself was in concert with Bonaparte.

This assurance was with many people a more than sufficient counterpoise to the fear which the retirement of Jourdan and Bernadotte, both known as warm Republicans, had inspired. I am sure that Bonaparte had at first no fixed idea upon this subject; but, with that lively and rapid conception which embraced all things with a single glance, he no sooner perceived Colonel Dumoulin than his name started from his lips.

At length we possessed a Government which promised some sort of security for the future. My mother, whose heart always saw the fair side of everything that was done by a Bonaparte, at first considered this action of Napoleon only as that of a young enthusiast desirous of liberating his country from the evils by which it was desolated.

Never thinking seriously upon politics, she knew the Revolution only by its horrors and its noise. That of the 8th of November, therefore, which was accomplished without firing a gun, she could not understand to be a

revolution; though, perhaps, there never had been one more important for us and for Europe. It was the ninth change in seven years, not of the Government, but of the pilot at the helm. Lucien was almost immediately called to the Ministry of the Interior. He had desired another office: but at this period he encountered in Fouché an enemy who was determined upon his destruction, and who never ceased his intrigues till his object was consummated.

The confidence which Napoleon, without any attachment to him, placed in this man, was always an enigma to me. He had sense and talent, no doubt; but did this advantage neutralize the danger with which he surrounded Napoleon? *No.* And again, the same *no* is applicable to another genius far superior to Fouché, who, sharing with him the confidence of Bonaparte, equally contributed to his destruction.[1]

Madame Lucien was not pleased with her husband's change of fortune; all this grand display alarmed her. She was obliged now to give up her time to duties which, with reason, she thought far less important than those she had hitherto fulfilled with so much pleasure. She frequently came in a morning to enumerate her troubles to my mother, and to take her advice upon the new and difficult position in which she was placed. But a circumstance which she was far from foreseeing gave her comfort and happiness: it was the change in her favour which took place in the sentiments of her brother-in-law. The penetration of the First Consul discerned the excellent qualities of Madame Lucien's heart; and he soon attached himself to her with a truly fraternal regard.

I must not omit to mention a visit which, a short time before these great events, we made to Lucien's villa of

[1] Talleyrand.

Brune.

Photo-Etching. — After the Engraving by Schmidt.

Le Plessis Chamant. All Napoleon's family at that time possessed fine country houses, which they filled with guests. Joseph had Morfontaine, Lucien, Le Plessis Chamant; Madame Leclerc, Montgobert. At Morfontaine, excursions upon the lakes, public readings, billiards, literature, ghost stories more or less mysterious, a perfect ease and liberty, gave charms to the passing hour.

To this must be added that which filled the measure of enjoyment, the most friendly, invariably friendly reception, which was accorded by the master and mistress of the mansion. They did not admit every one, but any person once established as a member of their society was sure of experiencing the most courteous hospitality from Joseph Bonaparte and his lady.

Madame Lucien was very amiable; but her husband's temper was not always the same. That did not lessen the amusement to be found at Le Plessis; perhaps it in some measure contributed to it. I do not remember in my whole life, even in its most joyous seasons, to have laughed so heartily as during the five or six weeks I spent amongst a numerous party of guests at that villa.

M. d'Offreville, from fifty-five to sixty years of age, a man of *great talents*, and of some *pretension* to extreme foppery, was the butt of our mirth and the grand subject of our entertainment. He was a poet, and highly satisfied with his compositions; which, together with the dignity he derived from having held, before the Revolution, the office of cloak-bearer to Monsieur, was the continual theme of his conversation. "It is true," he would sometimes remark, "I have been peculiarly fortunate in my poems: Voltaire, Racine, even Corneille, *have* some feeble passages; my poetry has none." Still, notwithstanding this absurdity, and a figure, countenance, and costume by no means calculated to inspire

the respect due to his years, he might have passed well enough in a crowd, if he had had more sense than to expose himself and his follies to the observation and ridicule of a young, gay, and satirical society.

Le Plessis Chamant is in a dull situation; the environs present nothing picturesque, and no shade is to be had nearer than the Forest of Senlis, at some distance even from the gates of the Park. What induced Lucien to fix upon this property, when villas of the most inviting description were to be purchased in abundance, within a dozen leagues on all sides of Paris, I never could comprehend.

The subject of villas and country seats reminds me of a terrible catastrophe, in the sequel of which I had an opportunity of remarking the First Consul's demeanour in an affair of interest. In the night between the 20th and 21st of April of the year iv., the Château de Vitry, at that time the property of M. du Petitval, was entered by a troop of assassins, who murdered M. du Petitval, his mother-in-law, his sister-in-law, and three servants; the nurse escaped with an infant son in her arms, passing through the hall filled with men in the dress of the police, and having drawn swords in their hands.

Nothing was stolen; plate, diamonds, watches, and other valuables, all remained in their places; the papers only were missing. The relations of the victims immediately made an effort to obtain justice on the perpetrators of this inhuman crime; the preliminary steps were taken by the local authorities, the procès-verbeaux were drawn up; but suddenly these symptoms of activity relaxed, and before long the whole transaction remained involved in impenetrable mystery.

Three years after this horrible event, M. Dubois was appointed Prefect of the Police of Paris. Vitry was within his district, and he immediately showed an

active interest in the affair. He demanded from the local magistrate all the documents in his possession. The judge who had taken the depositions was dead; search was made among the rolls of his office, but in vain; no trace of the examinations could be found. It was concluded that all the documents must have been removed to the archives of the criminal tribunal; but the most minute investigation ended only in the conviction that not the smallest particle of evidence relating to this atrocious murder had been preserved. Some significant reflections arose out of the absence of these documents, which certainly had at one time existed!

The relations of the deceased continued to demand justice. I was one day in the apartment of Madame Bonaparte when the First Consul was present; she was persuading him to admit a person who was in waiting, and to whom she had promised the favour of an introduction.

"I have already said," replied the First Consul, "that I would not give audience upon this affair; accusations without proof, however strong the presumption may be, have no other effect than to increase scandal. However," he added, after walking to and fro some time without speaking, "let your *protégé* come in; I will retire, and re-enter as if by accident." I made a movement to withdraw, but was desired to remain; and M. de Bois-Préau was admitted, coming, as I learned from Madame Bonaparte, to solicit the First Consul's interference to obtain justice against the murderers of his relation, Du Petitval.

Madame Bonaparte approached him with an expression of lively interest; the First Consul almost immediately returned, and she introduced the stranger, who presented him with an address of several pages in close writing. The First Consul took it, glanced rapidly

through it, but evidently gave it much attention. After some time he thus addressed M. de Bois-Préau:

"This, Monsieur, is a delicate affair; the horror of it increases its difficulty. Your accusations are founded only upon moral proofs; these are not sufficient before a legal tribunal: before the tribunal of opinion the case would be different. The wealth of those you accuse will not clear them before either, but it may be supposed that their position in society has afforded them the means of security."

The First Consul, as he spoke, continued, according to custom, to walk about the room with his hands behind his back. What M. de Bois-Préau said to him I did not hear, but he replied, "I know it, I know it; but the proofs — the proofs are indispensable."

"Proof is no doubt necessary," said the petitioner; "nevertheless, General, I think, and all the friends and relations of the unfortunate victims think also, that if you, as the Chief of the State, would take vengeance into your hands, it would be secure."

The First Consul smiled. "You give me credit," said he, "for more power than I possess, and for even more than I choose to possess, — a power which, if it were accorded me, I should certainly not make use of. Justice is open to you, why do you not invoke it? For myself, I regret that it is not within my province to assist you."

He then saluted M. de Bois-Préau, who, understanding that his visit must not be prolonged, retired with an air of melancholy which the First Consul probably remarked; for he said to him, when he had already reached the door, "I am truly sorry, I repeat to you, that I cannot oblige you in this case, particularly — " But here he stopped short, and, taking from the mantelpiece the memoir M. de Bois-Préau had presented to him, held it out to its owner.

"I entreat you to keep it, General," said the latter.

The First Consul slightly knit his brows, and, still extending his hand, made a movement indicative of impatience. "It is not a petition which I have had the honour to commit to you," continued M. de Bois-Préau, "it is but a narrative of this melancholy event, and only something more circumstantial than that given by the journals of the time."

The First Consul hesitated an instant; then replaced the manuscript on the mantelpiece, saying, with a gracious smile of dismissal, "I accept it, then, as a narrative."

When the petitioner had departed, the First Consul took up the document and read it again with great attention. He walked up and down as he read, and words escaped him at intervals which showed the profound indignation it inspired. "It is infamous!" he at length exclaimed. "Our children will believe that Frenchmen have been slaughtered by Frenchmen within a league of Paris, and that the crime has not been instantly avenged by the laws."

Then, after again perusing the memoir, still walking rapidly, he added, "It is incredible; a police inert, if not guilty. Dubois would not have acted thus. Let citizen Cambacérès be informed that I wish to speak to him," continued he, turning to Duroc, and left the room, shutting the door with great violence.

When he was gone, Madame Bonaparte told us that the First Consul had long formed an opinion upon this subject; murders were at that time frequent, but the circumstances of this were peculiarly striking.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The winter of 1800 was very brilliant in comparison to those which had preceded it. Confidence was restored; every one felt the same sentiments towards General Bonaparte, and at this epoch they were those of attachment. What opportunities has he lost! How much he was beloved at that period! Yes, beloved; and where affection did not exist, admiration and confidence did. The Emigrants returned in great numbers, and had every reason to be satisfied with the reception they met with; if they had vexations to endure from Fouché, on application to the First Consul they were sure to obtain justice.

The First Consul knew too well that the brilliant success of Masséna at Zurich, though it had retarded, had by no means overcome the danger with which we were threatened. Austria, irritated by so many reverses when she had reckoned upon victories, had determined upon a final effort for our destruction, and France was again threatened.

General Masséna, after having resisted a combined Russian and Austrian force of threefold his numbers, had retired upon Genoa, where he was soon shut up with 15,000 men and a population of 100,000 souls; he gallantly sustained a siege of fifty-two days, which should conduce more to his renown than all his victories.

The brave Suchet, separated from his General-in-Chief, effected a retreat upon Nice, and, in concert with

Soult and Compans, exhibited prodigies of valour and talent. But almost all the passages of Italy were open, and the Austrians, with General Melas at their head, prepared to make us lament the glory of Zurich; General Otto continued the blockade of Genoa, rejoiced to detain in captivity the conqueror of the Austro-Russian Army.

Napoleon then took one of those resolutions to which genius only is competent. The passage of Saint Bernard was accomplished. Suwaroff had the preceding year declined this enterprise. Napoleon saw its almost impossibility, but saw it only to conquer. His powerful hand no sooner pointed to its glassy summits than the obstacles disappeared. Everything became possible to the exertions of those men, whose talents his penetration had discovered.

General Marmont, commander of the artillery, found means to transport the cannon across the most frightful precipices; he caused the trunks of large trees to be hollowed into the form of troughs, and, placing the cannons and howitzers in them, was thus enabled to have them drawn to the most elevated summit of the pass. The journals have commented largely on this famous passage of Saint Bernard; poetry has celebrated, and the arts have delineated it; but nothing can, at this distance of time, convey an idea of the enthusiasm it communicated to the parties interested in the operation: the letters written from Milan, Suza, Verceil, and La Brunette, by those who, having traversed the Alps, were reconquering Italy, painted in glowing colours the brilliance of this undertaking.

While the French penetrated into Italy by three passes, which the folly of General Melas had left unguarded, General Moreau, who *then* loved his country, was acquiring celebrity on the banks of the Rhine. The passage of this river, the taking of Fribourg and

Memmingen, the battles of Eugen, Biberach, and Moeskirch, and a multitude of lesser engagements, in which the Austrians lost more than 25,000 in killed and wounded, without calculating prisoners, — all these were the results of a campaign of thirty-three days! Ah! if Moreau had always acted thus, how proud would his country have been of his name.[1]

During the campaign of Marengo Paris became almost a solitude; from Paris to Turin the road was covered with travellers, who, urged by motives of interest, — some personal, some general, — went to meet the news they were too impatient to await. But this period of expectation was of short continuance. The First Consul crossed Saint Bernard on the 20th of May. On the 21st of June intelligence of the battle of Marengo reached Paris. The effect of this important victory was to raise the funds from twenty-nine to thirty-five francs; six months previous they had been at only eleven.

On that day we had breakfasted and dined at Saint Mandé. The house being solitary, and no one but ourselves arriving in the village from Paris, when we returned to town in the evening we received the news amidst all that delirium of joy which inebriated the people of the Faubourgs, always so vehement in the expression of their sentiments. Two hundred bonfires were blazing at once in the quarter we had to pass through, and the populace, dancing round them, were crying, "*Vive la République! Vive le Premier Consul! Vive l'Armée!*" embracing and congratulating each other as upon a personal and family festivity. A circuitous route home gave us an opportunity of enjoying

[1] The Campaign of the Rhine, which began the 26th of April, 1800, is one of the most glorious military movements of Moreau. Between that day and the 29th of May the Austrians were not only driven across the Rhine, but were obliged to retire beyond Augsbourg.

a truly fine spectacle, that of a great people affectionate and grateful.

"Have you seen," said one to another, "how he writes to the other consuls? That is our man! '*I hope the people of France will be satisfied with its army.*'" "Yes, yes," was exclaimed from all sides. "The people are satisfied;" and shouts of "*Vive la République! Vive Bonaparte!*" were redoubled. My brother and I shared the joyful enthusiasm; my mother was more calm. "We shall see hereafter," said she; "Moreau has done great things, of which nothing is said." The coolness which subsisted between my mother and General Bonaparte rendered her unjust to him; Albert and I told her so jestingly. "It is impossible," said she; but repeated, "We shall see."

Sometime afterwards, when the officers of all ranks were returning to Paris, and different accounts of the battle began to circulate, the conduct of General Kellerman excited universal admiration, and the silence of the First Consul about it caused equal astonishment.

The action of General Kellerman is one of the finest of our military triumphs. At about five o'clock Desaix fell, struck to the heart by a ball as he led a division of 4,000 men against an army of 20,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry, and whose numerical strength was doubled by the pride of victory. The French, rendered desperate by the loss of a general they adored, endeavoured in vain to revenge his death; all fell into disorder. The 9th Light Infantry wavered, then gave way, and at length in its precipitate retreat drew the line with it, and all appeared lost. Masked by mulberry-trees, from the branches of which the vines they supported hung down in clustering garlands, and which veiled his movements from the enemy, General Kellerman observed the events of the battle, ready to give his assistance wherever it

would be most effectual. It was then that, by one of those inspirations upon which the destiny of armies and empires sometimes depends, General Kellerman made, with 500 horse, that magnificent charge which decided the fate of the day.

Upon the retreat of our troops the Austrian column suffered itself to be hurried on by the ardour of pursuit. It passed General Kellerman with an inconsiderate rapidity, and presented a defenceless flank; by this fault he profited with that promptitude of apprehension which distinguishes the skilful warrior. He fell upon the Austrians like a thunderbolt amidst their victorious disorder, and, finding them unprotected by their firearms, made in an instant more than 6,000 prisoners, among whom was General Zach, chief of the staff, and the soul of the Austrian army.

General Melas, who, in perfect security of victory, had already resumed his route to Alexandria, imagined himself the victim of some terrific sorcery when he found himself surrounded on all sides; for the French army was to pass the Bormida at the break of day, and he knew that the brave Suchet was on his rear, his advanced guard having already passed the mountains. When, therefore, on the morning of the 15th, General Gardane presented himself at one of the têtes-de-pont of the Bormida, a parley was proposed, and General Melas capitulated.

The character of this general, at all times either perfectly credulous or wholly incredulous, made a strange exhibition throughout the campaign! Is it not curious to find Melas and his council deciding, on the 13th of June, the very eve of the battle of Marengo, "that the existence of the Army of Reserve was completely unknown to them; and that, as the instructions of the Aulic Council mentioned only Masséna's army, the diffi-

cult position in which they were placed was entirely the fault of the Ministry, and not at all to be attributed to the General."

The author of the *Mémorial du Dépôt de la Guerre* is right in the opinion that the Emperor acquired much curious information respecting his campaigns against the Austrians from his conversations with general officers and statesmen, Austrian, Bavarian, and Saxon. I have seen him conversing for two hours together with the most distinguished men in Germany, both in the military and diplomatic professions; and when he had ended, and the interlocutor departed, he has exclaimed, rubbing his hands, "There is information for twenty pages of my commentary."

Once, either at Compiègne or at Fontainebleau, having just closed a long interview with a person to whom he was not sparing of his questions, and who replied to him with such clearness and precision, and at the same time with such rapidity, that the Emperor was surprised, he stopped, and fixed his eyes upon him with so striking an expression of countenance that he had no occasion to speak his thoughts.

The interlocutor was not intimidated, and his physiognomy, always calm, but not inanimate, betrayed not the slightest emotion. When he had gone, the Emperor remarked to Junot, "That is one of the most subtle men I know, and yet I believe him to be honest. Just now he answered all my questions with such extraordinary frankness that for a moment I believed he was making game of me;" and the Emperor's features as he walked about the room wore that musing smile which gave such a charm to his countenance.

"But no," he continued, "he is right; the best diplomacy is to go straight to the object. And then he is a brave man. Be particular in your attentions to him in

your quality of Governor of Paris; do you understand me?" This man was M. de Bubna.

But why was General Kellerman refused in his own country a due share of the glory of the day? Even admitting that the First Consul had ordered this famous charge, he could only have done so vaguely, and the result of its splendid execution, which decided the fate of Italy and France, deserved some better recompense than the cold words of approbation, "You have made a pretty good charge." It has been said that the Emperor, in making the father of the General a Marshal, Senator, and Duc de Valmy, and in giving great commands to the son, had discharged his debt of gratitude. Now, I think, first, that an affectionate word is of as much value in such cases as a more solid recompense.

Then, Marshal Kellerman was creditor to the State for the battle of Valmy, and this debt had nothing in common with that of his son, whose military and political reputation rested on other services besides the battle of Marengo. I believe, then, that the Emperor would have done him no more than justice by appointing him Inspector or Colonel-General, and by giving him during his father's lifetime the title of Duke of Marengo. He had well named Lannes Duke of Montebello. Lannes, in gaining that battle, prepared the triumph of Marengo; General Kellerman decided it.

The day of the battle of Marengo, Junot, who had been taken prisoner by the English on quitting Egypt, landed at Marseilles, and reached his native land once more, after several months' captivity. A thousand times he has repeated to me how greatly the joy of his return would have been damped had he been conscious that the fields of Italy were again the scenes of contest, and that he could not fight at his General's side. Alas! the same day, and almost at the same hour, whilst Desaix fell

before the murderous cannon of Austria on the field of Marengo, the poniard, which treason had committed to the hand of a fanatic, terminated the existence of Kléber![1] The pride of our armies, they both perished on the same day, and nearly at the same hour.

Frequently during this year of the battle of Marengo, which was also that of my marriage, have I seen a dinner-party prolonged until nine o'clock, because Bessières, Lannes, Eugène, Duroc, or Berthier, or some others of his companions in arms, or all together, explained to Junot, who was greedy of the most trifling details, all those of this memorable affair. The table then became the plain of Marengo; a group of decanters at the head stood for the village, the candelabras at the bottom figured as the towns of Tortona and Alexandria, and the pears, the filberts, and bunches of grapes represented, as well as they could, the Austrian and Hungarian regiments and our brave troops.

A woman can have no pretensions to understand the military science; nevertheless, it is a fact that when in 1818 I passed through Alexandria on my road to France, I remained a long time at Marengo, examined its environs, and visited every tree. From having so frequently heard all the particulars of this famous battle described, I soon found myself on a spot replete with recollections which every surrounding object seemed to awaken in my mind. I brought away two views of the village of Marengo: one which I took from the plain, and another from a point where the mistress of the little inn had placed me to enable me to introduce into my sketch a tree under which they at first laid the unfortunate Desaix, believing that he still breathed.

Desaix, it is well known, had several aides-de-camp.

[1] Kléber was assassinated at Cairo by a Turk sent for that purpose by the Vizier, soon after the defeat of the latter at Heliopolis.

Amongst the number were two who made themselves remarkable by the excess of their grief. One of them, in a voice broken by sobs, exclaimed, "Ah, my General! why have I survived you, and the army, and France? What a loss have both suffered!" And the good young man shed tears of sincerity over the corpse of him whom he regretted as warmly as the young —— regretted Turenne.

The other aide-de-camp was also young, and he wept as earnestly, but his grief displayed itself in a different manner. "Ah, my God! my General is dead! What will become of me? My God! what will become of me?" I have heard the First Consul imitate the accents of these young officers; one of them still wept for his General many years after his death. It was Rapp,[1] a worthy and honest creature, a good comrade, and in all respects a man much above the degree in which he had fixed himself by the abruptness and apparent roughness of his manners.

[1] Afterwards General Count Rapp, of Dantzig celebrity.

END OF VOL. I.

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